THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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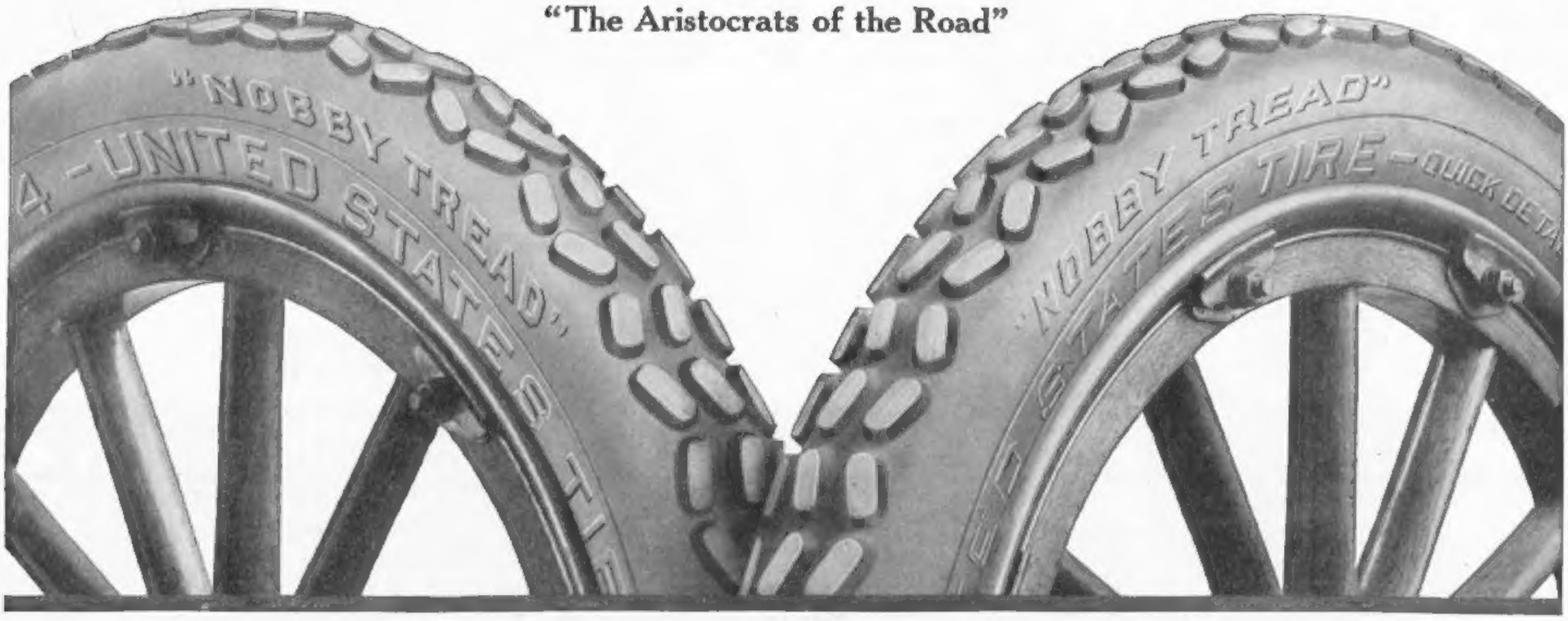
DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

Beginning

An American Vandal—By Irvin S. Cobb

"The Aristocrats of the Road"



"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustment will be on a basis of

5,000 Miles

This applies also to all "Nobby Tread" Tires now in service on automobiles.

The "Nobby Tread" Anti-skid Tire was placed upon the market in 1909—it was built regardless of price competition, and built to accomplish two purposes:

No. 1—To give American automobile owners the lowest "cost per mile" tire that could be built.

No. 2—To give American automobile owners a *real* anti-skid tire.

The inherent wear-resisting quality—the quantity of rubber—the quantity of fabric—the methods of construction—*all* have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" Anti-skid Tires, and maintained regardless of cost and regardless of price competition.

The result is that—today, through sheer merit alone, "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

But more than this—solely through their day in and day out mileage records, "Nobby Tread" Tires have proved that they are the most inexpensive tires in the end.

Therefore, based solely on their mileage records of over four years, "Nobby Tread" Tires can be, and now are, placed on this 5,000-mile basis of adjustment.

This applies to each and every "Nobby Tread" Tire in service on automobiles today or unsold in dealers' stock anywhere in the United States, carrying our regular warranty.

United States Tire Company

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE. Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread Tires," or if he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer. *Note This:* Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Big Ben

A Good Windup for any Day

MARCH 21, 1914 $[illegible] PER COPY

Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox

TELL him what train you want to make, turn in, sleep like sixty....

He'll flash you on the dot with a five-minute *block signal* or bring you to a gradual stop with ten successive half-minute *flags*.

Slip by? No chance! Big Ben is the biggest thing in the alarm clock business:

He stands 7 inches in his clocking feet—sturdy, massive, handsome—with a great deep, compelling voice, big, strong, clean-cut hands, and a frank, open, magnetic face.

Three million and a half families leave it to him to call them up every morning.— 20,000 jewelers have known him since he was *that high*, and vouch he does everything he says.

A great firm of clock-makers stands back of him.—Their imprint "*Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*" is the best oversleep insurance anyone can buy.—$2.50 in the States, $3.00 in Canada.

MORE THAN THREE MILLION IN OPERATION

You, Too, Should Wear Holeproof Hosiery

A Style for Every Occasion
A Grade for Every Purse

MORE than 1,000,000 men, women and children know that the wonderful success of Holeproof is due to an *unusual quality.* Every hosiery advantage is provided—in *style*, *comfort* and *light weight.*

The guarantee of six months' wear with every six pairs of Holeproof is only one of the reasons for its great popularity.

Another reason lies in the result of our policy of constantly watching the World for every hosiery improvement. And our ability to pay the costs of adopting the best—an ability that is made possible by our great volume of business.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We send for the World's finest cotton yarns—Egyptian and Sea Island. We pay for these yarns an average of 74c per lb. Common yarn in this country costs 32c.

And we have lately imported, at a large expense, a great Swiss machine to do our own mercerizing because this machine adds a beautiful lustre and 22 per cent more strength to the yarn.

Don't you want such hose? With all their advantages, they cost no more than common kinds.

The genuine Holeproof is sold in your town. Ask us for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near you, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells all about Holeproof. See if you, too, don't want this style, comfort and wear.

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By Invitation, Member of
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$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months.*

Holeproof Silk Gloves For Women

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the name of the dealer who sells them. These are the *durable,* stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors.

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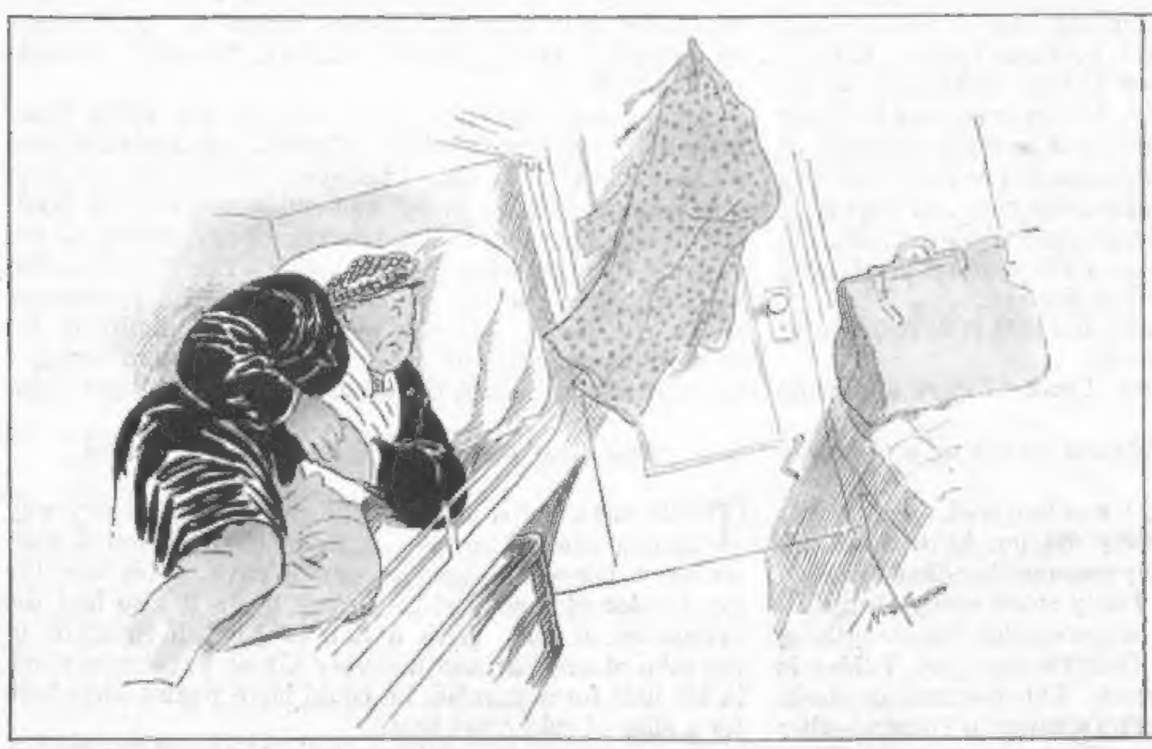
AN AMERICAN VANDAL

My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean—and Lies and Lies and Lies



For a Time I Thought I Was Seasick

Behind His Back Sinister Yet Fascinating Rumors Circulated

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

FOREWORD.—It has always seemed to me that the principal drawback about the average guidebook is that it is overfreighted with facts. Guidebooks heretofore have made a specialty of facts—have abounded in them; facts are to be found on every page and in every paragraph. Reading such a work, you imagine that the besotted author said to himself, "I will just naturally fill this thing chock-full of facts"—and then went and did so to the extent of a prolonged debauch.

Now personally I would be the last one in the world to decry facts as such. In the abstract I have the highest opinion of them. But facts, as someone has said, are stubborn things; and stubborn things, like stubborn people, are frequently tiresome. So it occurred to me that possibly there might be room for a guidebook on foreign travel which would not have a single indubitable fact concealed anywhere about its person. I have even dared to hope there might be an actual demand on the part of the general public for such a guidebook. I shall endeavor to meet that desire—if it exists.

While we are on the subject I wish to say there is probably not a statement made by me here or hereafter that cannot readily be controverted. Communications from parties desiring to controvert this or that assertion will be considered in the order received. The line forms on the left and parties will kindly avoid crowding. Triflers and professional controverters save stamps.

With these few introductory remarks we now proceed to the first subject, which is The Sea: Its Habits and Peculiarities, and the Quaint Creatures Found on Its Bosom.

From the very start of this expedition to Europe I labored under a misapprehension. Everybody told me that as soon as I had got my sea legs I would begin to love the sea with a vast and passionate love. As a matter of fact I experienced no trouble whatever in getting my sea legs. They were my regular legs, the same ones I use on land. It was my sea stomach that caused all the bother. First I was afraid I should not get it, and that worried me no little. Then I got it and was regretful. However, that detail will come up later in a more suitable place. I am concerned now with the departure.

Somewhere forward a bugle blares; somewhere rearward a bell jangles. On the deck overhead is a scurry of feet. In the mysterious bowels of the ship a mighty mechanism opens its metal mouth and speaks out briskly. Later it will talk to you steadily, with a measured and regular voice; but now it is heard frequently, yet intermittently, like the click of a blind man's cane. Beneath your feet the ship, which has seemed until this moment as solid as a rock, stirs the least little bit, as though it had waked up. And now a shiver runs all through it and you are reminded of that passage from Pygmalion and Galatea, where Pygmalion says with such feeling:

She starts; she moves; she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.

You are under way. You are finally committed to the great adventure. The necessary goodbys have already been said. Those who in the goodness of their hearts came to see you off have already departed for shore, leaving sundry suitable and unsuitable gifts behind. You have examined your stateroom, with its hot and cold decorations, its running stewardess, its all-night throb service, and its windows overlooking the Hudson—a stateroom that seemed so large and commodious until you put one small, submissive steamer trunk and two scared valises in it. You are tired, and yon white bed, with the high mudguards on it, looks mighty good to you; but you feel that you must go on deck to wave a fond farewell to the land you love and the friends you are leaving behind.

You fight your way to the open through companionways full of frenzied persons who are apparently trying to travel in every direction at once. On the deck the illusion persists that it is the dock that is moving and the ship that is standing still. All about you your fellow passengers crowd the rails, waving and shouting messages to the people on the dock; the people on the dock wave back and shout answers. About every other person is begging somebody to tell auntie to be sure to write. You gather that auntie will be expected to write weekly, if not oftener.

As the slice of dark water between boat and dock widens, those who are left behind begin running toward the pierhead in such numbers that each wide, bright-lit door-opening in turn suggests a fluttering section of a moving-picture film. The only perfectly calm person in sight is a gorgeous, gold-laced creature standing on the outermost gunwale of the dock, wearing the kind of uniform that a rear admiral of the Swiss navy would wear—if the Swiss had any navy—and holding a

I Have Even Dared to Hope There Might be an Actual Demand for Such a Guidebook

But Oh, My Countrymen, What a Change From What Had Been!

speaking trumpet in his hand. This person is not excited, for he sends thirty-odd-thousand-ton ships off to Europe at frequent intervals, and so he is impressively and importantly blasé about it; but everybody else is excited. You find yourself rather that way. You wave at persons you know and then at persons you do not know.

You continue to wave until the man alongside you, who has spent years of his life learning to imitate a siren whistle with his face, suddenly twines his hands about his mouth and lets go a terrific blast right in your ear. Something seems to warn you that you are not going to care for this man.

The pier, ceasing to be a long, outstretched finger, seems to fold back into itself, knuckle-fashion, and presently is but a part of the oddly foreshortened shoreline, distinguishable only by the black dot of watchers clustered under a battery of lights, like a swarm of hiving bees. Out in midstream the tugs, which have been convoying the ship, let go of her and scuttle off, one in this direction and one in that, like a brace of teal ducks getting out of a walrus' way.

Almost imperceptibly her nose straightens down the river and soon on the starboard quarter—how quickly one picks up these nautical terms!—looming through the harbor mists, you behold the statue of Miss Liberty, in her popular specialty of enlightening the world. So you go below and turn in. Anyway, that is what I did; for certain of the larger ships sail at midnight or even later, and this was such a ship.

For some hours I lay awake, while above me and below me and all about me the boat settled down to her ordained ship's job, and began drawing the long, soothing snores that for five days and nights she was to continue drawing without cessation. There were so many things to think over. I tried to remember all the authoritative and conflicting advice that had been offered to me by traveled friends and well-wishers.

Let's see, now: On shipboard I was to wear only light clothes, because nobody ever caught cold at sea. I was to wear the heaviest clothes I had, because the landlubber always caught cold at sea. I was to tip only those who served me. I was to tip all hands in moderation, whether they served me or not. *If* I felt squeamish I was to do the following things: Eat something. Quit eating. Drink something. Quit drinking. Stay on deck. Go below and lie perfectly flat. Seek company. Avoid same. Give it up. Keep it down.

In Praise of the Admirable Lubly

THERE was but one point on which all of them were agreed. On no account should I miss Naples; I must see Naples if I did not see another solitary thing in Europe. Well, I did both—I saw Naples; and now I should not miss Naples if I never saw it again, and I do not think I shall. As regards the other suggestions these friends of mine gave me, I learned in time that all of them were right and all of them were wrong.

For example, there was the matter of a correct traveling costume. Between seasons on the Atlantic one wears what best pleases one. One sees at the same time women in furs and summer boys in white ducks. Tweed-enshrouded Englishmen and linen-clad American girls promenade together, giving to the decks that pleasing air of variety and individuality of apparel only to be found in Southern California during the winter, and in those orthodox pictures in the book of Robinson Crusoe, where Robinson is depicted as completely wrapped up in goatskins, while Man Friday is pirouetting round as nude as a raw oyster and both of them are perfectly comfortable. I used to wonder how Robinson and Friday did it. Since taking an ocean trip I understand perfectly. I could do it myself now.

There certainly were a lot of things to think over. I do not recall now exactly the moment when I ceased thinking them over. A blank that was measurable by hours ensued. I woke from a dream about a scrambled egg, in which I was the egg, to find that morning had arrived and the ship was behaving naughtily.

Here was a ship almost as long as Main Street is back home, and six stories high, with an English basement; with restaurants and elevators and retail stores in her; and she was as broad as a courthouse; and while lying at the dock she had appeared to be about the most solid and dependable thing in creation—and yet in just a few hours' time she had altered her whole nature, and was rolling and sliding and charging and snorting like a warhorse. It was astonishing in the extreme, and you would not have expected it of her.

Even as I focused my eyes on this phenomenon the doorway was stealthily entered by a small man in a uniform that made him look something like an Eton schoolboy and something like a waiter in a dairy lunch. I was about to have the first illuminating experience with an English manservant. This was my bedroom steward, by name Lubly—William Lubly. My hat is off to William Lubly—to him and all his kind. He was always on duty; he never seemed to sleep; he was always in a good humor, and he always thought of the very thing you wanted just a moment or two before you thought of it yourself, and came a-running and fetched it to you. Now he was softly stealing in to close my port. As he screwed the round, brass-faced window fast he glanced my way and caught my apprehensive eye.

"Good morning, sir," he said, and said it in such a way as to convey a subtle compliment.

"Is it getting rough outside?" I said—I knew about the inside.

"Thank you," he said; "the sea 'as got up a bit, sir—thank you, sir."

I was gratified—nay more, I was flattered. And it was so delicately done too. I really did not have the heart to tell him that I was not solely responsible—that I had, so to speak, collaborators; but Lubly stood ready always to accord me a proper amount of recognition for everything that happened on that ship. Only the next day, I think it was, I asked him where we were. This occurred on deck. He had just answered a lady who wanted to know whether we should have good weather on the day we landed at Fishguard and whether we should get in on time. Without a moment's hesitation he told her; and then he turned to me with the air of giving credit where credit is due, and said:

"Thank you, sir—we are just off the Banks, thank you."

Lubly ran true to form. The British serving classes are ever like that, whether met with at sea or on their native soil. They are a great and a noble institution. Give an English servant a kind word and he thanks you. Give him a harsh word and he still thanks you. Ask a question of a London policeman—he tells you fully and then he thanks you. Go into an English shop and buy something—the clerk who serves you thanks you with enthusiasm. Go in and fail to buy something—he still thanks you, but without the enthusiasm.

One kind of Englishman says Thank you, sir; and one kind—the Cockney who has been educated—says Thenks; but the majority brief it into a short but expressive expletive and merely say: Kew. Kew is the commonest word in the British Isles. Stroidinary runs it a close second, but Kew comes first. You hear it everywhere. Hence Kew Gardens—they are named for it.

All the types that travel on a big English-owned ship were on ours. I take it that there is a requirement in the maritime regulations to the effect that the set must be complete before a ship may put to sea. To begin with, there was a member of a British legation from somewhere going home on leave, for a holiday, or a funeral. At least I heard it was a holiday, but I should have said he was going home for the other occasion. He wore an Honorable attached to the front of his name and carried several extra initials behind in the rumble; and he was filled up with that true British reserve which a certain sort of Britisher always develops while traveling in foreign lands. He was upward of seven feet tall, as the crow flies, and very thin and rigid.

Viewing him, you got the impression that his framework all ran straight up and down, like the wires in a birdcage, with barely enough perches extending across from side to side to keep him from caving in and crushing the canaries to death. On second thought I judge I had better make this comparison in the singular number—there would not have been room in him for more than one canary.

Every morning for an hour, and again every afternoon for an hour, he marched solemnly round and round the promenade deck, always alone and always with his mournful gaze fixed on the far horizon. As I said before, however, he stood very high in the air, and it may have been he feared, if he ever did look down at his feet, he should turn dizzy and be seized with an uncontrollable desire to leap off and end all; so I am not blaming him for that.

He would walk his hour out to the sixtieth second of the sixtieth minute and then he would sit in his steamer chair, as silent as a glacier and as inaccessible as one. If it were afternoon he would have his tea at five o'clock and then, with his soul still full of cracked ice, he would go below and dress for dinner; but he never spoke to anyone. His steamer chair was righthand chair to mine and often we practically touched elbows; but he did not see me once.

I had a terrible thought. Suppose now, I said to myself—just suppose that this ship were to sink and only we two were saved; and suppose we were cast away on a desert island and spent years and years there, never knowing each other's name and never mingling together socially until the rescue ship came along—and not even then unless there was some mutual acquaintance aboard her to introduce us properly! It was indeed a frightful thought! It made me shudder.

Among our company was a younger son going home after a tour of the Colonies—Canada and Australia, and all that sort of bally rot. I believe there is always at least one younger son on every well-conducted English boat; the family keeps him on a remittance and seems to feel easier in its mind when he is traveling. The British statesman who said the sun never sets on British possessions spoke the truth, but the reporters in committing his memorable utterance to paper spelt the keyword wrong—undoubtedly he meant the other kind—the younger kind.

The Old Party With Fourteen Rattles

THIS particular example of the species was in every way up to grade and sample. A happy combination of open air, open pores and open casegoods gave to his face the exact color of a slice of rare roast beef; it also had the expression of one. With a dab of English mustard in the lobe of one ear and a savory bit of watercress stuck in his hair for a garnish, he could have passed anywhere for a slice of cold roast beef.

He was reasonably exclusive too. Not until the day we landed did he and the Honorable member of the legation learn—quite by chance—that they were third cousins—or something of that sort—to one another. And so, after the relationship had been thoroughly established through the kindly offices of a third party, they fraternized to the extent of riding up to London on the same boat-train, merely using different compartments of different carriages. The English aristocrat is a tolerably social animal when traveling; but, at the same time, he does not carry his sociability to an excess. He shows restraint.

Also, we had with us the elderly gentleman of impaired disposition, who had crossed thirty times before and was now completing his thirty-first trip, and getting madder and madder about it every minute. I saw him only with his clothes on; but I should say, speaking offhand, that he had at least fourteen rattles and a button. His poison sacs hung 'way down. Others may have taken them for dewlaps, but I knew better; they were poison sacs.

It was quite apparent that he abhorred the very idea of having to cross to Europe on the same ocean with the rest of us, let alone on the same ship. And for persons who were taking their first trip abroad his contempt was absolutely unutterable; he choked at the bare mention of such

But the Deck Was Unpleasantly Congested With Great Burly Brutes

a criminal's name and offense. You would hear him communing with himself and a Scotch and soda.

"Bah!" he would say bitterly, addressing the siphon. "These idiots who've never been anywhere talking about this being rough weather! Rough weather, mind you! Bah! People shouldn't be allowed to go to sea until they know something about it. Bah!"

By the fourth day out his gums were as blue as indigo, and he was so swelled up with his own venom he looked dropsical. I judged his bite would have caused death in from twelve to fourteen minutes, preceded by coma and convulsive rigors. We called him old Colonel Gila Monster or Judge Stinging Lizard, for short.

There was the spry and conversational gentleman who looked like an Englishman, but was of the type commonly denominated in our own land as breezy. So he could not have been an Englishman. Once in a while there comes along an Englishman who is windy, and frequently you meet one who is drafty; but there never was a breezy Englishman yet.

With that interest in other people's business which the close communion of a ship so promptly breeds in most of us, we fell to wondering who and what he might be; but the minute the suspect came into the salon for dinner on the first night out I read his secret at a glance. He belonged to a refined song-and-dance team doing sketches in vaudeville. He could not have been anything else—he had jet buttons on his evening clothes.

There was the young woman—she had elocutionary talents, it turned out afterward, and had graduated with honors from a school of expression—who assisted in getting up the ship's concert—and then took part in it—both of those acts being mistakes on her part, as it proved.

And there was the official he-beauty of the ship. He was without a wrinkle in his clothes—or his mind either; and he managed to maneuver so that when he sat in the smoking room he always faced a mirror. That was company enough for him. He never grew lonely or bored then. Only one night he discovered something wrong about one of his eyebrows. He gave a pained start; and then, oblivious of those of us who hovered about enjoying the spectacle, he spent a long time working with the blemish. The eyebrow was stubborn, though, and he just could not make it behave; so he grew petulant and fretful, and finally went away to bed in a huff. Had it not been for fear of stopping his watch, I am sure he would have slapped himself then and there on the wrist.

True Love in Rough Weather

THIS fair youth was one of the delights of the voyage. One felt that if he had merely a pair of tweezers and a mustache comb and a hand glass he would never, never be at a loss for a solution of the problem that worries so many writers for the farm journals—a way to spend the long winter evenings pleasantly.

And, of course, we had a bridal couple and a troupe of professional gamblers aboard. We just naturally had to have them. Without them, I doubt whether the ship could have sailed. The bridal couple were from somewhere in the central part of Ohio and they were taking their honeymoon tour; but, if I were a bridal couple from the central part of Ohio and had never been to sea before, as was the case in this particular instance, I should take my honeymoon ashore and keep it there. I most certainly should! This couple of ours came aboard billing and cooing to beat the lovebirds. They made it plain to all that they had just been married and were proud of it. Their baggage was brand-new, and the groom's shoes were shiny with that pristine shininess which, once destroyed, can never be restored; and the bride wore her going-and-giving-away outfit.

Just prior to sailing and on the morning after, they were all over the ship. Everywhere you went you seemed to meet them and they were always wrestling. You entered a quiet side passage—there they were, exchanging a kiss—one of the long-drawn, sirupy kind. You stepped into the writing room thinking to find it deserted, and at sight of you they broke grips and sprang apart, eying you like a pair of startled fawns surprised by the cruel huntsman in a forest glade. At all other times, though, they had eyes but for each other.

A day came, however—and it was the second day out—when they were among the missing. For two days and two nights, while the good ship floundered on the tempestuous bosom of the overwrought ocean, they were gone from human ken. On the afternoon of the third day, the sea being calmer now, but still sufficiently rough to satisfy the most exacting, a few hardy and convalescent souls sat in a shawl-wrapped row on the lee side of the ship.

There came two stewards, bearing with them pillows and blankets and rugs. These articles were disposed to advantage in two steamer chairs. Then the stewards hurried away; but presently they reappeared, dragging the limp and dangling forms of the bridal couple from the central part of Ohio. But oh, my countrymen, what a spectacle! And what a change from what had been!

We Called Him Old Colonel Gila Monster or Judge Stinging Lizard, for Short

I Tried to Remember All the Conflicting Advice That Had Been Offered to Me

The going-away gown was wrinkled, as though it had been worn for a period of time by one suddenly and sorely stricken in the midst of health. The bride's once well-coifed hair hung in lank disarray about a face that was the color of prime old sage cheese—yellow, with a fleck of green here and there—and in her wan and rolling eyes was the hunted look of one who hears something unpleasant stirring a long way off and fears it is coming this way.

Side by side the stewards stretched them prone on their chairs and tucked them in. Her face was turned from him. For some time both of them lay there without visible signs of life—just two muffled, misery-stricken heaps. Then, slowly and languidly, the youth stretched forth an arm from his wrappings and touched the swaddling folds that enveloped the form of his beloved.

It may have been he thought it was about time to begin picking the coverlid, or it may have been the promptings of reawakened romance, once more feebly astir within his bosom. At any rate, gently and softly, his hand fell on the rug about where her shoulder ought to be. She still had life enough left in her to shake it off—and she did. Hurt, he waited a moment—then touched her again. "Stop that!" she cried in a low but venomous tone. "Don't you dare touch me!"

So he touched her no more, but only lay there mute and motionless; and from his look one might plumb the sorrows of his soul and know how shocked he was, and how grieved and heartstricken! Love's young dream was o'er! He had thought she loved him, but now he knew better. Their marriage had been a terrible mistake and he would give her back her freedom—he would give it back to her as soon as he was able to sit up. Thus one interpreted his expression.

A Piece of Surgical Fancywork

ON THE day we landed, however, they were seen again. We were nosing northward through a dimpled duckpond of a sea, with the Welsh coast on one side and Ireland just over the way.

People who had not been seen during the voyage came up to breathe, wearing the air of persons who had just returned from the valley of the shadow and were mighty glad to be back; and with those others came our bridal couple.

I inadvertently stumbled on them in an obscure companionway. Their cheeks again wore the bloom of youth and health, and they were in a tight clinch; it was indeed a pretty sight. Love had returned on roseate pinions and the honeymoon had been resumed at the point where it was postponed on account of bad weather.

They had not been seasick, though. I heard them say so. They had been indisposed—possibly from something they had eaten; but they had not been seasick. Well, I had my own periods of indisposition going over; and if it had been seasickness I should not hesitate a moment about coming right out and saying so. In these matters I believe in being absolutely frank and aboveboard. For the life of me I cannot understand why people will dissemble and lie about this thing of being seasick. To me their attitude is a source of constant wonderment.

On land the average person is reasonably proud of having been sick—after he begins to get better. It gives him something to talk about. The pale and interesting invalid invariably commands respect ashore. In my own list of acquaintances I number several persons—mainly widowed ladies with satisfactory incomes—who never feel well unless they are ill.

In the old days they would have had resort to patent medicines and the family lot at Laurel Grove Cemetery; but now they go in for rest cures and sea voyages, and the baths at Carlsbad and specialists—these same being main contributing causes to the present high cost of living, and also helping to explain what becomes of some of those large life-insurance policies you read about. Possibly you know the type I am describing—the lady who, when planning where she will spend the summer, sends for catalogues from all the leading sanatoriums. We had one such person with us.

She had been surgically remodeled so many times that she dated everything from her last operation. At least six times in her life she had been down with something that was absolutely incurable, and she was now going to Homburg to have one of the newest and most fatal German diseases in its native haunts, where it would be at its best.

(Continued on Page 69)

The British Serving Classes are a Great and a Noble Institution

The Coming Atlantic Ocean Airflight—By Harry N. Atwood

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

No Trouble Will be Experienced in Alighting for Fuel or Repairs

PHOTO. BY W. PRESTON MAYFIELD, DAYTON, OHIO

Testing Out One of the New Flying Boats

THAT somebody some day is going to fly across the Atlantic Ocean from continent to continent in an aëroplane is now a recognized certainty—at least in aëronautic circles. That somebody may succeed in accomplishing it within the next six months is a strong probability.

The first successful attempt to fly across the ocean in a heavier-than-air machine will be the direct result of a previous exhaustive scientific analysis of the possible conditions that may arise, and an enduring, quick-witted, intelligent display of engineering genius throughout the progress of the undertaking. Good fortune or bad may attend the journey, but fortune itself should not be the determining factor of the success or failure of the endeavor.

It should require some remarkably bad luck to cause the absolute failure of the effort of the man who has previously studied out and scientifically prepared for all the situations; and it should require some phenomenally good luck to bring success to the endeavor of the man who has relied chiefly on his angel of good fortune to meet the various predicaments.

There have been numerous newspaper announcements of late outlining the proposed exploits of aviators in the trans-Atlantic flight; but in none of the accounts does there seem to be any real information pertaining to a logical solution of the difficulties that must confront the pioneer ocean flier.

Most of the stories touch on the routes that might appear best for successful aërial navigation, the theoretical ideas of the individual for exploiting the project, or the type of machine he proposes to use.

There does not appear in any of the stories a discussion of certain peculiar and striking problems that must arise somewhere along the route, and which can be foreseen and guarded against only by aviatic engineers who have had much practical as well as calculating experience in previous aëronautic projects.

It is the purpose of this article, therefore, to suggest a few of the unique and important problems that may confront the pioneer flier and, so far as possible, to propound solutions of them—solutions, it is hoped, that may serve as a possible source of information to those who are contemplating the journey, and make interesting reading for others.

The Stability of Machines Over the Ocean

IN THE first place, the man who plans to fly across the broad ocean need have no fear at any time of mysterious, dangerous or otherwise annoying air currents that will menace or interfere with his flying stability while aloft. Once he has progressed a mile from the coast, his machine will sail through the air like an express train over a rock-ballasted roadbed.

The atmosphere may be in a state of inactivity or it may be howling a gale—the sun may be shining from a clear sky or the lightning may be flashing—but in any case the airliner will continue to sail along with a steady, smooth and undisturbed motion; in fact, for the entire distance from continent to continent, whether the sea is like a millpond or is lashed into fury by a hurricane, the aviator will have nothing to do, so far as his aërial stability is concerned, but guide his ship in the direction he desires.

This condition of atmosphere cannot easily be comprehended by the average landsman and perhaps still less by seafaring folks—the latter, of course, being put to considerable inconvenience at times by unexpected windsqualls.

It is unnecessary to discuss in detail the reasons for this condition. It is sufficient to say that the equilibrium of any airship is affected only by sudden changes of direction or velocity of the wind, and that the most violent changes of currents over the expanse of a broad surface of water do not build up or fall off quickly enough to be a serious menace to that equilibrium. It requires a change in the velocity of air motion of at least five miles an hour in a second seriously to affect the normal balance of an aëroplane; and such changes occur only where there are obstacles that offer resistance to the course of the wind.

An incident occurred last summer, while I was flying over Lake Erie in the vicinity of Sandusky, that demonstrated to me beyond a doubt the dependability and uniformity of air currents over large bodies of water—even during abnormal and changeable weather conditions.

It was a typical Erie afternoon. The sky was dotted with numerous clouds, which intermingled with each other and produced sky effects of various characters—sometimes threatening, sometimes reassuring. A lazy breeze was blowing off the lake—rhythmically steady. It was this rhythmic breeze that roused the inspiration to go a-soaring on that particular afternoon and which lured me far out over the waters. Many miles from shore and almost out of sight of land I met an excursion steamer laboriously plowing its way for Sandusky Harbor.

It was while performing a series of aërial evolutions round the steamboat that I became aware of a decided change in the temperature of the air, and at the same time observed that the direction of the wind had veered. Ordinarily changes of atmospheric temperature or of wind should make themselves evident by unstabilizing the flight of the machine; but in this instance the stability of the machine was unaffected. I merely felt the difference of temperature on my face and then noted, by the steamer's smokestack, that the wind had veered.

Suddenly and without warning—a notable characteristic of Erie squalls—the waters became dark and forbidding, and the wind came roaring out on the lake with a violence that immediately checked the progress of the machine against it. Unfortunately it was necessary to fly against the wind in order to reach the shore.

As yet, notwithstanding the rapid changes of atmospheric conditions, the machine flew with a steadiness that was almost uncanny—its stability was entirely undisturbed.

Then the real battle commenced. I gave my engine a wide-open throttle and forced the machine dead into the wind. Sometimes, when the gale slackened in velocity, I made slow progress for a few feet; at other times, when the wind increased, I lost ground and to all appearances was flying backward. For the most part, I remained stationary, apparently suspended in midair.

Meantime the little steamer, round which I had been maneuvering, was obliged likewise to head into the wind and was riding out the storm not one hundred and fifty feet from me, unable to make progress. The passengers were huddled together in the sheltered parts of the deck, peering up at the machine in perfect amazement. Their steamer was rocking, swaying and pitching, while my craft was riding the air apparently steady and motionless, except when I turned it in one direction or the other to avoid encountering the swirl of air I knew must be hovering round the boat.

Whenever I came unusually close to the steamer the people waved frantically and were evidently trying to shout words of encouragement. An airship, out of sight of land, unable to make progress against a gale and yet riding the wind with perfect steadiness, was clearly a curious and awe-inspiring sight to them.

Occasionally I waved back to them, but for the most part clung tightly to the levers, anticipating at any moment a violent lurching of the machine due to some unexpected airforce that would precipitate me into the lake—for I could not then understand the mysterious steadiness of the flight of the airship in such a storm.

Alighting for Repairs and Supplies

THE wind in this instance must have attained a velocity of at least forty-five miles an hour to prevent the machine from progressing against it; but at no time, whether it was increasing or diminishing, did it in any way affect the stability of the flight.

The battle ended as unexpectedly as it had commenced. The sun drove away the clouds; the whitecaps vanished; the lazy lake breeze was restored, and the sky was once more dotted with intermingled clouds.

This experience demonstrated very forcibly the aviatic reliability of air currents over large bodies of inland waters, even under the most abnormal and erratic conditions of the atmosphere, and in itself would be sufficient to indicate the existence of similar conditions over ocean waters.

There are, however, certain unique and peculiar difficulties in store for the first ocean airman during the progress of his flight, though the problem of stability is an easy one to handle.

He may be obliged to alight on the water during a frightful storm when the waves are running high. He may be obliged to abandon his aërial progress at any time and permanently, and to continue his voyage over the surface of the ocean—at least until assistance can be reached. He may encounter widespread fogs or calm, mirrorlike seas—one almost as annoying as the other—and in any case he will have to sail through one long lonely night. He may be obliged to drop on the ocean alongside a steamer to obtain provisions and fuel supplies, and possibly to perform repairs on his engine.

He will undoubtedly experience great difficulties in retaining his normal physical and mental equilibrium throughout many hours of relentless, nerve-racking and continuous vigilance—without for an instant escaping the deafening roar of a mighty engine. And for at least twenty-five hours he must sit in one position listening to the roar of that powerful engine, straining his eyes through

daylight and darkness to keep in touch with all indications of trouble, enduring prolonged exposure to the elements and fighting off an ever-increasing drowsiness.

The length of the vigilance, together with the incessant and hypnotic roar of the engine, must sooner or later produce a physical and mental fatigue that will be well-nigh overpowering unless he has some means of fortifying himself against it.

Each and every aspirant to the undertaking of flying across the ocean, I presume, feels that he is peculiarly and individually qualified to go through the ordeal, so far as his own mental stamina is concerned. It is to be doubted, however, whether any of them fully appreciates the constant and grinding strain the mentality of the first transocean airman must endure—unless he has means to fight it off—throughout the long hours of the journey. Little by little the terrible drowsiness will become irresistible—and all of a sudden he will peacefully fall asleep and the trip will be at an end.

Several times it has been reported that aviators have fallen asleep during long flights and have only escaped death because they awoke in time to save themselves. In several instances the airmen have been mystified themselves at the suddenness of the sleeping attacks, and in one particular case I remember the man attributed the sudden drowsiness to a mysterious gas floating through aërial space.

It may even be that some of our aviators, who have been killed during long journeys where no explanation of the accident has been possible, have met their end because they fell asleep and did not wake up in time. That such uncontrollable attacks of drowsiness may befall a man in flight—particularly when he is physically and mentally exhausted—I can testify to by a personal experience that nearly resulted in my own end.

It was on the occasion and during the fourth day's flying of a long journey from Boston to Northern New Hampshire, made in a series of jumps and at a time when the uncertainties of engines and machines made long-distance flying an extremely hazardous and tiresome sport.

Dangers From Sleep

FOR three days I had flown over rivers, lakes, hills and mountains, not understanding at that time the best ways of adjusting the course of flight to the varied localities—therefore being in constant fear that I should run into some mysterious condition which would be disastrous. I was winding my way up the Ammonoosac River Valley through the dusk of a cool fall evening and watching in ever-increasing abstraction the hamlets, towns and cities rushing by me beneath. With the swiftness of a stormcloud, the steadiness of a great eagle and the roar of a mighty cataract I sailed over the illimitable vista of habitations and countrysides—sometimes swerving aside to avoid the taller mountains; sometimes passing directly over the lower ones.

Contented with my lot, absorbed by the beauty of the landscape and soothed by the purr of the engine, I leaned back in the seat and marveled at the moving picture beneath me. It seemed as though I were in a dream—a dream I had had years before when I pictured myself soaring over mountains and valleys, over forests, crags and abysses.

Then there was a void in my thoughts; my eyes opened—there were green spruce trees rushing by me not five feet below; a tall pine just grazed the wing on the right! With a quick effort I raised it clear. A large boulder loomed up directly in front of me, and I forced the machine straight up into the air to avoid a collision. Then I soared away from the mountain—off into space and over the river valley.

To this day, no one in that Ammonoosac River Valley knows why I passed over the mountain shadowing their homes. They saw me headed directly for it. They witnessed me rise straight up into the air. They thought I had struck the pinnacle rock. The exploit was featured in the local newspapers the next morning; but no one knew what had really happened—and I never told.

It is evident, therefore, that the pioneer ocean-air navigator may expect to be in danger of an occurrence similar to my Ammonoosac experience and must fortify himself against the situation. If doctors cannot find some temporary chemical preventive for the sudden attacks of drowsiness, it will be necessary for the ocean voyager to descend to the water at various periods before he has become mentally and physically exhausted, and to snatch a little rest while his machine is riding the waves.

Another situation of serious moment to the first ocean-voyager would be that of a crippled mechanism or an exhausted fuel supply, occurring at a time when the ocean was in a state of turmoil. It cannot be expected that the first man to attempt flying across the ocean is going to do so without descending at least once, for some reason or other. If the sea is moderately quiet at the time he will experience no difficulty in alighting, in remaining on it, or in rising therefrom. The taking in of fuel or provisions from ocean liners or the performing of repairs will not be difficult in such an event.

If, however, the sea happens to be in a turmoil his airship can live on it but a very few seconds. Future developments will undoubtedly take care of this situation, but the first crossing of the ocean is not going to wait for the future development. A temporary lifesaving device is necessary in the first instance.

As a temporary and possibly permanent remedy to guard against the situation of a stormy sea, it is essential that the aviator should equip his machine with a small, non-capsizable lifeboat. Small craft have been operated by individuals through the most severe ocean storms and have proved themselves as seaworthy and indestructible as the larger vessels, though somewhat more inconvenient and uncomfortable in operation.

Moreover, such boats have been constructed to weigh less than three hundred pounds and have crossed the ocean with no other assistance than their own sail or motive power. Therefore the airman who is intending to fly across the ocean should equip his aërial vessel with a lifeboat for use on the water, constructed on the same principles as the ocean-going lifeboats, though of lighter-weight construction. The boat, of course, should be instantly detachable from the wings of the air machine.

Travel Above Fogbanks

THE weight of such a boat would not be excessive; in fact, if properly constructed, it would add a very small extra load to the machine in view of the fact that it could constitute the fusilage of the machine itself and become the carrier of all fuel and provision supplies. The way by which to make it instantly detachable has not yet been accomplished, merely because there has been no demand for such a contrivance. It is, however, purely a mechanical detail and can be readily installed on any air machine.

Once the trans-Atlantic aviator is equipped with a machine including in its complement a water lifeboat, and once he is prepared to resist the hypnotic and exhaustive influence of the incessant roar of the engine, the problems of next importance are those that may arise during the aërial operation of the machine.

Fog is an obstacle worthy of consideration; but, though it may be of serious moment to all watercraft, it will not necessarily be a menace to the airliner. Under no circumstances should the transocean air navigator operate his machine in the midst of a fog. He should at once rise above it and fly in the clear atmosphere of the upper regions; and he will be pleased to note that at an altitude of a few hundred feet he will hardly distinguish that there is such a condition existing beneath him.

In the event of the stoppage of his engine during his flight over a fogbank, he will, of course, be obliged to glide into it; but that will not be a dangerous operation, provided the sea is reasonably calm and he has a vision of a few feet in front of him. The condition of the sea enveloped by fog is usually calm and undisturbed and it is seldom impossible to obtain a vision of at least several feet in advance, while in the fog.

It is, however, unnecessary for the aviator in crossing the ocean to encounter a fog of widespread area if he has previously studied the meteorological conditions existing

(Concluded on Page 57)

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Like an Express Train Over a Rock-Ballasted Roadbed

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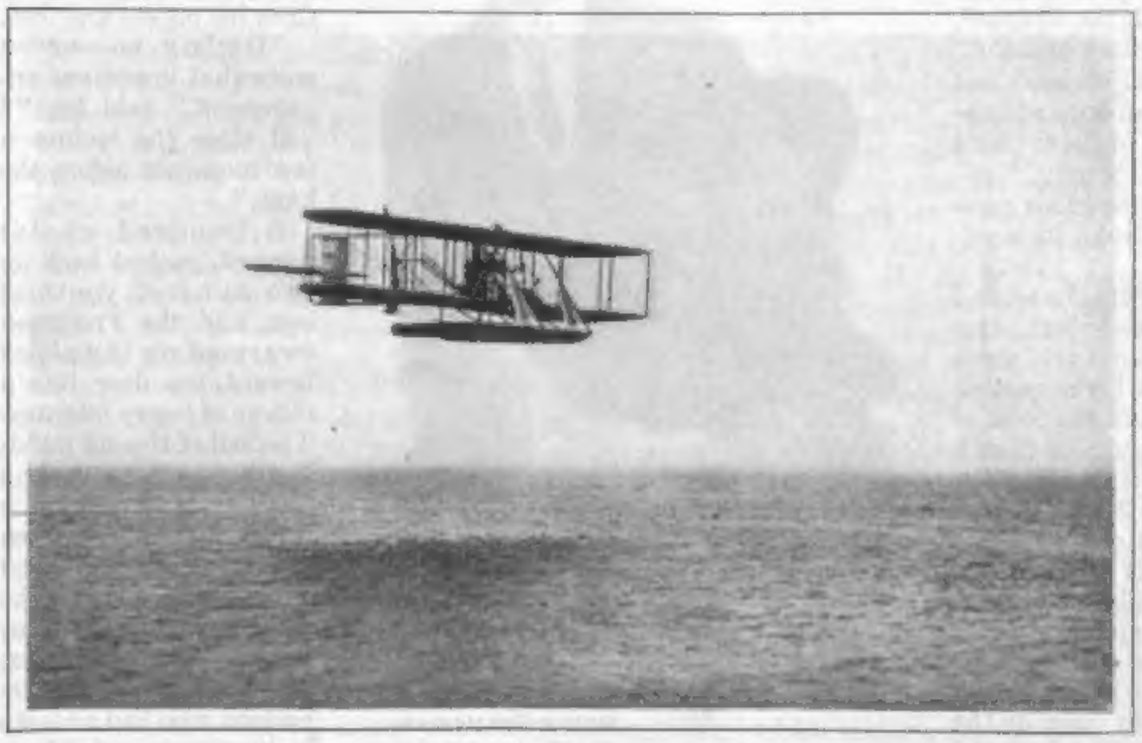
Flying in a Rhythmic Ocean Breeze One Thousand Feet Above Quincy Bay, Massachusetts

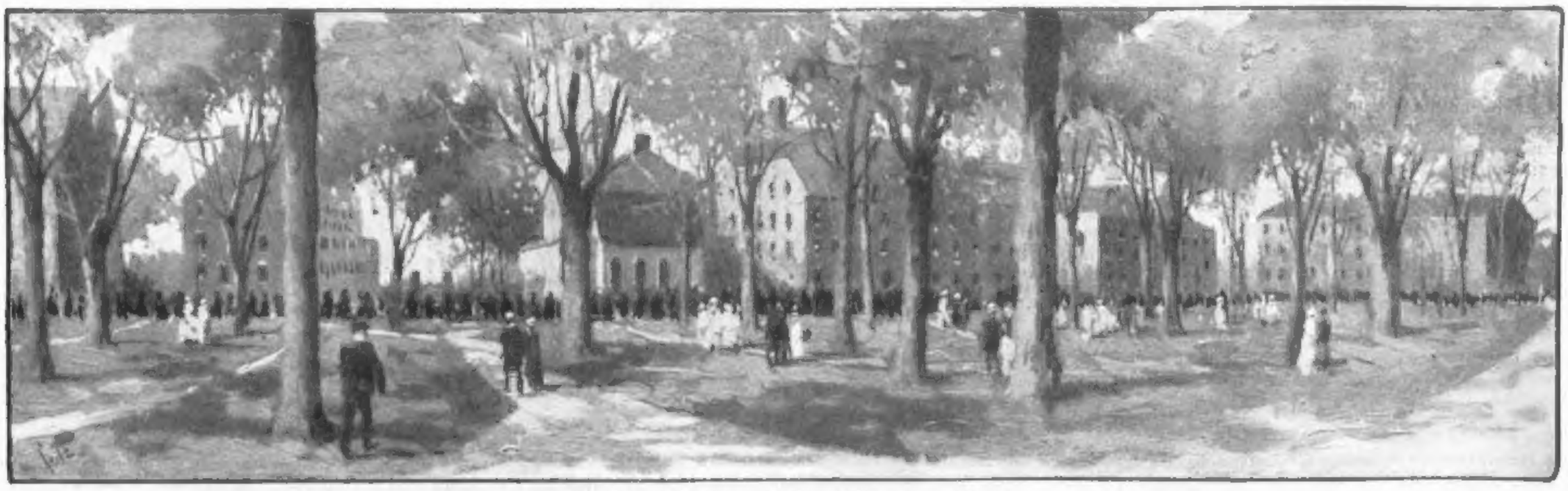


Over an Illimitable Expanse of Water

THE POT BOILER

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON



It is the Day of Tradition, the Day of Memory and Reunion

IT WAS the course in Modern Novelists at Harvard University—English 29[b]; open by special dispensation of the faculty as a "culture bath" to Freshmen, and in consequence joyously monopolized by them as a "snap." The dazzling sunshine of the winter afternoon poured pitilessly through the high windows of the lecture hall upon the sprawling rows of young men round the platform, illuminating all their defects and immaturities, their eccentricities of costume, their peculiarities of complexion, their awkwardness and crudity, as ruthlessly as the lucid intellect of the brilliant and rather cynical instructor exposed the defects and limitations of the authors who were subjected to the microscope of his analysis.

Mr. Alonzo Bates was universally admitted to be a very clever person and was thoroughly aware of his own cleverness. He was dapper, dressed with the careless perfection of an English guardsman, wore a trim Vandyke beard, and spoke with an accent tenderly reminiscent of the two years spent in Oxford after his graduation from Harvard. He was not only a gentleman, he was a scholar. He knew all that there was to know about English letters—just what was good and what was bad, and why it was not better or worse. His critical faculty was as sharp as a surgeon's scalpel, his standards were lofty, his requirements severe, his judgments unrelenting, and he felt the strength of ten because his taste was pure. Those authors who conformed to the rigid canons of this taste wrote "literachaw," the others he disposed of in a few well-chosen words or with merely an amused and annihilating shrug. On Friday afternoons he served tea at his rooms and dispensed epigrams and cigarettes to a worshiping circle of specially favored satellites who regarded him as an ultra-refined example of "a well-bred man of the world."

A knowledge of Mr. Bates is essential to our purpose, for he believed that he had a mission to fulfil and conscientiously sought to perform it—namely the congenial duty of demonstrating to the unformed minds of each succeeding Freshman class that their tastes were barbarous, their ideals false, and their home-derived preconceptions concerning literature ridiculous and vulgar. His lectures were easy-going talks in which he discoursed familiarly and in an engaging manner on anything and everything—why palm trees grew in some places and not in others, the origin of the sonnet, and Cleo de Mérode. He managed to let it be generally understood that none of them probably had ever seen a real gentleman—until they had seen him. But the chief truth which he sought to impart to them was that anything which their crass appetites delighted in must inevitably be bad. An appreciation for real literature had to be acquired. It was "caviare to the general." The actual value of the work of any author was inversely to the square of his popularity. A wide public was *ipso facto* presumptive evidence of a catering to low tastes. They must forget everything they had ever learned before or what they might thereafter hear outside, and if they listened with undivided attention to what he had to say they might perhaps hope in time to acquire a knowledge of what was worth while. But in the words of Walter Savage Landor—one of the really choice spirits—those invited to partake of the literary feast "would dine late and the guests would be few."

His manner of lecturing was crisp and connotative, and he read well and appreciatively in a low, carefully modulated voice punctuated with an occasional and not unpleasing stammer. He was so absolutely sure of the unerring quality of his own judgment that without difficulty he convinced his youthful hearers that he was the final arbiter of literary taste. No author could fool him. He had only to read with that slightly amused smile about his lips a paragraph or two from some heretofore esteemed writer, and all the man's crudities of style, his lack of culture, his bathos—in a word his vulgarity—became instantly apparent. Usually no comment was necessary. Then Mr. Bates would toss the embarrassed volume away from him across the table, look round brightly, as much as to say that as educated gentlemen they could feel it for themselves, and lean back with a rather bored impatience.

"Compare this sort of thing with Lamb's simple purity of style, or Hazlitt's easy elegance of expression!" he would murmur.

This afternoon he was even more than usually caustic. An elderly female relative had signified her intention of coming out to Cambridge and being "shown over" the college. It was obviously her idea that he was to do the showing. That Mr. Bates should have any elderly female relatives was in itself highly incongruous. One could think of him only as living in a rarefied atmosphere of culture, taste and intellect; as walking only in the company of noble souls—Walter Pater, for instance. Besides, heaven only knew what she might have on! The thought gave to the delicate edge of his irony an unwonted cruelty. The so-called popular writer was his dear victim on this particular occasion—the best seller. He pronounced the words apologetically, as if they left a bad taste on his mustache. He let it be known that he condescended to discuss such writers at all only because his course was supposed to be comprehensive. And then, to be sure, they could point to a moral, even if they—er—couldn't adorn a tale. He raised his eyes for a fleeting instant to observe whether his audience had caught his rather neat pun. They had.

"One doesn't pretend to know what sales such books may have. The taste of the public has been thoroughly debauched. One forgets even their names. Doubtless, I fancy, they may sell into the hundreds of thousands. The titles speak for themselves. Here is one I chanced to see on sale in the Square, Tawanda of the Reefs—by a person calling himself Ashton Dwight." He held up the wretched thing for all to see. "Tawanda of the Reefs!" he repeated with infinite disgust. "Look at the colored cover—called, I am informed, the wrapper. The very name is that of a 'penny dreadful.' I have never heard of the man or his book, but one feels confident that one can open at haphazard and find definite proof of the author's essential incompetence and vulgarity."

He seized the helpless volume in his carefully manicured hands and broke its unoffending back.

"Let us see! Hm! I read from the second paragraph of the one hundred and ninth page: 'Vishoto remained standing silent and alone upon the beach as the cries of his retreating comrades died away in the dark shadows of the hovering jungle. The languorous breath of the night wind, heavy with the scent of the rank growth of the swamps, filled his soul with a fierce yearning for his old life. His hand tightened upon the haft of his spear. It was not too late. He could still easily overtake his comrades and explain to them that he had only sought to test their loyalty. Passionately torn between two primitive desires he groaned aloud. A faint noise on the gravel of the beach above and he sprang swiftly round into a posture of defense. There in the faint light of the partially obscured moon stood Tawanda, the wreath of flowers still in her hair. Timidly she approached.

"'It is I, Tawanda,' she whispered. 'Will you not come back with me?'"

Mr. Bates hesitated and almost blushed.

"Really, you know," he stammered, pronouncing the word as if it were spelled "rahly," "one can't read the stuff! One's vocabulary can hardly supply the proper adjectives to characterize it! Could anything be worse claptrap; more cheap, sensational? Pure balderdash! A—er—what is vulgarly known, I believe, as a pot boiler! One could hardly have made a deliberate selection better illustrative of my point."

He leaned back in his chair with self-satisfied conclusiveness. A profound silence had descended upon the room, a tribute, he took for granted, to his own perspicacity. Every boy had become a self-conscious unit in a self-conscious whole. But the reason Mr. Alonzo Bates had utterly failed to observe. On the extreme left of the second row of seats the face of a delicately featured Freshman had, at the mention of the name Ashton Dwight, turned scarlet; and he now sat with compressed lips, staring at the desk before him like a graven image. The burning blush had given place to a chalky white, but the lad still sat as if stricken down by some unexpected and paralyzing blow. And the heart of every Freshman was boiling with indignant sympathy. Mr. Bates was sublimely unconscious of either the blow or of upon whom it had fallen. On the contrary he had almost forgotten the advent of his rustic aunt in his gratification over the appreciation which the class had shown. It did occur to him that he had been a bit extreme, rather blunt perhaps. For he liked to make his points delicately, to "use the rapier rather than the bludgeon."

Mr. Alonzo Bates Was Not Only a Gentleman, He Was a Scholar

But the class had grown restless again. Mr. Bates, ignorant that he had committed a murder, glanced at the clock, which pointed to five minutes of three, coughed and drew his papers together.

"Owing to—er—a somewhat important engagement," said he, "I will close the lecture a few moments before the hour."

A hundred chairs scraped, pushed back by two hundred youthful legs, and the Freshmen swarmed up the aisles toward the door like a charge of heavy infantry. The hall of the old building echoed as to the thunder of a marching regiment that has broken step. But today, instead of bursting across the Yard in tumultuous contests of speed or lungs, this herd of young barbarians, who had no taste in literature and whose

homebred ideas of culture were ridiculous, hastened to take themselves off that they might not subject one of their number to added embarrassment. For at eighteen, whatever his literary appreciations, there is nothing alive so sensitive as the human boy. So the gang scattered that they might not be compelled to see the face of him who had suffered the lash of humiliation in their presence.

Roger Dwight came out last of all, holding his head high. No one should guess the agony of those ten minutes. He felt no resentment toward Mr. Bates. On the contrary he admired and respected him. The thrust of the knife had been blind; the writhings of the miserable victim unknown to his instructor. He did not complain. *Veritas*—that was the magic word he had already learned to love. The torture was not that of an injustice, but of the realization that his father, the father whom he had loved and trusted, had done him a cruel and irreparable wrong, had sent him forth into the world of men tagged with a pricemark. He was cheap goods. He had been marked down.

Here, in the critical atmosphere of that father's own college, he must spend four years listening to the echo of that terrible denunciation. Wherever he went it would be whispered, inaudibly of course, that he was the son of the man that wrote the trashy novels. Better a thousand times if his father had committed an act of bankruptcy that would have necessitated his leaving the university. But to stay there, compelled to live from day to day upon the money earned by the prostitution of his father's intellect and ability, that was the hideous thought that drove him nearly frantic. Could any more refined form of torture be imagined? Could he, the son of a graduate who had sold out himself and his college, go on and do his work with the finger of scorn immutably fixed in his direction? He squirmed at the recollection of the subtle means he had taken to let it be known, as it were quite unintentionally, that he was the son of Ashton Dwight, the author. He had imagined that he had gained quite a little *éclat* thereby. He had digged the pit and now he had fallen into it. But he would be game. No one should ever know!

The steps were deserted as he left the building; only Joe Turner, the Varsity left guard, was lighting a pipe as he lingered under one of the bare elms and half turned to him with a "Hello, old man! Going over to the gym?"

Roger shook his head.

It was just like Turner to wait for him and give him the moral support of his companionship.

"No, I'm not going today. Don't feel like it."

The big curly-haired football man tossed away his match with studied unconsciousness.

"Oh, come on! Do you good!"

"No, I've got to work," returned Dwight, moving off toward the square.

Turner sauntered along by his side, jingling a bunch of keys and whistling. It was his way of saying: "Look here, dear old chap, don't take this so hard. Nobody is going to think the less of you because your father writes rotten books. That little beast probably doesn't know a good thing when he sees one!"

Yet at the same time both of them in their hearts were convinced that the little beast did know. At the door of the building where Dwight roomed they automatically stopped.

"Oh say, come along down!" repeated Joe with a forced grin, giving his friend what is described in college slang as a "slug" on the shoulder.

And then to his acute embarrassment Roger's lips suddenly trembled, his eyes filled, and he turned quickly and dashed with much noise up the dark stairway.

Roger climbed the four flights to his room, giving an occasional dry sob. He was an emotional boy, introspective and self-conscious to an unusual degree. And he was at that moment suffering from two mortal wounds, one of which had shattered his ideal of his father and the other his own pride.

What made it hardest of all was the realization of his father's glaring lack of appreciation of his son's true character and sensibilities, of the feelings of a gentleman. Roger had always known his father's devotion, and that since the death of his mother his education and development were the father's only real interests. What he did not know or even suspect was the existence of sacrifices which that education had rendered necessary. It was true that his father continued to live in a small village, but Roger had always supposed that this was a matter of choice, that he found it easier to do his writing there in the seclusion of the country. And the actual cost of his education was an unknown quantity, so far as he was concerned. He had been sent first to Groton and then to Harvard, and during the summer vacations had traveled regularly with a tutor. He had never known the lack of money, and his father insisted on his going to an expensive tailor and "keeping up his end" in every way with his classmates. He desired and intended that Roger should have every opportunity that was open to a youth of his age.

Now as he stumbled across the threshold of his rooms, in the newest of the elaborate dormitories which modern

"Roger! Yes, it's Roger!"

luxury had installed in Cambridge, he was filled with a bitter resentment against his father. What advantaged him his so-called opportunities? He recalled the day just before the term began when the two of them had selected the furniture and hangings for the cheerful suite the rental of which—although Roger was ignorant of the fact—had come to more than that of the tiny cottage in Weybridge. What fun they had had buying the warm red carpet, the dainty chintz curtains, the big oak table, the comfortable, heavily cushioned chairs, the leather lounge! What difference did it make now what his rooms were like? He threw himself at full length on the sofa with his face in a pile of silk cushions. By this time the story was undoubtedly all over the college. His classmates would discuss nothing else for a week—sympathetically or maliciously, it mattered little. They would never forget the fact that he was the son of a man who had deliberately debased his talents for money, and shamelessly allowed his name in letters an inch long to flare on the parti-colored covers of cheap novels! The fact that they had never seemed cheap to him made it all the more humiliating. He had got a lot of fun out of reading Tawanda of the Reefs. But he saw now all its melodrama and sensationalism. He winced at the recollection of Mr. Bates' scornful exposure of his father's lack of breeding. That was the fact that made his cheeks still burn in the seclusion of his study. His father was not a gentleman!

His pride writhed like a wounded creature stricken down and dying. If only he had not made so much capital out of his father's supposed standing as a man of letters! At school his comrades had quite naturally deferred to him in affairs of this sort. He had been chosen editor of the school paper as a matter of course. Was he not Ashton Dwight's son? And, having thus inherited a vicarious position as a youth of exceptional culture, he had made the most of it and given himself some airs as a bookish fellow. Once at prize day his father had visited the school and delivered an address on Standards of Literary Taste. Now he shuddered at the thought of it. Physically too light in build for the football field or the river he had drifted quite naturally to the library, and because he was the son of his father was permitted to carry slender volumes of the English classics in his pocket without ridicule from his classmates. It was generally conceded that he would become a writer himself; and this prediction had followed him to Harvard. He was popularly looked upon as the man in the class most likely in due course to become editor of one of the college magazines. Already he had done an essay or two for the Monthly and had written some editorials for the Advocate. He had advertised his little literary acquirements, real or imaginary, in a quiet way, for he knew that along this line alone could he achieve distinction in the complex life of the university.

And now the pin of criticism had pricked the balloon of his pretensions. Pop! He had blown up before the whole class! If he had been an athlete it wouldn't have mattered—so much. He could have afforded to laugh at himself, but because he had affected a pose he saw himself not only ridiculous but a sham. Lying tense on the lounge his eyes wandered over the gray-green walls covered so esthetically with Japanese grasscloth. There were the two long bookcases filled with Ruskin, Symonds, Matthew Arnold, Meredith, James and the "standard" novels. There too was the shelf that he particularly affected—Rossetti, Wilde, Swinburne, Henley; and another shelf of those rarer souls, of Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, which, even if he didn't understand, he deceived himself into thinking that he did.

He had pretended to be a sort of literary pre-Raphaelite. There were two Burne-Joneses between the windows. And he had even worn his Kipling with a difference, arguing a lack of finer quality from the earlier stories which tremendously impressed the other fellows at the club table. Kipling! And now! His eyes traveled round the walls lined with halftones of famous authors—of Meredith, of James, of Stevenson, the latter his real favorite—until they came to the mantel where stood the large-framed photograph which occupied easily the most conspicuous position in the room. "To my son, from his affectionate father, Ashton Dwight." How could this father ever have played him such a trick? How proudly he had been accustomed to say in that quiet tone of his in answer to the inquiry of some new acquaintance: "Oh, yes, Ashton Dwight's my father." And he had seen himself grow several inches in the other's eyes. It all made him sick! The round, amiable face of his father, clean shaven except for the small gray mustache; the slightly faded blue eyes with the crow's-feet about their corners; the humorous pucker of the mouth—instead of being those of a simple, kindly gentleman masked the soul of a literary tradesman. Behind the apparently frank, straightforward features was concealed the faker. They were the false labels stuck on a package of shoddy goods.

The photograph had, he knew, impressed everybody who had seen it. Never again would he say with pride: "Oh, yes, Ashton Dwight is my father," but it would be with defiance, looking his interrogator full in the eye as if asking him what he proposed to do about it. And because his father had always seemed so simple and had been so kind to him, he felt all the more indignation against him. Why hadn't he, if he was going to barter away his son's birthright, admitted frankly that the only way he could earn a living was to cater to the masses—written the stuff with a

grin of contempt for the swine who would gobble it up—and laughed it off? Then he would at least have had the merit of not being an impostor. You might not have much respect for a man who did that sort of thing, but at least you wouldn't be deceived, flimflammed! But here was his father with that rather distinguished face of his writing dime novels, trash, and still posing as an intellectual! Could he ever bring himself to go to Mr. Bates' course on Modern Novelists again? Would he ever dare to enter the Coöperative Bookstore? Confused, harrowing thoughts elbowed one another through his brain. He realized that the room had grown dark. It must already be nearly dinnertime. He could see nothing else distinctly, but through the window the pale blue efflorescence from the arclight in the square below fell on the face in the frame above him and emphasized the kindly humor that lurked about the eyes.

The thunder of feet upon the staircase was followed by a terrific assault upon his door to the accompaniment of startling yells:

"O—oh, Dwi-i-ght! O—o—oh, Dw-i-ght!"

It was nothing, only Joe Turner, good old Joe, come to pick him up for supper. Roger swung himself heavily to his feet, mechanically turned on the electric switch and threw open the door.

Turner, six feet odd of brawn, stood on the threshold grinning good-naturedly, his hair still dank from the shower.

"Well, old socks! Going to feed?" he inquired, hands in pockets.

"I suppose so," answered Roger gloomily, picking up his cap. "What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock. Come along. I like my grub hot."

Once more Roger realized with a rush of affection the delicate appreciation of this gawky giant for his position. Turner wanted to get him over to the club table among the first, so that he might be saved the embarrassment of an entrance after the others had been seated. As they passed down the stairs Roger grasped his friend's shoulder.

"You're all right, Joe!" he muttered huskily.

Outside the air was keen and the two youths hurried quickly along Mount Auburn Street to the ancient yellow house where they took their meals. Only one or two of the men had as yet arrived, and as the others straggled in they greeted Dwight effusively. Soon the chairs were full and the room resounded with boisterous laughter, crude witticisms flung tablewise and the sharp clatter of knives and forks. But the very assiduity with which they brought Dwight into the conversation, ostentatiously asked him his opinion and joked with him, made him self-conscious. Why should they single him out, address him with such marked courtesy and attention, except from a feeling of *noblesse oblige?* They were not treating him as if nothing had happened. On the contrary they were acting as if it were their duty to make him feel as much at home as possible, and in so doing they made him feel like a stranger. Roger left the table, having eaten little, conscious of a dead heart within his breast. The others had made up a party to go to a musical show, but he was in no mood for such frivolities, and though he would have liked to go with them his good sense told him that he would have been a millstone hung about their gayety. So he bade them goodnight and walked slowly on by himself toward Harvard Square.

The windows of the professors' houses along the muddy street glowed comfortably. They were such reserved, self-respecting little houses in such excellent taste! He felt a sudden passionate desire to hurl stones through those windows upon the heads of the smug intellectuals within; to jar them out of their self-satisfaction, their unrelenting adherence to what was conventionally regarded as fine and noble. A set of prigs! He wanted to yell at them, to call them out on their front steps and tell them they were a lot of jackasses. He boiled with rage at their acrid, crisp, self-sufficient, absolutely settled point of view. What did they know about it anyway? Wasn't the proof of the pudding in the eating? Had any of them ever earned a dollar, except by a parrotlike cataloguing and rehearsal of the things which other men in the real world had done? Could they earn a dollar?

"Good evening, Dwight!"

The clipped but pleasant tones of the professor of music bowling northward startled him into a hasty response. A funny little man he was, with a fat wife and half a dozen children, living like gypsies in a small, barnlike house jammed in behind a covey of others. Roger had gone there once to verify a reference, and found him dreaming over a quintette of Beethoven. In reply to some technical question the professor had turned, by way of illustration, to the piano and deluged the room with a shower of melody, an improvisation. Why didn't the fellow write something for publication? He could do it. Roger knew that there was an insatiable market for even high-class popular songs, some of which paid thousands of dollars in royalties. And he could have composed them by the yard, that little man, between lectures! Didn't get more than $3500 a year probably. But he sat tight, kept his self-respect—and ate beans for supper.

The fire of Roger's fury slowly died with the sound of the professor's footsteps. He was forced to admit that after all there was something fine about these men, who were trying to preserve past standards in an age of materialism, of Ashton Dwights. He shrank along the pickets, ashamed of himself for his anger, conscious that it was due simply to the fact that he would no longer have any standing with them. They knew what his father was, of course, and scorned him as the betrayer of a sacred trust, a literary Judas. And then, in the silence of the leafless elms through whose branches blazed the November stars, Roger heard the voice of self-knowledge, a tiny voice at first that grew in volume until it deafened him with its roar of accusation. He himself was no less a pretender than his father. They were a pair! If the elder had prostituted a talent the son had sought to profit by what was not his, to seize the opportunity afforded by his father's assumed literary distinction to pretend to a culture, a quality, that he did not possess. He had been the ass parading round in the lion's skin, and it had turned out to be a monkey's.

Essentially he was just as cheap as his father. He was tarred with the same brush. He was nothing but a faker himself. What excuse had he for riding a high horse? Nietzsche! And Maeterlinck! Rossetti! Walter Pater! His cheeks burned in the crisp air of the winter night. "This above all: to thine own self be true." He fiercely resolved that from henceforth that should be his motto. It was the same thing as *Veritas* after all. In the slush of that Cambridge sidewalk the example of the little pot-bellied music professor wrought its predestined miracle. A boy's heart throbbed in response to the lesson taught by the shabby study of the man whose own heart was too fine to let him educate his children on easy money. He, Roger Dwight, could at least wipe his slate clean and start afresh. True to himself, standing on his own feet, he could be independent of his father. From now on he was to be Roger Dwight, not "Ashton Dwight's son."

Yet as he entered the Square and saw the groups of collegians waiting to take the electric cars to Boston, or loitering in the light of the shop windows, he shrank from encountering them. Should they see him he knew instinctively that he would become their subject of conversation for the next half-hour. Then he remembered his resolve and braced himself. The lights of the Coöperative Bookstore blazed across the sidewalk directly in his path. Three fellows he knew were standing outside inspecting the window display, and as he approached one of them turned and recognized him. There was a moment of mutual embarrassment during which Roger turned his eyes toward the window. It was piled high with copies of Tawanda of the Reefs! In its midst a five-foot placard announced, without other inducement than the bare fact, that Ashton Dwight's new novel, now in its thirtieth thousand, was on sale, marked down to one dollar six cents. He turned hastily and, as if he had suddenly remembered something, crossed the Square in the opposite direction.

Ashton Dwight's New Novel Was on Sale

The weeks that followed marked little change in Roger's mental attitude. The wound he had received was too deep to admit of healing, and his sensitive spirit shrank from contact with his classmates. He grew silent and moody, and the very kindness of those about him only served to accentuate his self-consciousness. He still attended Mr. Bates' course on Modern Novelists, but he no longer asked questions or made any pretense to literary culture. In many respects his lesson had been a salutary one. His work for the college magazines was marked by simplicity and directness. And his own demeanor was equally unaffected. His classmates, realizing what he was undergoing, felt the utmost sympathy for him, at the same time perceiving that in some indefinable way he was a better fellow than before. Whenever they could they tried to make him feel that they liked him more than ever. But the great sorrow remained; the bitter consciousness that his father had done him an irreparable wrong.

February and March dragged slowly away. April came with bursts of rainy sunshine and trackless seas of liquid mud. The bricks of the old college buildings grew redder against the green something in the elms. And then, just as his convalescent spirit was lifting its head in unconscious response to the subtle influence of the healing spring, a fresh horror occurred. Ashton Dwight blossomed again and put forth a new spring novel, The Empress of the Islands. The whole Square bloomed with it. Advertisements in the street-cars inquired solicitously if the passengers had read it. It was the biggest thing yet, "an epoch-maker, appealing to old and young alike, rich and poor, the mansion and the cottage." Ten thousand had been sold before publication. Roger knew that the country was flooded with it from Salem to Sacramento, from Mobile to Moose Jaw! It would go on and on—a hundred thousand maybe—through cheap editions and railroad editions, Canadian and Australian editions, reprints, "flapper" supplements and paper covers, year after year! Wherever he went it would rear its ghastly head from stalls, bookstands and candy counters and leer into his face! Utterly crushed, stung with rage and mortification, he furiously indicted a letter to his father begging to be permitted to leave college and go West—to a ranch—anywhere. He would no longer suffer the indignity of being educated on the proceeds of sensational novels. His father would never know what he had suffered. He couldn't look the professors in the face. It was a cruel, heartless humiliation. His letter was the unbridled outburst of a child goaded to a fury. He ended by demanding why his father wrote pot boilers instead of conscientiously doing his best work irrespective of the pecuniary results—and with the ink still wet upon the paper and his pen still trembling in his hand, a knock came upon his door and he was handed a damp telegram telling him to come home before it should be too late, that his father was dying of double pneumonia.

The journey to Weybridge was a never-to-be-forgotten agony. The revulsion of feeling shook him to the depths of his very soul. Torn by apprehension, regret and self-accusation the overwrought boy sat rigidly in the stuffy cars unconscious of time or distance, until late that night the conductor called out the name of his destination. There was not even a hack at the station; the narrow village street was empty and dark; only the blue and red vases in the druggist's windows shone on the pools of recent rainwater lying on the concrete sidewalk. What if his father should be already dead—the father whom he had cursed in his heart only six hours before! After all, whatever had been done had been done for him—Roger! Self-reproach stalked by his side, horror of what he might find lurked in the flickering shadows of the ivy on the walls as he hurried up the quiet side street where stood the little cottage. A light gleamed in the upper window of his father's bedroom. Would it be there if ——! He strained his eyes to peer into the darkness of the porch. What was that black thing hanging beneath the doorbell? With his heart in his throat he crept up the steps. Could he be too late? The thing moved and he shrank from it with a stifled cry, but it was only another shadow! Hope revived, and with muscles still tense he placed his "bag" on the veranda and knocked. There was silence for several minutes. Again he knocked. This time steps sounded upon the wooden stairs. The knob turned and the door opened, disclosing the kindly face of the village doctor. The boy waited in a frenzy of suspense.

"Come in," said the doctor. "No, there's still hope. He's holding his own." He laid his hand on Roger's shoulder. "My poor boy!" he said. "He asks only for you!"

Roger left his bag in the hall and followed the doctor up the stairs. The door was ajar and a prim nurse tiptoed down the hall at their approach.

"Go in alone!" whispered the doctor.

The room was lighted only by a candle, which flared in the draft made by the open window. A form covered by many blankets lay on the narrow bed, and timidly he crept near and leaned over the pillow. He would hardly

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The Hardy Nerves of Woman

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN TIRED AND LIVE FOREVER

By WOODS HUTCHINSON

THERE is no question about it—woman is different. That is half the secret of her charm. She is one of those delightful subjects we can discuss, concuss and rediscuss from every imaginable point of view, *ad infinitum*—world without end—without ever coming to any final conclusion, because woman is not final herself.

She is always changing, always improving, forever eluding the grasp of the crude male intelligence by never doing just what it expects her to do—the net result being that she usually arrives at her predestined goal before the perplexed and blinking man in the case finds out what she is really driving at.

Then, of course, he consoles himself by denouncing her as illogical and endeavors to cover his defeat with some such cynical philosophy as that of Chimmie Fadden: "You never kin tell what a woman is goin' to do until it's too late to do you any good to know." This is the principal function of philosophy everywhere—explanation of failure.

Every cynical proverb about woman, invented by man, is a salve or a plaster for some sore spot on his self-esteem. If he calls her untrustworthy, that simply means some member of her sex has played him for a sucker—and landed him. When he declares her illogical, it means that her rules of thought and conduct are different from his and usually in some particular instance have worked better and, in the language of the day, beat him to it.

In fact the element that has most hopelessly clouded all discussions of the differences between the sexes, next to man's injured self-esteem, is the fixed obsession that the differences are mere variations upward or downward on one and the same scale, or on a series of different scales—that woman is necessarily, where she differs from man, either weaker or stronger, higher or lower; though, as a matter of fact, she may be both at the same time. That is one of her privileges, of which no law will ever rob her.

Woman's ability can be safely said to be different from man's. Her point of view is other than his. But when we attempt to declare women greater or less, higher or lower, we leave the realm of science or accurate knowledge and plunge into that of conjecture and prophecy. Consoling as it would be to our masculine pride, it is utterly impossible for us to longer hold the simple and picturesque creed of the poet:

Woman is the lesser man, and her passions matched with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.

Nowhere is the confusing effect of this weaker-or-stronger, higher-or-lower delusion more clearly shown than in the general impression as to the differences between the nerves or nervous make-ups of men and of women. Up to half a century ago the verdict of science was perfectly clear and confident: Woman was unmistakably the inferior sex, mentally and cerebrally. She had a smaller and lighter brain, a less richly convoluted cerebral cortex; her sympathetic nervous system dominated her cerebrospinal; her conduct was determined chiefly by emotion; she had little power of concentration and continuity. And as for her reasoning powers ——!

Recent Studies in Gray Matter

MOST of this—all the confidence—has already gone the way of the dodo; partly because much of our science in those days was no better founded, and partly because, man up to that time having a practical monopoly of anatomy, physiology and biology, the case was argued and the verdict of science delivered by an unconsciously prejudiced and biased judge, jury and bar. In other words it was itself an illustration of the extent to which man's cerebrospinal system is dominated by his sympathetic.

The lighter-smaller-brain-weight-of-woman prop fell out from under the pagoda a couple of decades ago, when it was discovered that, in proportion to her body weight, woman's brain is heavier than man's. In other words, on a purely anatomical basis the inferior sex is brainier than the superior. The less-complex-cerebral-convolutions pillar bore up nobly for a few years longer, until it was found that the richest and wriggliest of these brain-surface wrinkles of thought were to be found in those paragons of intellect, the Eskimos—and incidentally also some of the heaviest average brain weights.

More disconcerting still, careful studies of the cortex—bark—or surface of the brains of great men, many of whom have been willing them for a quarter of a century past as a legacy to science for purposes of such study, have led us to the perplexing conclusion that though, broadly speaking, the brains of men of great ability are above the average in size and richness of convolutions, there are so many striking exceptions in both directions that we shall have to look further and deeper for the physical basis of intellectual power.

These convolutions which have been so much discussed are simply folds or heavy wrinkles on the surface of the cerebrum, or brain; and their purpose is roughly that of increasing the amount of gray matter, which grows chiefly on the surface, just as the wrinkles and folds of the skin of a merino sheep enable it to bear more wool—though, of course, the analogy between wits and wool goes no further than this.

So far as any conclusion can be expressed, it now seems that the intellectual power of the brain depends not so much on its bulk or on the acreage of its gray matter as on the way in which its different parts are linked together by connecting fibers for teamwork, so to speak, and on the complexity of its internal organization in fact.

So far as the alleged domination of woman's intellect by her instincts and of her cerebrospinal system by her sympathetic nervous system is concerned, the less man says the better. Exact and dispassionate study of the mechanism and control of the human gas-motor in the cold, dry light of science has led us already to the somewhat humiliating conclusion that some seventy-five per cent of all the vital actions of even the dwellers on the most exalted mountainpeaks of intellect are controlled by this lowly and despised sympathetic nervous system. So that any possible difference in the degree of dominance between men and women can be little more than a fraction of one per cent.

This sympathetic nervous system, which in the form of a slender, double-knotted chain of nerve stuff runs down the whole length of the interior of the body on each side of the front of the spinal column, controls our whole innards—in the good old rustic phrase—and is literally the works of the body machine. It is the real power behind the throne, which controls the digestion, all the secretions of all our glands, our respiration, our sleep; in fact eight-tenths of the things we do, as we say, without thinking about them—automatically.

Mysteries of Ductless Glands

THE other and much larger part of our nervous system—the brain and spinal cord, with the five senses and their respective nerves—attract much more attention and admiration, because they are on the surface and receive impressions from the outside and return responses to them; but the kind of responses they return depends much more fundamentally and vitally on the verdict, so to speak, of the sympathetic nervous system than on anything else.

We can get along quite fairly well after the loss of half of our senses; after the destruction of large areas of our brain tissue; after the paralysis of whole groups of our spinal nerves; but let more than the very smallest portion of the sympathetic nervous system be destroyed or diseased, and it spells serious disaster for the entire body.

One of the most interesting recent developments in our study of the nervous system is the remarkable influence exerted on the brain by an obscure group of the children of the sympathetic nervous system—the so-called ductless glands—the thyroid, parathyroid, thymus, adrenal and pituitary. These glands appear to control the toxicity poisonousness—and wholesomeness of the blood; and it is beginning to be suspected that many forms of nervous and mental disturbances are more dependent on the quality and kind of blood on which the nerve cells are fed, and with which they are bathed, than on any structural or organic defect in the cells themselves.

Indeed some advanced morpho-pathologists go so far as to declare that man's make-up and powers are the result of the interworking and balance between the secretions of his various ductless glands. In short a man is what his ductless glands make him! One form of idiocy, cretinism, already can be changed into comparative rationality by feeding with the dried thyroid gland of the sheep. To paraphrase Shakspere's famous phrase: We are such stuff as ductless glands are made of, and our little life is rounded by a sheep!

The adrenal gland controls the heart, circulation and oxidation processes in the blood; and its extract, adrenalin or epinephrin, is already one of our most powerful remedies in diseases and disturbances of the heart and blood vessels and in asthma.

Enlargement with overaction of the thyroid gland in the neck produces exophthalmic goiter, or Graves' disease—a serious and often fatal general toxemia, with very rapid heart, shortness of breath and protrusion of the eyeballs. Shrinkage of the same gland produces a puffy and bloated condition, with drowsiness and stupidity, called myxœdema.

Overgrowth of the pituitary gland at the base of the brain causes giantism in childhood, and in later life a strange disease called acromegalia, in which the hands, feet and jaws enlarge enormously and the mind slowly decays.

The Secret of Successful Work is Frequent Intervals of Rest or Change of Occupation

Shriveling is associated with dwarf stature; so this gland appears in some weird way to control the height of the body.

Small and apparently insignificant as most of these glands are, the influence they exercise in the body is marvelous, and we are but beginning to glimpse their powers. Some of our most promising possibilities of control, both over disease and mental and nervous defects, appear to lie in this direction. The influence of these glands over fatigue and other forms of self-poisoning, as well as infections from without, is profound; and when we thoroughly grasp the action of the ductless glands we may find our hands on the levers which control the entire body.

The one count on which the verdict of science as to the differences between the nerves of woman and of man appears to be, in part at least, sustained is that as to power of continuous concentration. This is not to say for a moment that a woman is less persistent than a man—good heavens, no!—but merely that the two sexes have different ways of hanging on to their purposes. Did you ever try to change a woman's mind after she had once made it up?

The general impression is that woman's nerves are less stable and more sensitive than man's; that she is more easily deflected from her course by irrelevant considerations and stimuli; that she is more emotional—that is, blows up in a tantrum or dissolves in tears more easily than the tougher-fibered, more stolid male. Yet the very same sagacious and experienced judges of human nature who would assert all these self-evident truths, with most judicial ponderousness, will a moment later ruefully admit that, in spite of all this susceptibility to tearful and emotional excitements, all this weathercock fickleness and pleased-with-a-rattle, tickled-with-a-straw mental make-up of the unreasoning sex, nevertheless when a man or a woman deliberately sets out to get his or her own way about a particular point, it is the woman who will get it at least eight times out of ten. She can be easily deflected from her purpose, it is true; but for how long?

The same sort of paradoxical difference is amusingly illustrated in the helpless but admiring perplexity of the modern business man over the fact that, though his wife is all nerves—upset by the least little thing, aggravated to the verge of distraction by any hitch or complication in her social or household affairs—she is really nervously and physically stronger than he is; can outlast him at various forms of mild dissipation, stand loss of sleep and irregular hours of eating better; is cooler and clearer-headed in serious trouble; stands the wear and tear of life better, and looks younger for her years than he does for his.

Nevertheless it does seem that there is a considerable degree, at least, of average difference between the nerves of men and women in this respect—that is, the readiness with which they break continuity of action under strain.

From a physiological point of view another statement is almost equally true, and in the same broad sense with the admission of many exceptions—and that is, that where a woman sticks to her job as a man does to his she pays a heavier physical penalty than he does in the long run. A woman will get through with an extraordinary amount of work in proportion to her body-weight and muscular horse-power—quite as much as a man; but she will not do it in the same way or within the same hours.

So far as any explanation for this fairly constant difference between the nervous systems of men and women can be offered—and that only with the greatest diffidence and expecting to be instantly confronted with a hundred striking and individual instances to the contrary—it would appear to depend on a difference in what, in neurological language, is called the height of the threshold.

The Threshold of Consciousness

THE term threshold, or threshold of consciousness—Treppe of the Germans, whose genius for picturesque nomenclature invented the term—has come to mean that level to which stimuli and external impressions must pile up before they can, so to speak, overflow into consciousness. In the nature of the case the height of the threshold of consciousness is anything but a fixed term; in fact it varies enormously, both with different individuals and in the same individual under different times and circumstances.

What appears to be one of the differences between the nervous make-up of men and of women is that man's threshold either is naturally higher or he possesses the power of making it so when occasion seems to demand. In other words he appears to have to a higher degree the power of, as we say, closing his eyes and ears to all irrelevant distractions and irritations—or perhaps, to put it more accurately, for a longer period at a stretch—than woman has.

How much of this is the result of training from bitter, necessary, lifelong experience, and how much of it innate, is a question; but the main point to be borne in mind is that it has no necessary connection whatever with what might be termed the total nerve power or the ultimate result in the sense of attainment of their aim by the two sexes.

One of the first things the psychologists discovered about this threshold of consciousness was that in the majority of cases the influence which would most frequently and certainly lower it, so as to diminish the power of continuous concentration, was fatigue or any form of disturbance to health.

Yet everybody knows, including the man himself, that even the coldest-blooded, clearest-headed, most relentlessly persistent business man is, as we express it, not himself at driving a bargain or deciding an important executive question when he is completely tired out, or suffering from acute indigestion, or coming down with a fever—even so slight a fever as that of a common cold.

So obvious, in fact, is this result that the majority of our successful men of affairs, our commercial geniuses, have quite unconsciously fallen into the habit of either shortening their working hours markedly or else refusing to make important decisions or to discuss big questions except at such times of the day when they are fully rested and fit, and all there.

A most interesting light has been thrown on this relation by our recent studies of fatigue, which have shown clearly that the all-too-familiar tired feeling is due to the piling up in our blood, to a point where they can literally poison our

There Is No Question About It—Woman Is Different

nerve centers, of those waste products of our bodily and mental activity—the smoke and ashes of our body-motor, pompously termed autotoxins.

Getting rested is getting rid of or neutralizing these fatigue toxins. The fatigue and mental disability of illness are of exactly the same character—the poisoning of our nerve centers by either the introduction of outside poisons, like alcohol, lead or opium, or of the toxins of disease germs bred in the body. The difference is, that in this form of fatigue the getting rested—which we call recovery—is a much slower process, because it takes the body a considerable length of time to manufacture the antitoxins required to neutralize these poisons and to deal with them so that they can be excreted by the body sewers.

From this point of view the difference between the powers or habits of persistence and concentration in men and women would appear to be at least largely influenced by the fact that woman has not acquired so high or rapid a power of detoxicating or neutralizing her fatigue poisons as man has.

In other words she lives nearer the line of saturation and so keeps her threshold of consciousness more or less consciously lower. According to this view—to use a Hibernicism—the difference between the nervous systems of men and of women lies in their ductless glands.

"But," one might reply, "this makes woman a hopelessly trivial and inefficient creature, congenitally incapable of prolonged concentration and of that persistence which are necessary to win success." By no manner of means does it, for there is another point of view to the toxic theory of fatigue that is of great importance in this respect—and that is its protective office.

The neutral and instinctive effect of feeling tired is to make us stop working before harm is done; and we are beginning to regard the sensation of fatigue as our most valuable danger-signal and one of the greatest defenses of our health and efficiency. The individual who yields fairly promptly to the sensation of fatigue or switches off to that new distraction which his lowered threshold makes him keenly conscious of, both cools the hotbox of his body machinery before any serious grinding out is done and insures a quick recovery and early ability to resume his task.

In short the secret of successful work, and particularly of steady increase in capacity, is frequent, brief intervals either of actual rest or of change of occupation, with a shortening of hours to such a degree as may allow abundance of time for the complete detoxication of the blood and recharging of the body battery that occur during sleep and play. The individual who works like this will, other things being equal, outwork and outwear the one who overtires himself persistently and without regard to the sensation of fatigue until it becomes absolutely overwhelming.

This view would appear to accord with the results of experience in several ways. Wherever records are accurately kept, though woman is physically smaller, weaker and less aggressive than man; has a less vigorous digestion; is more easily upset by all sorts of unfavorable influences; is much more frequently indisposed and slightly ill, and lives, for the most part, under conditions as to fresh air and exercise that are much less wholesome than man's—yet in the long run she outlives him; has a lower death rate at almost every age of life; has fewer serious illnesses; is less liable to all of the great infections and shows a better recovery rate when she does contract them than big, powerful, self-assertive man.

As Byron once cynically remarked: "It takes a good constitution to be dissipated." The cause of woman's superior endurance appears to be that her lowered threshold causes her to give up and go to bed at the first brush of discomfort; and this saves her from undue persistence in unwholesome habits of living or from prolonged exposure to serious infections or other sources of danger.

To paraphrase the famous old saw: "A headache in time saves nine breakdowns."

Women Sick by the Spoonful

A FRESH illustration of woman's extraordinary toughness and survival power is furnished by the much-heralded and lamented increase in the death rate after the age of forty-five, which is declared to be one of the menaces of modern civilization. Though the average longevity—length of life—has been greatly increased and the average age at death has risen in the last thirty years from about thirty-three to fifty-one, this improvement has been chiefly effected by the saving of lives of babies and children from dirty milk and the acute infections, as well as boys and girls from the great plagues of young adult life, such as typhoid and tuberculosis.

Naturally this preserves a much larger number of individuals to live to, say, the age of forty-five. And, as we must all die some time, we begin to drop off somewhat more rapidly after this point has been reached—that is to say, the stupid and helpless creature, man, does. Woman however is far too shrewd for that. While man's mortality, after falling off markedly up to forty-five years, begins after that period to increase distinctly, woman's death rate, on the other hand, continues to decrease until fifty-five years of age, beating man ten years; then yields to the force of circumstances only to the extent of about one-tenth of the increase man shows between fifty-five and sixty-five; and after seventy proceeds to decrease again.

Incidentally it may be remarked that the total increase of mortality after forty-five in man is only about six per cent; besides which the race need not worry much about what happens to the individual after fifty-five or sixty, provided he has done his share of the world's work. But women pass men three laps to the mile, for their increase of death rate after the age of fifty-five is barely one per cent, or one-sixth of man's.

The other fact, which appears to fall in line with the lower-and-higher-threshold theory, is that when man does break down or give way, or allow himself to be distracted, the result is much more serious and permanent than in the case of woman. A woman, for instance, may be literally utterly worn out; ready to drop, tired to the verge of the tomb—not merely every day but three or four times daily—and yet, after half an hour's nap or ten minutes' collapse on the lounge, or a cup of tea, or a whirl at the piano, or a gloat over her laces and ribbons, come back with redoubled vigor and get through a huge amount of work in a day.

A woman may be sick and yet remain a comparatively reasonable being and be fairly good company; but a sick man is a sight to make angels weep—the most awful combination imaginable of a child with a cut finger and a bear with a sore ear. Small wonder that downright old Doctor Johnson once snapped out: "Your sick man, sir, is always a scoundrel!"

To put it roughly the actual amount of time and energy lost in deflections from the course in hotboxes and breakdowns is pretty much the same in men and women in the life's work—only women take theirs by the teaspoonful and men by the quart at a gulp.

Of course this is only true of the average man and the average woman, who, as has been truthfully remarked,

exist only on paper. There are bushels and "lashin's" of men who have about as much concentration of purpose as a butterfly and as high a threshold against the overflow of their irascibility or self-pity as a Pomeranian dog men who will whimper for sympathy at every scratch and go up in the air if you point your finger at them. And, as every doctor of experience can feelingly testify, for apprehensiveness that rises to the pitch of genius in invalidism there is nothing quite to equal a thoroughly fussy, nervous man.

There are also almost as many cases of true hysteria among men as among women—though, in the loose sense of a tendency to tantrums and undue excitability over trifles, it is somewhat more common in women on account of their lower threshold.

That the difference between the sexes is due to a mere variation in the forms of expression and amount of emotional response at a given time is also supported by the fact that, as soon as we come to the grave and serious forms of genuine nervous disease or defect, including insanity in all its phases, the percentile occurrence in the two sexes is almost exactly the same. The number of insane women in a thousand of the population is almost identical with that of men, in all classes, races and climes; and the same is true of hereditary defects, such as imbecility, feeble-mindedness and pauperism.

Here, again, are the same curious differences between the sexes in their responses to particular or individual stimuli, and of somewhat the same sort. To put it roughly men are more prone to mania and excitement—women to melancholia and depression. Men are subject to certain forms of both nervous disease and insanity—as, for instance, locomotor ataxia, paresis and the alcoholic neuroses and insanities—from which women are almost exempt. So marked is this difference that of certain serious forms of nervous and mental disease we can say positively that they will probably be inherited by the sons of the patient, but not by his daughters, and vice versa; though the daughters who show no signs of the defect may transmit it to their sons.

A familiar illustration is the bleeding tendency, in the victims of which the blood, so to speak, seems to be unable to clot; so that they may bleed to death from a mere scratch on the gums or a cut on the finger. This appears only in males and has been traced as far as eight generations, transmitted through daughters, nieces, granddaughters and great-granddaughters without a single female member of the family being affected; while our studies of inebriety incline us to regard the inborn weakness that leads to this addiction as transmitted almost exclusively to males.

It is interesting to notice in passing that even here woman gets, in the main, the best of it. Though there are plenty of grave nerve defects inherited by both sexes, and a number that are inherited by man alone, there is scarcely one to which females only are liable. In spite of individual variations of this sort the total net result, as to death both from various forms of nervous disease and from insanity, is almost absolutely identical in both sexes. Where there is any difference it is usually in favor of women. The records both of hospitals and of asylums indicate that, if anything, woman's nervous system is tougher and more enduring than man's.

Oddly enough there does not appear to be much adequate basis for the frequently offered explanation of the differences between masculine and feminine nerves, to the effect that the latter are more sensitive. This is true apparently only in the sense already described—that their threshold of resistance to the piling up of stimuli is somewhat lower; but not in the sense in which it is usually meant—that they are capable of response to weaker or more delicate stimuli than the grosser male nerves.

It came with a real shock of surprise—now some twenty years ago, when we actually came to test out by careful experiment the range of sensitiveness and susceptibility of human nerves—that even the most sensitive and delicate of women, who would be upset by the least thing, had neither the range nor the accuracy of nerve perception of crude, insensitive man. One after another the results were written down—that woman's sense of smell was less delicate and less capable of distinguishing accurately between different odors or varying strengths of the same odor than man's.

This is one of the reasons for the puzzling, oft-quoted and rather humiliating fact that men make the best cooks; and that, though there are at least fifty women to every man engaged in this business, at least nine-tenths of the artistic accomplishments and chefs-d'œuvre of the gastronomic art are achieved by men; not because they have better intellects or more powerful brains—perish the thought!—but because they are better able to judge when a thing tastes right. In fact woman's cookery is kept as good as it is only by the fact that she has to satisfy the exacting demands of the more critical male taste.

All the professional tasters—not merely of wines but also of teas and coffees—are men, not women. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that what woman fails in is the ability to realize how certain flavors will taste to man; but this does not alter the fact that there is a whole gamut of delicate gustatory sensations which man is capable of enjoying, which woman would readily sacrifice for the crass sugariness of angel cake or chocolate ice cream.

Woman cannot see so far as man or discriminate so accurately between the different shades and tones that fall on her retina. She has one point of superiority over man here, in that she is less susceptible to outright color-blindness; but in accurate discrimination between the finer shades of color man is distinctly her superior. The real reason why the patient, model husband suffers such agonies

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THE DAY OF EXPLANATION

Doing Business Under a New Idea—"The Public be Told!"

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A TELEPHONE company planned to put its cables underground in the residence section of a certain city. To do this right-of-way must be secured over private property in each block. A telephone cable is a highly sensitive affair. It is full of tiny copper wires, insulated by porous paper, looking a good deal like firecracker fuses, and a very little moisture will impair working. These wires are incased in a thick lead sheath like a waterpipe, and the cable is put underground to stay intact, being opened only in emergencies—so its interior will always be dry.

Each city block given telephone facilities from an underground system is served by a number of wires that are led out of the main cable at the time it is laid. These wires for each block are sealed up in their own tight lead sheath against moisture and led over back fences, along walls, or wherever they can be put inconspicuously and safely.

Here is where trouble came in. That fine residence section had no back fences. On each block stood from six to a dozen handsome mansions, surrounded by wide expanses of beautiful lawn. Neighborhood spirit had enabled property owners to abolish fences, hedges, sheds and other obstructions, and hardly a clothespole broke the smooth sweep of grass and shrubbery. So when the telephone company asked for the right to put up poles and string cables over those lawns there was determined opposition.

Property owners maintained that such construction was unnecessary. Look at the water and gas pipes—all underground. Look at the underground electric-light wires—all buried. Why, in the downtown section of the city, where most of them had offices, the telephone wires were out of sight! If they could be concealed there they could be concealed here. So said the property owners.

As logic that was all right; but as engineering it overlooked certain perverse habits of materials under given conditions. So the company tried to explain. The explanation involved technicalities. Really to understand what could and what could not be done in the circumstances, the property owners had to get a view of telephone engineering from the beginning of the art.

Right-of-way men undertook the explanation first. They were salesmen at bottom and skillful talkers. When property owners undertook to argue technicalities from the logic standpoint the right-of-way men were not always able to meet their arguments. The latter were suspected of being smooth talkers anyway. After they had won over two or three owners in a block one of the neighbors could upset the whole scheme for unit service in that block.

The Right-of-Way Men Were Suspected of Being Smooth Talkers

Then the company sent engineers to explain, as they were more at home in the technicalities; but the engineers were not skillful talkers and made no more headway. By that time property owners reasoned that, as the company could afford to send all these men to argue, the little right-of-way over their back yards must be immensely valuable.

"Something behind this—telephone company trying to catch us napping!" said they; and they formed a neighborhood association to protect their liberties. So the chance of carrying out the improvement seemed poor. Already the cost of reasoning with owners was far out of proportion to profits on traffic from that section.

Finally the company tried another method. A magazine writer was engaged to present the facts. He knew little about telephone technicalities, but made his living by putting facts on paper so they would be clear and entertaining to the average reader. He was sent round to see various types of telephone construction, along with an engineer to explain; and when he understood the subject fairly well he wrote a little book about it, which the company printed and distributed throughout the hostile territory.

The technicalities of the subject were so many that nobody could make them clear in conversation. That was where the salesmen and engineers had failed. But when the trained writer took hold of them, put them in order, lighted them up with illustrations and stories, and emphasized the main points by pictures, the case was clear enough and even entertaining.

Company men had argued from the company standpoint; and no matter how honestly they had put the facts people still felt that they wanted something of value. But the writer was impartial. He had nothing to sell—no object in winning anybody over to anything. If he liked one of his facts more than another it was only because it might be more striking or entertaining to the average person; so he spread all the facts out where readers could see them and let them decide what they would do if they were telephone engineers facing the same situation.

This method was effective. Each property owner got the facts in such shape that he could absorb them at his leisure. The cost was only a few cents for printing.

Eventually the company carried out its improvement with little opposition.

In business generally this is a day of explanation. More and more the public is disposed to look into everybody's way of doing business, with a view to seeing whether things are being done well; and the investigation is either pleasant and profitable when the people who run the investigated business meet the public halfway—or just the opposite if they try to avoid investigation.

A generation ago there was little curiosity on the part of the public—or, if there was, the executive running a big

concern denied any right to poke into his affairs. That was The public be damned! era—before regulating commissions had been created. People had little curiosity about the way business was managed, simply because they had no money interests at stake—or very little.

Today the executive under fire often wonders that the public should be so keen in criticizing his management. "They never did this in the old days!" he protests in amazement. But one simple illustration will show how times have changed.

The first trolley system struggled into existence less than thirty years ago. In those times street-car fare was only an incident to the people who lived in our compact towns and cities.

There were no suburbs to speak of, and the office man often walked home to dinner at noon.

Now, however, electric transportation has so magnified our towns and cities that even the family of the wage-earner spends from sixty to seventy-five dollars a year in street-car fares. That is the equivalent of at least two months' rent. It brings everybody in contact with the street-car system every day, and naturally there is keen interest in every detail of service.

The same money expenditure keeps the public intent on gas, electric-light, railroad, telephone and all other public-service corporations.

Expansion in the making and distribution of food, clothing and other goods has turned the general attention to practically every business.

When business men woke up to the reality of this demand for information they resorted at first to special pleading. The attorney was called in to prepare statements that put the business in an attractive light and the press agent busied himself getting these in circulation; but the muck-raker was busy with special pleading on the other side. He had the great business advantage of having started first. Criticism continued.

Forty Cents' Worth of Information

NOWADAYS the business man is beginning to see that what the public wants is the plain technical facts and that most of the misunderstanding arises from ignorance of the technicalities. Many an executive is still trying to quiet clamor by defensive logic and special pleading; but the men who are meeting criticism to the best advantage are those who have found that facts, clearly stated, make the best special plea.

A man walked up to a public telephone station.

"Long distance," he said—"I want to talk with Doctor Miller, in Boston—get the doctor himself."

The toll rate from that place to Boston was eighty cents. Several minutes later the operator reported that Doctor Miller was not at his home and the man said nobody else would do.

"The charge is forty cents," said the operator.

"But why should I pay anything when I haven't talked with my party?" asked the man.

If the operator had replied merely, "It's the company rule," he would have gone away feeling cheated; but this operator had looked into toll charges a little deeper than that.

"Because," she said, "to get you the information we used a Boston wire valued at thirty thousand dollars—or forty cents a minute."

"Is that so?" said the man in surprise. "Well, I'll pay it then. If that's the case I'm getting out easy for forty cents."

This is the day of The public be told! In its dealings with public-service corporations and business houses generally the public constantly has occasion to ask Why? regarding methods and conditions. The business concerns that get on most happily are those able to meet inquiry with a clear Because, involving a statement of some technical points that the public does not see, but which usually restores good feeling when those points are skillfully explained. Where a lucid, reasonable Because is not forthcoming things may go very unhappily.

About two years ago there arose in the city of New York a persistent outcry against hotels and taxicab companies. The hotels maintained taxicab stands in the public streets before their doors, from which only the cabs of certain companies were allowed to take up passengers.

As much of the cab traffic centers round hotels there were protests by outside cabowners, and these ultimately led to an investigation, new laws and a regulation of fares very unwelcome to the big companies.

In all the clamor the companies sat tight and kept mum. Their attorneys appeared before the investigators to present their case, but that did not prevent the change in laws and rates that brought competition of cheap cabs.

Cheap cabs, when they materialized, did not prove to be an unmixed public blessing, because the strict police regulation of cabs in foreign cities was not provided; and it seems to be generally agreed today among people who use taxicabs in New York that it might not be safe to trust oneself far with some of the drivers of chance taxicabs that ply the streets, and certainly questionable so far as sending a woman anywhere with them alone—some of these cabs, not all.

The hotels and taxi companies furnished their own police regulation under the old scheme. They were doing something that should have been done by the city government, of course, and were well paid for it; but the service seems to have been necessary and worth the money. Their drivers were known and frequently checked; so it was safe to ride with them. The hotel guest could take one of their cabs and have the fare charged in his hotel bill.

In one instance a woman took a company taxi from a hotel to an ocean steamer. Several hours after sailing she reported to the hotel by wireless that her purse had been left in the taxi, with several hundred dollars in it. The hotel manager telephoned the taxi company and recovered the purse, which had been turned in by the driver.

This was the true Because of the taxi situation. It never got before the public effectively, however; and when the public's Why? was unanswered there followed action not pleasant to the companies.

All sorts of men, running all sorts of business concerns, are coming to see that nowadays, in all sorts of difficulties that arise in public relations, a good explanation is most effective in straightening out tangles and clearing up misunderstandings.

A big manufacturing company makes high-power locomotive headlights. It was very active in selling them to railroads and roused competition.

Presently in one of the state legislatures a bill was introduced compelling railroads to put such headlights on all locomotives running in that state. At the same time Dame Rumor circulated the report that this company was using the legislature to sell its goods. Incidents of that kind often arise in the heat of competition.

The proposed law had to go before the people in referendum, and the company issued an open letter to the public stating that, though a high-power locomotive headlight was an excellent thing in its place, it was not suited to all conditions of railroad traffic; that railroad men could be trusted to adopt what was best in equipment; and that the company did not believe in the regulation of such technical matters by sweeping state laws. This letter was given wide publicity and when the public came to vote on the law it was defeated.

A trolley company, seeking to relieve traffic pressure on some of its lines during rush hours and to carry the people faster, adopted a system of skipstops and express cars. By letting local cars pick up passengers only at alternate streets, it was possible to run express cars between that stopped only at long intervals.

This was purely a technical matter in the province of the traffic man, who seemed to be doing what he could in a difficult situation; and the public took to the system kindly enough when it grasped the idea.

The city council, however, thought that by ordinance the public might eat its cake and have it too. The company was directed to abolish the skipstop cars and continue the express cars. Thereupon the company explained the situation to the public and took a postcard vote of patrons on lines where the new system was in operation. By a vote of three to two the system was upheld.

One large trolley company has its own weekly newspaper for the public and circulates more than one hundred thousand copies every week through its own cars, the publication being placed in a special box on each car, where passengers can help themselves. This paper is taken home and read. It deals with problems of street-railroad service in articles with such headings as: Why the street cars sometimes pass you by; Why the rush hour jams the cars; Fighting the snow so all may ride; Building a mile of street railroad; and so on.

That city has passed through the usual street-car development—first, a horse-car system so small that the management was in the hands of one man, who owned a large share of the plant and was frequently seen by passengers bossing the drivers of the bobtailed cars; then a company to run more horse cars; then the change to electric traction and a bigger company; and then a big system that ran things on an old-fashioned plan, with no regard for the public.

That led to hostility and misrepresentation; and finally a modern management, with a decent respect for the public and a desire to give good service, took hold just at the time when there was the most amazing growth in traffic to be taken care of. A little paper started by the latter management has done much to heal old grievances and smooth public relations.

The present management says, however, that of all the crimes public-service corporations have been charged with the greatest is one they have committed against themselves—the crime of non-publicity.

"Why Should I Pay When I Haven't Talked With My Party?"

Public Curiosity Wisely Utilized

HUNDREDS of bright, frank young executives connected with big business are developing good public feeling by following this new policy of The public be told! The corporation charged with making too great a profit on its turnover, or being involved in high finance, issues its yearly report in popular form, showing processes, equipment, new inventions and improvements, pictures of its products in distant markets, and humane provisions for employees.

Everything possible is done to make human and tangible the bare summaries of the old financial report. One of the ablest railroad presidents in the United States said not long ago that a good deal of the abuse of railroads would stop when the public learns to read earnings statements, and sees evidences that it is being treated pretty well and getting as good service as it is possible to give with the means at command.

And the idea is spreading rapidly in smaller fields. Just the other day a retail druggist in a small town published a voluntary yearly statement of his own to the public. He told his public of his constant study to raise the standard of his business and run it economically, and gave some illustrations to show that it was rather a complicated business, in which a merchant worked hard for his profit and took a good many risks throughout the year.

He wound up by stating that, through careful buying and management, though the town had passed through a period of depression and he had to meet advancing prices in goods, he had been able to pay rent, clerks' wages, lighting and heating bills, taxes and other expenses, and earn eight per cent net profit on his capital. He left it to the public to judge whether that was fair and legitimate, and invited anybody who might be interested to come in and talk it over.

The public today is curious. Some business men shrink from investigation. Even though they may have nothing to conceal, there is a vague fear of exposing trade secrets and confidential business details. The farseeing business man, however, in tune with the spirit of today, utilizes this public curiosity. He understands that the world has become rather complicated and that people want to know details. He finds that a plain statement of technical facts, devoid of special plea or advertising motive, often enables the public to facilitate management, even though it be by nothing more than good will.

Moreover, confession seems to be as good for the soul in business as in morals. The business man finds that an explanation is of little value unless the explainer steps over and sees things from the other fellow's viewpoint, and that it also involves a careful examination of his own side of the case—maybe more careful than he has ever given it.

As a technical writer put it recently, the corporation manager who sits down and tries to write out a clear statement, setting forth his side of a controversy with the public, is pretty certain to learn a great many things about the other side of the question that would never have come to his notice in the ordinary course of events.

Furthermore, as he strengthens his case on paper he unconsciously looks for and corrects mistakes in management that have helped to lead to the very state of public opinion he is trying to change.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

Trippit and Dailey Go Racing

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THERE was excitement back of the curtain in Samuels' One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theater. Mr. Mangle, of the Mangles Four, had heard that Lord William had bought a string of race horses and changed the name of a fine two-year-old filly to Goldie Dailey. Little Minnie Mangle, now billed as the Child Tanguay, carried the news to the dressing rooms, and the free comments of their occupants to Goldie Dailey, of Trippit and Dailey, who were headlining for Mr. Samuels that week.

Only the Wilfully Blind Could Miss Seeing Her

"An' one of the Sisters Merton said maybe it wasn't anything but a old skate, an' never'd win anyway; but pop looked it up in the dope book, an' he says she ain't neither; an' them dames are two classy knockers," reported the Child Tanguay truthfully.

"Vinie Merton's evidently forgot that I gave her the first decent dancin' dress she ever wore; but let it pass. She can't harm me, Minnie," said Goldie. "But when you get big you'll find professional jealousy never ends. They'll love you to death if you're openin' the show an' knife you when you rise!"

"Oh, I'm hep to that stuff, all right, all right!" said Little Minnie, grinding the heel of one red slipper into the toe of its mate. "Wasn't our flag finish stole by the Four Dennys? An' Baby Denny's wearin' a exact copy of my clown suit—an' they say we took it from them!"

The wronged child sighed and shook her ringleted head. Goldie produced a chocolate and Little Minnie gradually brightened under its pleasant influence. The gift of an eyebrow pencil further enlivened her.

"B'lieve me, if I had a English markus' son taggin' after me it'd be fare-you-well to the two-a-day," said she.

"Lord William is just a good friend, dear," said Goldie.

"Mom says she'd 'a' glommed him so quick he wouldn't know it till he was trapped."

"She doesn't really mean it though."

"Yes, she does too! When I'm growed I'm goin' over there an' look for one, 'cause they ain't always braggin' about their acts like our men," said the sapient Minnie. "Will you go to the track an' watch the horse win Saturday?"

"I wish I could; but you know I've got my show to play," said Goldie. "Wouldn't it be lovely if we could all go?"

"If I got your salary I'd be there like a duck."

"I s'pose you'd get a doctor's certificate that you were too sick to work; an' then somebody would see you down there and come back and tell the management."

Little Minnie looked so archly mysterious that Goldie became curious and coaxed her to reveal her plan.

"Will you do it if I tell?"

"How do I know until I hear what it is?"

"Buy out the house for Sat'day mat'née," said Minnie, and she capered out.

Goldie laughed as she tightly pinned her yellow hair on top of her head and smeared cold cream on her face, following the cream with her makeup. She was restless and not interested in making her violet eyes appear as large as possible; and, instead of thinking over the new lines Johnny Trippit had interpolated in the act, she was hearing the shouts of a multitude as Goldie Dailey raced by the grandstand, winner over a winded field! And she must miss such a moment! Why, it was almost a duty to be present and aid her professional career by the tremendous advertising she was bound to receive.

Lord William had paid a high price for this high-class filly, and he carefully explained her pedigree to Goldie. Ah, how quickly William would buy out that house if he thought of it! Little Minnie was clever. It was not such an absurd idea as it had seemed when offered. She could bet enough money on her namesake to pay for even that expense. And would it not astonish the envious Mertons, and others who were unable to reconcile themselves to their own inferior positions in vaudeville, to be informed that it was she to whom they owed an afternoon of leisure—with salary!

She got out her bankbook, studying it with a frown. She had just paid the next to the final installment on a home for Mayme Dailey, her mother, aforetime of burlesque, and indulged herself in a diamond pin and a set of silver fox. This was the time to skimp and save. She should not have bought the furs or the pin. Still, if one figured that way, what a life! It would be forever going without. It would cost nearly two thousand dollars to buy out the house for a matinée; and she must be certain, too, of that last payment. And to bet on the filly would leave her with nothing except a gambling chance. She must bet to get back what the expensive afternoon would cost.

Goldie, in common with a majority of her sex with ability enough to earn large sums, was in frequent need of a receiver for her business affairs; but on paper she could save enormous amounts. It was no use asking Johnny's opinion as to the advisability of risking her whole capital. She knew it without asking.

"It's my money though; an' if I want to I will!" said she. "I could sell my pin if I had to, of course; so that's the same as saving—nearly, that is."

When they danced on the stage in their wondrous hand-and-foot buck, legs in orange tights pointed skyward, patent-leathered feet making little bells clash in time to the taps of their hands, which were incased in shoes and performing the functions of the feet of ordinary buck dancers, the orchestra leader's baton was a beat ahead of them and Johnny was menacing him with grunts and baleful glances. Goldie should have been fully as indignant, but her mind was sending a chestnut filly from paddock to judges' stand, then at an easy canter to the starter, who—here Johnny hissed at her, and she suddenly turned a handspring, alighting again on her hands and concluding the famous dance.

"Gee! Goin' to sleep?" he asked. "You missed one cue already."

Goldie decided that she required nothing so much as a short rest from dancing. If she could miss one show she could work for months and feel right. Yes; rest was imperative—and on Saturday. What was money if one's health was in danger from prolonged strain? Missing a cue was proof that something was wrong.

"I probably wouldn't have, only I'm not exactly myself," she said when they had panted off after their last bow and the audience was still clapping.

"Why ain't you?" asked Johnny. "You're the healthiest thing I know of."

"I am not! But if a person doesn't kick all the time when they do feel bad no one cares," she said plaintively. "Don't you ever feel like one show off would just fix you up?"

"Nobody's named anything after me lately that's goin' to be runnin' soon, so I can't tell," said he; and Goldie was too startled to reply.

He must refer to the filly! They waited, eying each other thoughtfully, until Bernoff's Performing Dogs were on the stage. Then Johnny observed:

"He better go on home while he's got the fare left. Tell him I said so."

"I dunno that merely because a party names a horse after me it makes him a fool, Mr. Trippit; an' it's an honor that plenty'd give a lot to have paid 'em!"

"They seen he was soft an' sold him a stable of worn-out sellin' platers," said Johnny. "A guy who plays the horses all the time told me so up at the club this mornin'. An' where's the honor if the horse can't win?"

"Well, your bright friend's sayin' so won't settle her winnin' or not winnin'; an' as far as I'm concerned, I'm goin' to bet a big bunch on her, an' get sumpin' I don't have to dance for, for once," said Goldie.

"You shan't bet a single bone on nothin' of his, kiddo!"

"I—I'd rather not fight with you, John; but lemme alone, or—or ——"

"You got your payment to make, ain't you?"

"Well?"

"You get me, all right," said he. "If that long, lean lobster of a Lord William wants to toss off his change, let him. You can't afford them tricks, savvy? An' drop that guy, Goldie! Associatin' with him is foolish." He was jealous! Or was he, really?

"He thinks sumpin' of me if other people don't," she said, experimenting; but Johnny gave an expressive snort and disappeared into his dressing room. She had flung her head up haughtily when he unexpectedly emerged and caught her arm.

"You know how you stand with me, don't you?" he said rapidly, and left her thrilling under his touch and words.

Why could she not feel like that when Lord William renewed his offers to take her, as Lady William, home to his parent, the Marquis! It was William who was unselfishly thrusting her before the public now, and she owed him the sweetest thoughts; and how could she pay her debt if Johnny insisted on flitting across the picture?

The latter was masterful and aggressive; William was self-effacing. William believed in labor unions and ardently yearned to take as his bride an American who had been a wage-earner herself, and whose practical sense and native kindliness would help him to help an England that his noble father had irritably requested William to please leave alone. Johnny declared that the marquis was correct—as to William. What did he know of the working man?

Mrs. Mangle came to chat while Goldie dressed for the street.

"Trippit is a perfect clod compared to Lord Rainforth, dearest," said the guest. "Mercy me! Had such a one as him appeared while Mr. Mangle and I were engaged, I should never have hesitated. Of course, as a producing comedian, Mangle is peerlessly original. I am not disputing that; but is he or will he ever be my mental equal? Not so, my dear. Think of the society you would have! And Trippit! What does he do for you? I thought his taking the Mertons to the hotel in his machine while you rode in the Subway with us last night was simply disgraceful! Neither Mona nor Vinie Merton has a bit of poise."

"They all played the small time together," said Goldie; but the thrill was gone now.

Whenever she thought of Johnny as anything but a dancing partner, heartburnings and dreary hours resulted. Often she furiously resolved that if he invited just one more woman to occupy the Trippit limousine she would keep wholly to business matters with him. Then a flash that presaged a flame would come from him, and William was again, in fancy, permanently dismissed.

"He claims this filly's no good at all," she said. "I think any one'd resent talk like that, don't you?"

"No good? Why, Mr. Mangle has been looking up the past performance chart, and he says she's very speedy;

"Will You Gimme Your Word Not to Bet a Dollar?"

and he means to wager quite a sum, dearest! Trippit's doing that out of pure spite, because your own merits have won you such a beautiful compliment!"

"He got where he is in vod'ville by advertisin'; an' he tries to belittle me! Joe Collins, the press agent here, says after the race he'll get it printed that I bet twenty thousand an' will buy a cruisin' yacht; an' it's only the way he was advertised that makes the music publishers pay John a hundred a week extra for singin' songs—when he ain't got any more real voice than a quail! Now I see where the pannin' from the Merton Sisters began, Louisa—he started it!"

"A man is a poor thing to tie to, Goldie!" said Mrs. Mangle.

"But William's nice," said Goldie.

No seats at Samuels' for the matinée. No show at Samuels'! The afternoon papers carried all that Joe Collins had been able to get into them about Goldie Dailey, who was so bent on seeing a horse, named for her by a marquis' son, run at the Jamaica racecourse that day, that at a high figure, paying a premium to many stubborn holders of seats, she had bought out the theater and was taking the players in automobiles to the races!

Joe cunningly wrote that Miss Dailey, in a dull-green velvet frock and silver-fox furs of fabulous value—sent her by an admirer in Russia—with her ravishing golden hair peeping from a coquettish green bonnet, had reserved several boxes at the track. Thus, you see, only the willfully blind could miss seeing her.

"Oh, Joe, you're a perfect darling!" cried Goldie as Joe took the place which he had surely earned.

Mr. Mangle was on the front seat, blowing blasts with the horn. Little Minnie, having sagely secreted several photographs of herself for use if she met reporters, sat beside her father. Mrs. Mangle; Gus Pango, the banjo expert; the press agent; Daisy Duffy, the Different Dancer; and Goldie were cozily stowed away when the car left Forty-second Street and Broadway, from which secluded corner Joe Collins had suggested departing. Johnny had not received an invitation, for Goldie had been reflecting most of the night; and she said to herself: "What does he ask me to?"

Moreover, she did not desire to meet him—not with only a few odd dollars left in bank. She had not so much there before today as he supposed, and he had been considering a safe investment for what he described as her surplus funds; but she would win enough on the other Goldie to fatten the bank account. It was a day early in October, nippy and refreshing, with warm sunshine making eyes blink and every one delighted to be out. In a few minutes they were at Thirty-fourth Street Ferry and rolling aboard a boat headed for Long Island City.

Then to speed—between policemen, of course—toward Jamaica, passing other machines to avoid taking their dust, Mr. Mangle and Gus Pango taking turns in lustily blowing the horn, Little Minnie screaming happily, every one garrulous, eating sandwiches, with a trifle of wetting from a bottle of champagne that Mr. Mangle had brought for the holiday. Mrs. Mangle daringly smoked one of Joe's cigarettes. The excellent matron was attired in a blue velvet costume that was as ornate as the green one of her hostess, and a rakish bonnet of cerise set off her dark hair and eyes mightily. Even Mr. Mangle admired her.

The car was parked inside the course while the ladies stood waiting, listening to the hawkers who had this one's and that one's infallible handicaps of the day's events to sell, to the program boys yelling through their noses, and observing the bustle of the betting ring, where bookmaker's crews were making ready for a stake-day crowd.

Each train from New York was bringing more people, and the grandstand and the lawn before it already held many. Before they found their box Lord William rushed forward from the paddock, supplying Goldie with glasses and programs, and begging her to take luncheon in the restaurant. So up they went, the sandwiches having merely excited their appetites; and Little Minnie pranced gayly, her elders following with somewhat of a livelier-than-usual swing to their gaits.

"Jove! This is a treat, to have you out of the bally old theater!" cried Lord William, his red cheeks glowing and his eyes alight. "I say, Miss Minnie, awf'ly jolly to be here, isn't it? I'm as glad as ever was to see you all!"

"Dear me, is there anything like a true aristocrat for manners?" whispered Mrs. Mangle.

Daisy Duffy, who had assumed a cold and distant air, quite different, indeed, from her ordinary merry way, because she supposed that was what a lord was used to,

"Are You Better, Goldie? I Fainted My Ownself!"

begun to thaw at once, and achieved a smile by the time Lord William directly addressed her. Mr. Mangle liked the company, but he had come there to bet—and said so, despite a hard look from his spouse.

"I tell you I been gittin' an' earful here an' there; an' it looks to me like that filly will tincan home on the chin strap," said Mr. Mangle so the eager waiter could not hear. "She run rings round Brain Fever on Fever's last race; an' the dope shows that Fever likes a heavy track, while this is lightnin' fast."

"Ain't we goin' to bet any before her race?" demanded Gus Pango. "My scheme is to beat a couple of races an' bet the whole works on the filly."

"But we might not have anything left to do it with," objected Daisy. "I'll wait."

"You shall have as much down on her as you like," said Lord William softly; but Goldie declined this offer, as she did his jewelry and other gifts; and, having found her a resolute young person, he sadly remarked that he hated to have her using her own money.

"You just see that she wins, William—an' that'll let you out," said she.

"No fear! She'll do the trick," he promised.

The party moved down to their box, Gus in his suit of winterweight fawn color and his cerise tie escorting Mrs. Mangle; Lord William tenderly assisting Goldie; Little Minnie hanging to her father and to Joe. Raising her lorgnette, Mrs. Mangle looked haughtily about, noting with satisfaction that many persons were interested in her. Joe said he would just cut round and look for friends, and Mr. Mangle went with him.

"This Parthenia's goin' to run like a house afire today if she gets off well," said a voice behind Gus, and he hurriedly consulted his program.

"Yes; she ought to towrope that field; and Simms told me last night to have a bet on her," said another.

Daisy Duffy, who had delayed to powder her sharp little features, now entered, and Gus directed her attention to the conversation in their rear. Daisy looked at her program.

"But that's in Goldie's race! What can he mean?" she queried.

"Golly, I don't feel like puttin' up on that filly an' then seein' any Parthenia grab!" said Gus worriedly. "Anyway we kin tell Mangle. He's more hep to this game than we are."

Mr. Mangle returned, reporting that he had wagered two dollars on a long shot. The bugle blew for the first race; the horses paraded past the judges' stand; and Mrs. Mangle, being emotional, gave a slight scream to indicate the strain on her nerves and exclaimed loudly:

"Pray heav'n he wins! Did you say you bet a thousand, Bill?"

"Naw! Two bucks—are you losin' your mind?" said Mr. Mangle with a stare of wonder. He added: "Now what's the matter, Louiser?"

"I do all possible to get you noticed and you deliberately kill it—as you always do!" said his wife. "Two dollars! Do you desire people to think the Mangles are positively impecunious, sir?"

"Cut it out, mommer," commanded the Child Tanguay. "They was all rubberin' at the hosses anyway."

"A woman would like a little appreciation even if they are, Minerva," said Mrs. Mangle with a quivering sigh. "But I never get it."

"There they go!" roared Mr. Mangle, jumping up on his seat; and thousands of others shouted:

"They're off!"

"Down off the chairs!" yelled the grandstand policeman; but every one continued to stand on them. Mrs. Mangle clung to Gus Pango's arm, beseeching him to tell her which was Mr. Mangle's horse. Goldie giggled and Lord William grinned. Mr. Mangle had sold half of his bet to Daisy, and they were fiercely excited.

"Come on, you Jimmy Hicks! That's him in the green but what's that thing creepin' up on him, in the yellow?" cried Mr. Mangle hoarsely. "Come on, Hicks! Gee! That boy ain't usin' his whip—what ails the little stiff?"

"Oh, where? Where is Jimmy Hicks?" wailed Mrs. Mangle.

"The favorite is coming through the bunch," said Lord William, using his glasses. "I'm rather afraid Hicks hasn't much chance, you know. He was quoted at fifties."

Goldie was amazed to find her heart thumping briskly—and she had not a cent on the race. How would she feel when the other Goldie was striving before this crowd? She began to call out in unison with Daisy and Mr. Mangle and to clutch Lord William's arm; and he liked that too much to endeavor to calm her. "They're beating poor Hicks! Come on, Hicks! Come on!" she encouraged.

"Fav'rite wins!" said a hardened regular, stepping down from his chair; and the horses sped by, the something in yellow a length ahead and the ineffectual Jimmy Hicks back in the ruck.

"My belief is that the horse was pulled. Don't tell me he was rode right," dared Mr. Mangle, and Daisy said she thought so too.

Gus had been trying to get the carefree gambling spirit; but as soon as he took out some money he remembered how many times he had plunked his banjo on the small time to gain the amount, and nervously replaced it. He let the second race pass without a wager from him, though Mr. Mangle and Daisy plunged to the extent of ten dollars each—and lost it. Then Lord William had to go to the paddock to locate his trainer, after bidding Goldie bring her companions to look at the filly after the third race.

Goldie was trembling violently—at one moment laughing shrilly, the next clasping her hands and drumming the box-rail with her muff. Mrs. Mangle could not overlook such an opportunity for serious endeavor; so she wrung her hands also, looked with an anguished face at the sunny skies, and declared that she felt sure she would faint when Goldie Dailey was battling for their money. Gus was for finding a doctor or ordering a highball—anything to soothe the ladies. Joe Collins privately told him it was all right. They were getting a lot of pleasure out of it.

"Say, the Goldie tip is flyin' all over the track," announced Mr. Mangle, popping in after a trip to the betting ring. "What I'm scared of is a lot of mutts rushin' in, an' the books'll be rubbin' the price before we git ours all on. Me an' Gus an' Joe must sort of spread out, an' all flash the dough at 'em at once—before their runners git on to what we're doin'. I'm goin' to bet a hundred if it's my last act. How much are you, Gus?"

Daisy nudged Gus, who answered:

"Listen! How about Parthenia?"

"Well, I heard they're tryin'," admitted Mr. Mangle. "An' her stable's got the jock that rode this Goldie, her last out before Rainforth bought her. That's kind of bad. Still, we'll cop just the same."

"Parthenia? But Brain Fever's the one that'll be favorite? An' now another!" said Goldie in distress.

Gus again put his wallet into a pocket and Daisy anxiously regarded the program she had looked at so often.

"There's ten in the race, Goldie; but it's only a few of 'em that's figured as havin' a chance," explained Mr. Mangle. "If it was a cinch for her she'd be a short price an' we couldn't really win anything—see? Brain Fever's the class of the race on form; but this here will be an upset."

"Seems like it would be safer to watch it an' keep our money," ventured Gus.

"An' me with two thousand for that showshop hire to get back—an' more besides!" cried Goldie. "If you'd rather not bet on my horse, I don't care, Gus Pango! But it's a pretty deal to give a friend—makin' out she can't win, when she can!"

"Don't be a piker, Gus! You'll regret it later," said the press agent warmly.

Mr. Mangle got out the various handicaps he had purchased from tipsters; and, with their heads close together, all read silently.

"A big fat guy told a lady Starlight couldn't lose—less'n she fell down," said Little Minnie to her father.

"Starlight!" quavered Gus, and his doubts flocked back.

Mr. Mangle sternly ordered his daughter to be quiet, and she obeyed in the good American fashion by remarking:

"Well, he did, pop! An' he's saw me doin' my Tanguay imitation when we played Brooklyn."

Goldie felt the bank notes in her brocade handbag, and Gus and Daisy whispered. Mrs. Mangle resumed her scrutiny of her neighbors through the lorgnette; then, recollecting her part, declared that she was positive that the coming ordeal would prevent her doing her show at night. About her Goldie heard the names of Parthenia, Starlight, Brain Fever, Gleaner, Fanny R. and Get There. They were mentioned more frequently than Goldie Dailey! Had William made a mistake as to his filly's speed?

While the band played cheerful airs she assured herself that the money was as good as won; but when the music ceased, and the chatter came more distinctly to her, she was less certain. Down on the lawn several gentlemen were impressively lifting their hats to her, and she bowed absently to the Six Brothers Budd, those intelligent acrobats who make an arch of themselves and leap over it.

"They'd never be here if they had bookin'," said Mr. Mangle. "I'll step down an' slip 'em our tip. She'll win, Goldie. Keep your nerve up!"

His loyal support was helpful; but the attitude of Gus and Daisy, still whispering over the entries for the stake race, fretted her.

"Well, a party ain't compelled to bet their money if they ain't sure," said Daisy, replying to Goldie's glance. "Dancin' your legs off forty minutes a day ain't so easy that I want to throw my salary away, dearie—if she is named Goldie."

"Am I tryin' to influence you, Miss Dufly?" demanded Goldie.

"I dunno what to do," said Gus frankly. "They—say, here come the Sisters Merton! An' John Trippit! See 'em—startin' up the steps?"

Goldie stiffened, ready to give her partner the coolest of bows; but Johnny, suddenly perceiving her, waved and smiled, and she had to reply or look silly. He left the Sisters Merton and was almost immediately in Mr. Mangle's vacated chair. Would he denounce her for an improvident creature before her friends? Suppose he had been to the bank, which was one he had recommended for her savings, and a paying teller had tattled?

He knew she had bought out the house, of course. She looked as defiant as she could and was met by a fond smile. He spoke lightly of a quick trip to Jamaica on the train and his blue eyes were strangely mild; but perhaps he believed that Lord William's money had accomplished this holiday. Yes; he must! After the arguments in favor of thrift that he had held with her, he would not think that she would pay such a price to vanity. He had deserted the Mertons for her because he preferred her society.

Goldie saw Gus covetously noting Johnny's brown-topped patent-leather shoes that went so smartly with his brown homespun suit. The brown tie of soft silk was suited to his bright auburn hair. He was better-looking than William! There were the sharpest of creases in Johnny's trousers, and the overcoat lying across his knees was new and handsome. Women in other boxes sent approving eyes in his direction; and here he was, giving his whole time to her—edging his chair nearer, too, until one of his elbows was under her wide silver-fox stole. Was he regretting that he had brought the odious Mertons?

"I thought you'd be mad at me," she said timidly.

"Me! What for?" said he, and he slid a hand into her muff. Gus Pango blushed and Daisy snickered, but Johnny was indifferent to them.

"That little hand is cold as ice, kiddo," he said. "I'll warm it."

"I think Mr. Trippit ought to remember where he is," said Mrs. Mangle severely.

Goldie reluctantly endeavored to withdraw from Johnny's first caress; but his hand stayed in the muff and she could not pull harder without completely exposing the warm, big fingers, the pressure of which was causing her shudders of happiness.

"No man with a heart's goin' to let a little girl freeze to death; an' this kid's a-shiverin'," said Johnny calmly. "Ain't you, Goldie?"

"I—I'm warmer now, thank you," she stammered. "Leggo—please! Won't you?"

"Let's take a walk round an' see the place," he suggested, releasing her.

She murmured something and they descended the grandstand steps together. Beneath the stand was a paved open space, used as an entrance to the ring. Men were darting in and out, for the horses had gone to the post for the third race. Johnny led Goldie to a secluded nook abaft the pie-and-clam-chowder counter, and she went obediently, feeling that at last she was to know her fate.

"You haven't sent any dough in on that filly, Goldie?" he asked.

"Why?" she parried.

"Because I was talkin' to a fellow who owns horses in town, an' he says she's a bleeder; an' you can't depend on bleeders, for they'll stop. But then, she couldn't win over a colt like Halfpence."

"But Brain Fever, an' Parthenia, an' Starlight——"

"I know all that. They're what the public hear; but Sam Berger, he owns Halfpence—an' her secret trials prove that it'll be her ahead an' the rest nowhere. So you leave me keep your money till that race is over, kiddo, an' you won't be tempted—for there's always some one round to hand you a hot tip."

"But William ain't insultin' me by namin' a dead one for me! I guess she can have secret trials as much as that Berger's old colt; an' it just looks to me as though, when I get a horse named for me so's to help on my reputation, people all combine to pan the poor horse. An' it's a shame! I didn't think it of you!"

Johnny had seldom shown equal patience. He pleaded softly; and Goldie grew redder and hotter as the brilliant hues of her radiant dream of fame were dulled by his cruel prophecies. Instead of hearing a great concourse of people roaring "Goldie Dailey wins!" must she slink away with the plaudits for a Halfpence or a Brain Fever in her ears? How the Sisters Merton would gibe! They would go without dinner to scurry to the theater with the awful tidings!

"Let this William guy make a sucker out of himself, but don't you blow any of your coin," Johnny urged. "Come, now, gimme what you got in that bag. I know you—you'll be goin' crazy at the last minute, just as Vinie Merton said on the way here."

"I got no money in this bag, I thank you; an' I ain't such a sucker as you think," said Goldie; and her eyes were steely blue. "An' you'll never get me goin' again—not if I live to be—to be—well, you won't!"

"Will you gimme your word not to bet a dollar on that filly? If you don't I'll drag you out the gate right now!"

"Brute!" said Goldie passionately. "I'd like to see you do it! Oh, Johnny, don't! Them men are all starin'!"

"Gimme your word!" he repeated, forcing her toward the walk leading to the gate.

"I give it—'cause I don't want a scene!"

"You'll be thankin' me tonight!"

"No, I won't. If Lord William was here he'd show you a few things!"

"Forget it!" said Johnny. "Come on up an' sit down."

She refused to go with him, however; and having, as he was assured, guarded her by extracting the promise, he thought that a little absence might conduce to a kinder feeling, and strolled off. Goldie fled to the automobile. The chauffeur, who had been losing, had likewise sought this refuge and was morosely tinkering with the car.

"Leave something in it?" he asked, and she had to pretend to search for a handkerchief.

Shouts from lawn and stand evidenced the running of the third race, and she thought of William, who would be expecting her in the paddock. She had meant to hold triumphant court, and Joe Collins had scared up a newspaper artist willing to sketch her with an arm about the equine Goldie. And if the other Goldie was an inglorious trailer after five or six horses—what humiliation! Dressing rooms throughout the greater city would resound with it.

The day was spoiled now. She felt animosity toward the filly's owner, toward Johnny, toward Louisa Mangle, with her theatrical pretenses of agitation. If she stayed away from the box Gus Pango and Daisy need not whisper their doubts of the other Goldie. As she gloomed beside the chauffeur, who had viewed life in so many shades that nothing astonished him, Goldie heard a whistle; and, before she could dodge, the Child Tanguay approached.

"John gimme a buck to find you, an' I done it the first crack. Talk about cinch money!" said Little Minnie with glee. "What you doin'?" Goldie was evasive. "Mom's tryin' to make pop keep off the race since John told 'em Halfpence; an' pop said there was nothin' doin'—he came here to play Goldie, an' he would—an' he's bettin' two hundred. Just think!" said Minnie. "Mom cried—an' the whole mob heard her."

"And where's your papa now, dear?"

"Oh, he's in the ring, so's to get the first price for your money," said Minnie. "An' when John knowed pop had it all the time he was gettin' you to promise not to bet, he was some peeved. The Mertons is in the box too."

"Minnie, I can't go up there, then. I don't feel at all well," said Goldie faintly.

"Let's stay here," said Minnie readily. "I won't snitch on you, Goldie. Will I sneak over an' see Lord William?"

"They'll all go to the paddock—an' I don't want to see him either. It seems as though, if I went into that paddock an' saw those horses that'll beat her, I couldn't stand it, Minnie. Why, imagine her runnin' dozens of races an' landin' 'way back, makin' a bigger monkey of me all the time! An' I don't see how Mr. Trippit has the gall to take those Mertons into a box I paid for! But let that pass. I'm goin' to ask the man whether he can get me up to East New York where I can take the train; an' he can come back here for the rest before the sixth race—that's if she loses. I couldn't face 'em."

"Then I'll go along," declared Minnie, "'cause I love you. Honest I do!"

"No one else does," said Goldie drearily. "Johnny was merely interferin' in my business so he could go an' make a mock of me to Vinie Merton—a girl who never had a higher position than number two on any bill, an' never could get a New York opening until this week—an' then goes round roustin' her professional betters. But she can have him. I scorn him!"

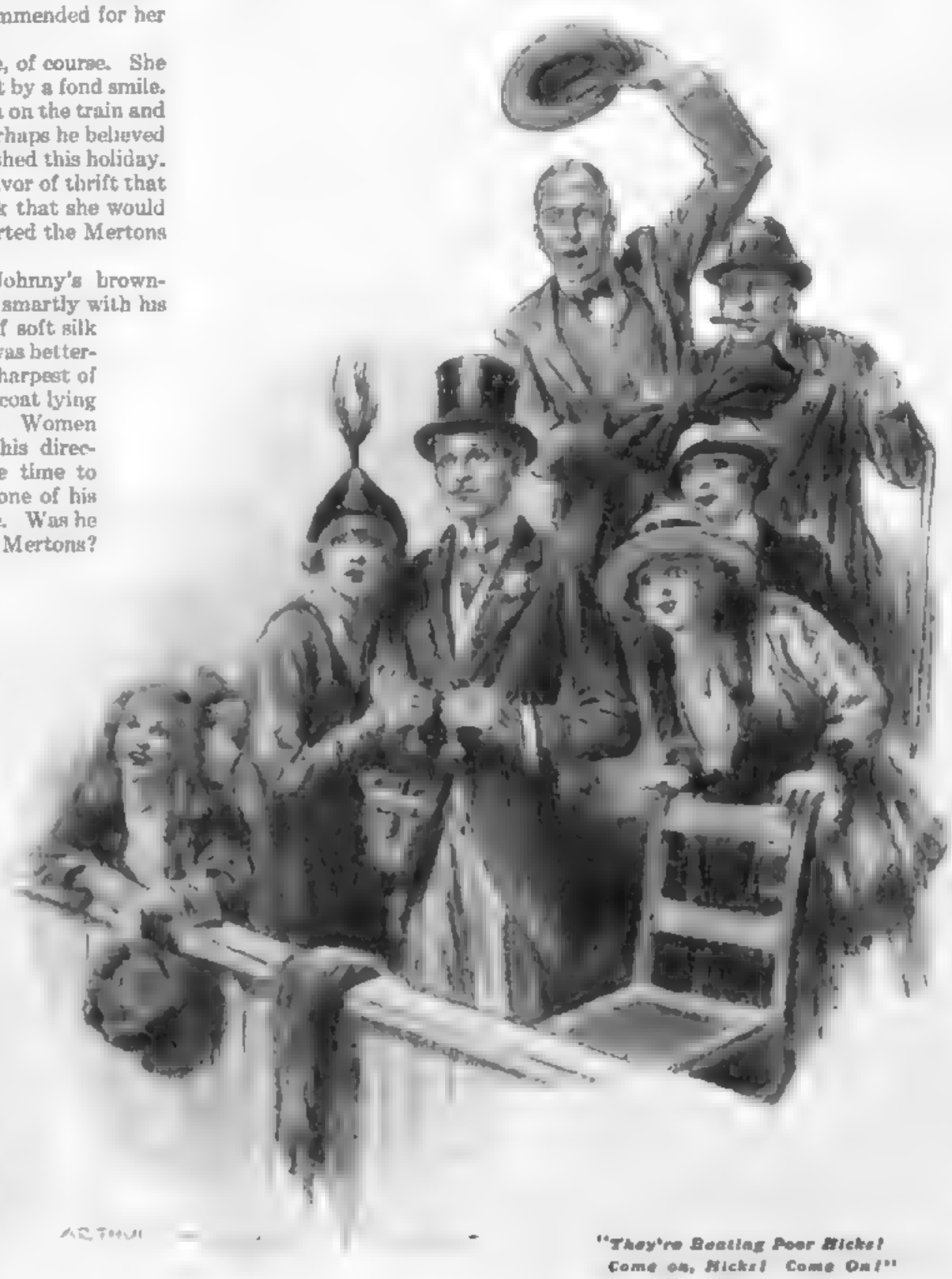
"So do I," said Minnie. "Will you marry Lord William now?"

"It all depends," said Goldie vaguely.

When she spoke to the chauffeur he said his brother was to take an empty car to town after the fourth and, in the circumstances, would not charge her for the trip. That would save bothering with the train, which would be crowded. He went to the ring to look at the prices and bewildered her with the result.

"Brain Fever's backed down to seven to ten, and Parthenia's eight to five; Starlight's four; Gleaner's six; there was some ten on Halfpence, but he was down a point when I left; Goldie Dailey's fifteen—and the rest don't matter."

(Continued on Page 65)



"They're Beating Poor Hicks! Come on, Hicks! Come On!"

The Trail of the Tammany Tiger

II

By Harry Wilson Walker

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

I Was Told That Mr. Dana Advised Croker to Return

AFTER Mr. Croker went to England his movements were followed even more closely than when he was in New York. For years New Yorkers were accustomed to read something about Croker every morning at the breakfast table. I was one of those sent to London to keep New York posted about Croker's doings and intentions. Knowing him so well personally, I had a decided advantage over the other correspondents of the New York papers stationed in London.

From the start the English newspapers were unfriendly to Croker, though most of the references to him were confined to the sporting columns. Croker imagined that his newspaper enemies in New York were inspiring the hostility of the English press.

In the early spring Croker spent considerable time at his place in Newmarket and I visited there a great deal. Then I first became acquainted with what I believe was the real Croker. He was like a boy out of school. I have heard him talking to Dobbins by the quarter hour, as if he really believed the famous racehorse understood what he was saying.

Croker's greatest fun was when he watched the feeding of his pigs. He had named them after New York politicians that he believed to be crooked and greedy. Before a month was out Croker became acquainted with everybody worth while about Newmarket. I was much impressed with the ease with which Croker met the racing nobility. I knew that he was a direct descendant of Sir Richard Croker, of the English army, about whom I had read in Macaulay's History.

All this time Mr. Croker insisted he was out of politics for good.

"I shall be perfectly satisfied if I win the Derby," he would say.

"But it is a bigger thing to win the first election for mayor of Greater New York," I always urged. "Besides, winning the election for mayor will not interfere with winning the Derby."

Eventually he won both.

I could see from the beginning that this appealed to him, but he would not acknowledge it. So certain was I that I frequently gave the impression in my dispatches that Croker was going back to America.

This had its effect on Croker's old friends in Tammany Hall, for by early summer they showed up in London in large numbers. Among them were William C. Whitney and former Mayor Grant. Still Croker said he would not go back.

Another thing that made me believe he would return was the fact that he plied me for news from home. He was particularly curious about Theodore Roosevelt, who was very active as chairman of the board of police commissioners under Mayor Strong.

"Roosevelt is all there is to the Strong administration," Croker would say; "and Roosevelt will make or break that administration."

The Threatened Arrest at Newmarket

CROKER was never more in the limelight than he was in those days. The New York Sunday papers told of the luxurious way he lived, and some of them claimed that his London home at 6 Palace Gate was a mansion. As a matter of fact, Croker paid only two thousand five hundred dollars a year rent for the house, furnished, and that included servants.

In June Charles A. Dana visited Croker, and just after the great New York editor's departure Mr. Croker informed me that he had arranged to sail for New York on September thirteenth; but he did not want the fact to become known. He asked me to accompany him. I was told afterward that Mr. Dana advised Croker to return.

Along in July it was my good fortune to get a really big piece of news and do Croker a great service. By a mere accident I had an opportunity to read the advance proofs of Henry Labouchère's Truth, and in them I found the announcement that a warrant had been issued for Croker's arrest. The charge was that he had driven a horse to death.

Hastening to the Royal Humane Society, which occupied an imposing building, I presented my card to the commissioner. The card contained the announcement that I represented leading newspapers in America. I was finally received by the secretary, who represented Queen Victoria in all cases of cruelty to animals. Had I been the American ambassador, he could not have been more considerate. The secretary had never heard of Croker. I explained that he was one of the powers in American politics and that the fact of his arrest would have a great effect on all Irish-Americans—would probably be regarded as British persecution. I was informed that a man had just been sent to Newmarket to serve the warrant.

I next went to Croker's house. He was not at home, but Mrs. Croker told me he was attending the races at Brighton and would be home to dinner. I told her about the warrant. Naturally she was considerably affected by the news. There were a number of Croker's political enemies then in London, among them Bourke Cockran and Joseph Pulitzer. The latter occupied a house immediately in the rear of the Croker residence.

Mrs. Croker feared that her husband would blame one or the other for inspiring the attack. She asked that I return and advise Mr. Croker as to the course he should pursue. During the interim I cabled a story for the American afternoon papers. Mr. Croker was at home when I returned and his wife had informed him of his impending arrest. He was not excited. I do not think that there was anything excitable in his nature and he did not know what fear was. Just as Mrs. Croker predicted, he blamed both Mr. Cockran and Mr. Pulitzer. The Truth article had given as its authority the London Sun, then edited by T. P. O'Connor.

"Big Cockran and 'Tay Pay,'" said Croker, "are great friends. So are Pulitzer and Labouchère. I won't pay any attention to the matter."

The upshot was that Mr. Croker accepted my assistance in writing a letter to Mr. Labouchère explaining the case. He was very severe on his enemies, whom he named. While we were getting up the letter several correspondents of the New York papers called. Their editors had read my story and cabled the correspondents. I had anticipated this, and at my suggestion Mr. Croker said he could not say anything until the next day.

Of course I made a copy of the red-hot letter, which I lost no time in cabling. As it turned out my action caused more trouble for Croker than the warrant, because a news association—a rival of the one I represented—was largely controlled by Mr. Charles A. Dana, who did not enjoy having his concern beaten. A complaint was made to Croker.

In order to have a follow-up story I escorted Croker to the Royal Humane Society and introduced him to the secretary, who promised to withhold the warrant for further investigation, which proved to be the end of the matter. Then I called on T. P. O'Connor.

"I never read the sporting intelligence in my paper," he said. "This is the first I know of the matter."

"Tay Pay" was considerably alarmed when I told him that Croker planned to bring a libel suit against him. His paper could not afford a libel suit.

Next I called on Mr. Henry Labouchère at his town house in Westminster. He had received Mr. Croker's letter and seemed highly amused over it, because it was addressed to him personally.

"Americans seem to think," said Mr. Labouchère, "that I am responsible for everything in Truth. A New York paper offered me a large sum for a weekly London letter. I refused the offer, but I sold the use of advance sheets of my journal. Every week the New York paper had what was purported to be a London letter by me, but one made up of selected paragraphs from Truth. It was seldom that any paragraph written by myself was used. I really felt bad about it, presuming that the paper selected the best."

Mr. Labouchère, the following week, did the handsome thing in the way of correction, but left out the comment on Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Cockran, saying: "The laws of my country forbid my printing it."

Some time before Mr. Croker sailed the New York papers learned of his intended return and much space was expended in predicting the effect on Tammany. It was generally believed he would resume the leadership.

Tom Platt's Opinion of Hill

WE WERE eight days on the ocean and Mr. Croker was in a talkative mood. He would discuss the different district leaders and then ask what I thought of this or that one as a candidate to succeed him. I soon learned that he had decided in his own mind that John C. Sheehan was to be his choice. However I never doubted that he would continue to be the real leader.

"Hill," said Croker on one occasion, "will try to have McLaughlin make all the trouble he can for Tammany."

"The Brooklyn Van Wyck has more influence with McLaughlin than Hill," I replied.

With this Croker abruptly cut short the conversation by taking up a book I had been reading. It was a copy of a Sherlock Holmes story, recently published.

"Don't you want to read it?" I asked.

"I never read novels. They are just lies."

"Senator Hill says the only book you ever read, except your schoolbooks, was Abbott's Life of Napoleon."

"Did Hill say that? I believe I will let you write an interview with me about Hill. Begin it by saying: 'There is something bad in a man who hates horses.'"

I had written about two pages when Croker stopped me and said: "I guess we had better not. It might make old McLaughlin mad and Mr. Dana still likes Hill. Tom Platt don't like Hill. He told me that Hill was a peanut politician."

I think it best to say here, for fear of a misunderstanding, that no Tammany leader uses the personal pronoun when declaring his intentions. Instead, it is "The organization."

After we were out about two days Croker said he thought that the

"I Hope They Will Not Nominate Me for Mayor," Judge Van Wyck Continued

organization would select John C. Sheehan as leader. "Don't say anything about it, because I want first to talk to Senator Murphy," continued my companion.

"But suppose," I said, "you should want to come back and Sheehan did not want you to?"

Ignoring the question he said:

"The real test of the Tammany leadership rests with the Tammany Society, which is not political but patriotic. As you know, the society is represented by the Board of Sachems, who are the landlords of the building on Fourteenth Street known as Tammany Hall and headquarters of the political organization. If the Tammany organization found it had a bad man for leader, and he could not be gotten rid of, he and the organization could be ordered out of Tammany Hall. Then it would be no longer Tammany."

It is almost unnecessary to say that at that time Croker was in absolute control of the Board of Sachems; so, as he also had for his friends a safe majority of the district leaders, he was perfectly safe.

Finally I persuaded Croker to let me read to him some of Sherlock Holmes. "I don't think," said Croker, "that he was any better detective than Bob Pinkerton. Tom Byrnes is not in the same class as Bob Pinkerton, though you New York newspaper men always puff Byrnes."

In this way I learned at first hand that the former chief of police and Croker had never been on really good terms, and that Croker could not have been responsible for any of the police scandals that Doctor Parkhurst had exposed. Croker always said he wished that the police department was under control of the state.

One of the passengers who sat at our table resembled Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. He was from Chicago.

"I'll bet you he is a reformer," said Croker.

There was a storm that night and the portholes in the staterooms were screwed tight by the stewards. The next morning at breakfast the man who looked like Parkhurst told how he had opened the porthole of his cabin.

"I always carry a monkey-wrench in case of such emergencies," said the man.

"There!" said Croker to me. "He would run the risk of having the ship flooded to suit his own comfort. No one but a reformer would think of carrying a monkey-wrench in his luggage."

I Unlocked and Half Opened the Door

Croker's Joke

DURING the voyage Croker every day visited the steerage and distributed fruit and small change to the children. He also became acquainted with most of the passengers, all of whom had at least read of him. The last two days of the voyage Croker busied himself with studying English phrases.

"All the leaders will probably be on the dock when we arrive," he said, "and I will give them the surprise of their lives. To the first one of them I meet I shall say: 'Hello, old chap!' The next one I meet will say something, and I shall answer: 'Quite so!'"

He had cultivated a good-enough English accent. It is needless to say that when he landed the "boys" at first could hardly believe their ears. The dock was crowded, but the more important leaders and a score of newspaper men boarded our ship at Quarantine. The first question the newspaper men asked was: "Is it true you have become the chum of the Prince of Wales?"

About the only thing Croker would say for publication was to indulge in a criticism of Theodore Roosevelt's handling of the police department. The papers gave a large amount of space to Croker, who remained only two days in New York and then went to Saratoga. It was supposed he would go from there to Syracuse to attend the Democratic State Convention. He did not. He remained in Saratoga until after the convention.

I went to Syracuse on the special Tammany train and I never before considered myself so popular. Everybody wanted to pump me about Croker; but the only information I gave was to Sheehan in the way of congratulation.

Senator Murphy came to the convention and carried out a program he and Croker had agreed on. Hill opposed it. It was the first time he and Hill had ever been antagonistic. Only minor state officers—the attorney-generalship being the most important—were to be nominated. Sheehan cast the vote for Tammany. The Murphy-Croker program went through.

After the convention Croker set up headquarters at a hotel. The leadership of Sheehan was accepted, but even among Croker's friends there was considerable grumbling. Many of them referred to Sheehan as a carpet-bagger from Buffalo.

At that time there was a popular song entitled Put Me Off at Buffalo! The fact that Grover Cleveland, as a candidate for mayor, had refused to run on the ticket with Sheehan was also used to his disadvantage. However, Croker told every one that Sheehan's orders must be obeyed—just as if he himself had issued them.

About this time the Huntington Refunding Bill, which was to refund the government interest in the Pacific roads, then being constructed by Collis P. Huntington, was before Congress. Croker sent orders to the New York Congressmen to vote for it. Representative Amos J. Cummings was opposed to it. Mr. Cummings went to New York and consulted Sheehan. Cummings said that the bill could not pass anyway; but rather than vote for it he would resign his seat.

Sheehan told Cummings that under the circumstances he might use his own judgment. Evidently Croker heard of this and sent orders direct to vote for the bill. Cummings voted against the bill. Croker was in a towering rage and it was understood that Cummings should not return to Congress. Sheehan stood by Cummings and the following year he was reelected.

Probably this was because Croker was not in the country. He left for England early in the spring of 1896 and did not return until shortly after McKinley's election. The first question Croker asked on his return was:

"Who is Mark Hanna?"

The two bosses shortly afterward became acquainted.

When Croker sailed for England in April he was convinced that the Republicans would run a straight ticket for mayor and other city offices, and that the Reform party would also put a ticket in the field. This made it look good for a Tammany victory.

Croker had hardly reached the other side of the ocean when his old friends began booming him for mayor. However this was not taken seriously by the New York papers. During the summer Sheehan held many conferences, and belief was that he favored the nomination of either Charles W. Dayton or Delso Curdy for mayor. Many of the old Croker guard favored nominating former Mayor Hugh J. Grant.

Meantime Hugh McLaughlin, across the Brooklyn Bridge, maintained a strict silence. Toward the end of September, 1897, Croker returned. Senator Murphy came to New York and spent much time with Croker. This gave strength to the belief that Grant would be nominated, as he was now the son-in-law of Senator Murphy.

About a week after Croker returned I was told that Croker would decide who should be nominated and that he was to take charge of the campaign. Few then believed this, because Croker and Sheehan conferred every night and morning, and Croker treated Sheehan as the leader. Very quietly a majority of the district leaders met at Croker's hotel and asked him to resume the leadership. The same day Senator Murphy told me that Robert A. Van Wyck would be nominated for mayor. I at once visited Van Wyck and gave him my information. He replied that his whole ambition was to serve on the Supreme Court bench.

"I hope they will not nominate me for mayor," Judge Van Wyck continued. "It would be asking a great sacrifice of me. It will be the organization that will win and whoever is elected mayor on the Democratic ticket will owe his nomination to Tammany Hall. If the mayor has not the support of the organization his administration will fail."

I soon learned that the Brooklyn organization would only agree to Judge Van Wyck of those named by Tammany as possible candidates. That was because of the Brooklyn Van Wyck. So Judge Van Wyck was nominated and the Brooklyn Democracy was given the selection of the candidate for comptroller. Bird S. Coler was nominated for that office.

"Come In Out of There! Do You Want to Catch Pneumonia?"

Another reason why Van Wyck was most available was because Seth Low, who had been mayor of Brooklyn, was to be the candidate for mayor of the Fusion party, and Benjamin F. Tracy, former secretary of the navy and a Brooklynite, was to be the Republican choice for mayor. Besides, as Van Wyck belonged to one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, there was a sentimental reason.

After the nomination of Van Wyck, Croker's *coup d'état* created a great sensation. Croker walked into Tammany Hall and assembled the leaders in one room; and, while Sheehan sat at his desk in another part of the building, a resolution was passed requesting Croker to take charge of the campaign. William Sulzer made a speech supporting the resolution. Croker immediately accepted. It was all over before Sheehan realized what was happening.

Henry George a Candidate

WHEN the meeting of the leaders adjourned, Croker, a stenographer and myself went to an inside room to decide how much of the proceedings should be given to the press. At Croker's suggestion I locked the door and was told not to let any one in. Pretty soon Mr. Sheehan knocked at the door. I unlocked and half opened the door. Sheehan expected to enter.

"Here is Mr. Sheehan," I announced.

"John," said Croker, unabashed, "I will see you tonight at my hotel."

Sheehan simply turned and went back to his desk. When we had finished our task Croker told me what to furnish to the newspaper men. Usually I should have first submitted a copy to Sheehan.

The news that Croker had openly taken charge of the campaign delighted the opponents of Tammany, particularly the Reform party, led by Seth Low.

Immediately Henry George announced himself as a candidate for mayor. The old Labor party was hastily reorganized and with them joined many admirers of Bryan. Tom Johnson, who lived temporarily in Brooklyn, but continued his voting residence in Cleveland, managed the George campaign. Croker was the only issue.

It may be said that the bottom fell out of the opposition to Tammany by the sudden death of Henry George. He collapsed while making a savage attack on Croker. Mr. George died early in the morning, shortly after reaching

(Continued on Page 53)

Tom Johnson Managed the George Campaign

OTTO

By WILLIAM MacHARG

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

THE hat—a hat indicative of luxury and great wealth—stood on the corner of the flat-topped mahogany desk in the largest and best-lighted of the four private offices strung along the partition wall between the general offices and the great bakery founded by Reichert Brothers. Its significance was that Mr. Adolph Sterner was calling on Mr. Rudolph Reichert—a fact not otherwise observable through the almost closed ground-glass door.

To Mr. Rudolph Reichert known within his family as Papa Reichert—the hat typified the difference between what he once had been and all that he had become. Papa Reichert had been a penniless little boy, standing with his two young brothers on a wharf in a new land where apparently no one spoke his native tongue. Now he owned—in part—the great bakery building and—in full—many other buildings; he could hear the snortings of the auto-trucks bringing in his flour and the purrings of the auto-deliveries taking out his bread.

It had been necessary for him to climb long and hard and far before Adolph Sterner's hat could rest on his desk and the great brewer himself lounge there in his great fur coat, while his limousine, in purple and old gold, buzzed before the bakery door. Papa Reichert, if he had followed his inclination, would have reached out and patted caressingly the hat, which was telling the outer office that Mr. Sterner was making this social call.

Mr. Sterner had no business to transact in the great bakery. The three stenographers in the outer office knew Mr. Sterner was not there on business; Uncle Paul Reichert knew it, and Uncle Emil Reichert. Young Mr. Otto Reichert, son of Rudolph, knew it too.

Otto observed the hat as he was coming into the general offices from the great brick-walled, skylighted room where the sacks of flour were poured into the mixers; and its presence on the corner of Papa Reichert's desk manifested to Otto that he—Otto—soon was going to be married, and filled him with a horror such as he never before had known.

In his own ground-glass cage—the last and smallest of the four—he arrayed sadly the circumstances that led him to foresee the imminence of this event. His uneasiness had begun with Papa Reichert's cryptic remarks concerning the excellences of marriage and its effect in producing stability in business life, and with Mamma Reichert's encomiums—apparently wholly unconnected with Papa Reichert's more abstract observations—which had shown that Mamma Reichert's admiration and affection for Miss Sterner had been rising to the boiling point.

It had been continued by a marked increase of cordiality between the Reichert and Sterner families. Now that this was capped by the presence of Mr. Sterner's hat on Papa Reichert's desk in business hours, Otto recognized with alarm that he could no longer think of Lucia Sterner without at the same time thinking of himself in a new dress suit, walking up the aisle with her to the accompaniment of slow strains of music from an organ loft.

Otto had nothing against Lucia except that his scheme of life did not include her as a component part; he considered that she would make a very desirable wife for some one, idle and classy, who was a social leader, or for a distinguished diplomat.

Otto himself was not distinguished. His personal significance was in the fact that he looked like any other well-dressed young man one might meet on the street. This was very significant indeed when taken in connection with the fact that Papa Reichert had been said to look like the German General von Moltke and that Mr. Sterner was a somewhat fattened replica of Emperor William. It showed that Otto had no sympathy with the ideas and ambitions of the generation just before him.

It showed, in fact, that there was no chance of Otto and Papa Reichert understanding one another at all. Papa Reichert, by contriving to look like General von Moltke, displayed his respect for the highborn, for position, for rank. The greatest good attainable in Papa Reichert's imagination was that, having achieved wealth, he should marry his only son to the daughter of some one still wealthier than himself—to Lucia, the daughter of Adolph Sterner, the brewer. It would have amazed and bewildered him to know that Otto, in contemplating this event, was looking on himself as about to be butchered to make a parental holiday.

Otto nervously made an errand back through the general offices. The hat was gone. Papa Reichert had not gone out to luncheon with Mr. Sterner; but there was no consolation in that.

Otto went back into his glass cage, closed the door and took from its wire basket the mail which had come down to him after being opened in the three offices to his right. He pushed a button under his desk and in the outer offices a buzzer buzzed. The three stenographers looked at the indicator on the wall. Two of them, seeing it was only Otto who called, turned back to their work. The third and youngest became rather pale and stopped to adjust her hair before she picked up her notebook and went into Otto's office in answer to the call.

The youngest stenographer was pretty besides being young. Her mamma had died soon after she was born her papa had been dead three years; she had, in fact, nobody in the world besides herself. She had met, it is true, at somewhat frequent intervals young men who had given it as their opinion that this was quite enough. They had averred that they would be perfectly satisfied if they found themselves in her position—that is, if they had her and nobody else. It is interesting to note that, since she had come to work in Reichert Brothers' Bakery, she had not given three consecutive seconds' thought to any of those young men.

She knew perfectly the significance of Mr. Sterner's hat on Papa Reichert's desk.

She sat down and waited. As Otto was looking at the letter in his hand it was quite possible for her to look at him directly—somewhat wistfully as well.

"Letter, Miss Fredericks," Otto said. "Crescent Flour Milling Company, Minneapolis. Gentlemen: With reference to your reply of the tenth to our complaint of the seventh regarding the condition of the jute sacks containing your last shipments of flour ——"

He looked up. Miss Fredericks' eyes were fixed on the wall opposite; she had written nothing at all in her notebook—and it was possible for him to gaze at her intently until he had forgotten what he was going to say. He looked at her a full minute pensively—almost sadly. Then he sighed and returned to the letter in his hand.

Now that he was no longer looking at her, Miss Fredericks looked at him; but Otto did not begin to dictate again. He suddenly raised his eyes and they met hers.

Miss Fredericks blushed. The letter Otto was holding fell to the floor and Miss Fredericks' blush was reflected on Otto's face in his heightened color. He stared questioningly into her swiftly lowered eyes; then at the lashes quivering on her cheeks. Feeling this gaze Miss Fredericks blushed deeper still; the hot blood rose along her slender neck, flooded her cheeks and stained her smooth, broad forehead.

It made it only worse that she was angry with herself for it; that she was ashamed of herself; that she struggled to stop it. She would have given all she had—she had not much—to be a mile away from there, where Otto could not see her.

She had resolved long before that Otto never should know. That she was aware somehow that Otto had turned red and

"If I Do Not Tell You All the Particulars It Is Because I Do Not Know Them"

tremulous only increased her confusion. Finally, in her anger at herself, her embarrassment and disappointment, she knocked the notebook to the floor. She stooped to pick it up because that would hide her face. She had to keep it hidden because she had begun to cry.

There followed a hiatus. At its end Otto was holding Miss Fredericks in his arms, repeating and listening to perfectly ridiculous things, which in their sum total amounted only to this—that both of them had felt this way a long time, but that each of them had thought the other did not care. All this the presence of Mr. Sterner's hat on Papa Reichert's desk had done—and more too.

For, as Otto held Miss Fredericks in his arms, dully and unhappily conscious of Lucia Sterner—invisible, yet mentally in the picture—beckoning like the Lorelei, and of Papa Reichert, in the neighboring office, stern, unbending and determined, he changed from apprehension to defiance and looked at his watch. The watch showed twenty-five minutes to twelve. He spoke passionately to Miss Fredericks, who wept and shook her head. And he continued to speak until she yielded.

Then Miss Fredericks, picking up her blank notebook, went back to her typewriter. Otto, obliviously stepping on the letter that had fallen on the floor, went out through many metallically clanging iron doors into the stables paved with asphalt and brick.

The head mechanician, who was working under an auto-truck, got up, surprised that Otto was going out so early to lunch, and hurried to start the motor of Otto's car. The car slid out across the smooth bricks on to the less well-paved street, rounded the corner and stopped.

Miss Fredericks appeared as the nickel-plated clock on the dash showed twenty minutes to twelve. The car whirled off the rougher pavement on to the boulevard; it swung off the boulevard on to cobbles. It stopped before the yawning door of a great granite building, and Otto and Miss Fredericks went in.

It embarrasses some people to tell a policeman that they want to get married, but it does not embarrass the policeman. The policeman in the corridor directed them, smiling in an understanding way. The elevator man smiled similarly and passed them on. The man behind the polished counter did not smile at all—it was monotonously a matter of business with him. He filled out the necessary papers in a bored way and passed Otto and Miss Fredericks on to a grilled window to pay a small fee. A fat man in a checkered vest, who had taken a vicarious interest in the proceedings, volunteered to show them the rest of the way and see them through.

They followed the fat man along a corridor and then down a wider one, which seemed to bridge between two buildings. They entered a reasonably large, well-lighted, empty room, which—on the authority of the fat man—was the judge's chambers.

The judge, it appeared, was on the bench; but he stopped proceedings when he learned what was required.

He Looked at Her a Full Minute

A court reporter was called in as a witness and the clerk to make the record. It was all businesslike and natural; but it seemed to Otto and Miss Fredericks most exceedingly strange—these were persons who had been summoned as if by the rubbing of a magic lamp. They would disappear presently as if they had dissolved into the air, and never would be seen or heard of by Otto and Miss Fredericks again.

After a few minutes everybody shook hands, and in the eyes of the law Otto Emil Reichert and Charlotte Fredericks were now man and wife—and they got back to the office by a quarter to one.

Cataclysm! Catastrophe! The devil to pay and no pitch hot!—whatever expressions the ingenuity of man has invented to describe tumultuous upheaval in his affairs—would fall far short in their descriptive power, Otto knew, when Papa Reichert learned what had taken place. It did not occur to Otto to examine the matter from Papa Reichert's side, and that from that point of view this was really a tragedy.

For twenty-three years—ever since Otto was born Papa Reichert had been looking forward to a certain day. Much longer than that, before ever there had been any Otto, he had been hoping and planning for it. In prospect of it he had worked and striven and denied himself. Work had changed him from a fat and jolly young man to a worn and lined and old one; but Papa Reichert had never repined over that, because by working he was climbing up and up and up, and carrying up with him his wife and children.

The day that Papa Reichert had looked forward to now never would come. Papa Reichert was going to feel that his life would end without receiving the seal of its fulfillment. He would become in his disappointment still older to look at, more deeply lined, more worn; he would carry to his grave that sense of defeat and unfulfillment.

People who, like Papa Reichert, live in hope of a satisfaction dependent on some one outside themselves always have to take their medicine. Now Papa Reichert was going to take his—and he was not going to like it.

In Chicago, if one goes north from the business district along the lake shore he comes presently to full-fronted residences of wealth; then to the park; then to residences of wealth again, breasting the lake. Here, north of the park, on side streets close at hand, are other residences as large and surrounded in some instances by even larger yards.

The Reichert residence is one of these. It is a huge structure of red sandstone and red brick, backed by a stack of red garages in the rear. Its lawn, doubly encircled by a fence and a hedge, is populated by iron deer and rabbits lurking among shrubbery. In one corner is a pond with cobblestone banks.

In the late afternoon of the day Otto married Miss Fredericks, a boy with a flat canvas bag hanging from his shoulder passed along the street and left on the doorstep the late edition of a German-American afternoon newspaper. Presently an old woman came to the door and took the paper in. This old woman was Grandma Reichert.

Grandma Reichert was almost eighty years old. She was little, bright-eyed, infinitely wrinkled; but she was amazingly alert. She knew the names of almost everybody who worked in her sons' great bakery; she knew both the names and the pedigrees of all the servants in the house.

Aside from this, years and a youth of hard labor had refined her down to the mere elementals of life; she did not care what President Wilson was doing, or the bankers, or the trusts; but she read eagerly in the newspapers the deaths, the births—when any such were published—and the marriage licenses.

She carried the paper into the room where Mamma Reichert was doing fancy work, sat down in a low chair and opened the pages.

"Who is dead?" Mamma Reichert inquired.

"Nobody. There is a Strauss, but we did not know him—he lived on the South Side. Nobody is born, either, it would appear; but that is the fault of the newspaper, which does not print births unless they are paid for. I do not know what the papers are coming to! Some now do not even publish who takes out marriage licenses."

"What is the matter?" Mamma Reichert asked suddenly. "Are you sick? You have turned perfectly white! Now you have torn the paper. Is something wrong? You could not look worse if you had found the death of one of the children among those names!"

"It is nothing!" Grandma Reichert replied sturdily.

Her hands trembled so, though, that the paper rustled; she could see in the mirror across from her her own startled eyes and the gray pallor that had risen under her wrinkled skin. When Mamma Reichert had stopped thinking about her she left the room.

Some one later called Reichert Brothers on the telephone, inquired Miss Fredericks' home address, and—receiving it—refused to give a name and hung up. Grandma Reichert, having been this person, appeared immediately afterward in the doorway of the red garage, dressed for the automobile. By six o'clock the chauffeur had located for her Miss Fredericks' family boarding house.

Mrs. Otto Reichert fell into agitation when she returned from work and found Grandma Reichert awaiting her in the stuffy little parlor. Their interview began painfully, with the excited old lady dragging a scrap of newspaper from her pocket and pointing accusingly to the printed line: "Otto Emil Reichert—Charlotte Fredericks."

"Do You Know of Whom Mr. Sterner Reminds Me? Of the Count von Falsen"

To this Mrs. Otto Reichert could offer neither alibi nor defense. She had had five hours, while she was getting out the afternoon mail, and later, in which to picture Otto dragged down from his high estate through marrying her. She had visioned an implacable Papa Reichert, and Otto homeless, and—as she herself no doubt soon would be—jobless. She had seen herself leading Otto through poverty into destitution and misery.

However, it was not Mrs. Otto Reichert's repentance that changed Grandma Reichert from accuser to comforter. Charlotte could not tell what it was. It happened after she had taken Grandma Reichert to her room to avoid the eyes of curious boarders. Charlotte suddenly found herself pressed against Grandma Reichert's withered bosom. Crying and laughing, Charlotte was telling Grandma Reichert how much she loved Otto; and Grandma Reichert, herself crying and laughing now, was patting her.

This change appeared a miracle. Like other miracles, it was not understandable, and Charlotte could only accept it—as miracles should be accepted—gratefully.

"You must dress for dinner tonight, Otto," said Papa Reichert, coming into his home from the automobile with Otto at a quarter past six.

"Is there to be company?" Otto asked.

"Only Sterner and Lucia—and for dinner only. They are going to the opera. Sterner is expecting you will go too. They have a box. I told him without doubt you would be glad to go."

"Of course they have a box," Mamma Reichert observed, looking at Otto. "They have it by the season; but there are not many young men who are lucky enough to sit in it beside Lucia."

"That is true enough," Papa Reichert concurred. "Lucia Sterner is particular; but she has a right to be. Sterner's brewery has made him so much money now that he need not care, even if they pass prohibition laws in all the states."

"It is not everybody who is an only child too, Rudolph. When he dies Lucia will have everything—and all that will be only added to her beauty, which she already has."

"Yes, mamma; and anybody who thinks Lucia is too proud would do well to remember that brewers sometimes have received high rank in the old countries and have been the friends of kings."

Otto, who recognized he was being talked at, went up to his room. He bathed and dressed slowly. He preferred not to appear until they were ready to sit down to dinner. He waited until he heard the dining-room doors opening; then he went down.

Grandma Reichert came in by the back entrance as he was going down stairs. She met him at the stairfoot and put her arms round him and kissed him.

"I have just seen her," she whispered, to his astonishment. "Otto, I am completely satisfied."

"Papa is not going to be," Otto returned darkly.

"No—papa's heart is set on the Sterners; but if that affair were ended he would not feel this so much. Leave it to me. I will try to smooth the way with papa."

At the round table Papa Reichert had grandma on one side of him and Lucia on the other. Not quite opposite him was Mamma Reichert, who had Mr. Sterner and grandpa. Otto sat on the other side of Lucia.

Papa Reichert could not keep his eyes from turning to Lucia. How beautiful she was! She never in her life had wanted anything without having it. In her automobile, when she passed in the street, she was like a vision from some other world to the people on the sidewalk who saw her through the plate-glass window. No doubt the lives of many young men had been changed merely by seeing Lucia.

Mamma Reichert was wearing diamonds; but they did not look on her as Lucia's pearls looked—as though they were really a part of her. Only one thing could have made Papa Reichert happier than he was, and that was to have been dining at Otto's table with Lucia presiding over it. Then Lucia would have belonged to him as his daughter-in-law.

Papa Reichert never had seen grandma look as she looked tonight. He thought it was because she was happy for the same reason he was happy—because of Lucia. Her withered cheeks were flushed with excitement; she stared into his eyes and he could see that she looked at Mr. Sterner in the same strange way.

"From what part of Germany is your family, Mr. Sterner?" grandma asked talkatively.

"From Hessen, Mrs. Reichert."

"Not from near our town—Rathhausen—then? That surprises me a little."

"Why should it surprise you, grandma, that Mr. Sterner does not come from Rathhausen?" Papa Reichert asked.

He could not imagine why Grandma Reichert had asked this, because she knew the Sterners were from Hessen.

"I did not know that other parts of Germany produced such fine-looking men, Rudolph. Do you know of whom

Mr. Sterner reminds me? Of the Count von Solzen—the former count when he was still young."

Papa Reichert saw that Sterner looked gratified, and he was delighted with the compliment to his guest.

"That is a greater compliment than you may know, Sterner," he said, to enhance the effect. "The Von Solzen family were the greatest people of our neighborhood and grandma remembers them from when she was a girl."

"Indeed it is a compliment," Mamma Reichert asserted.

"You are trying to make my father conceited, Mrs. Reichert," Lucia laughed, playing with her pearls.

"But, indeed, he does resemble the count," Grandma Reichert insisted. "I am even a little afraid of him for that reason"—she smiled, excusing her fear, though not denying it—"for especially he recalls to me just now the count as he looked one day when he stopped in his carriage at our house. There were on the front seat of the carriage the three sons of the Von Solzen family in velvet suits and varnished hats; and on the back seat were the Countess von Solzen and the count. You should remember that day too, grandpa though you were not there."

Grandpa Reichert, finding himself addressed, stared at her with open mouth.

"It was the day you went to work for your relative by marriage—Heidelmier, the baker, grandpa. The youngest Von Solzen had been crying—it was not known for what reason. I was standing, when the count inquired of me for a glass of milk for him, on the doorstep of our little house, in which for all it was so small - we still rented two of its three rooms."

"Grandma!" Papa Reichert cried warningly.

"What?"

"You are not entertaining anybody by what you are telling."

"Was it your new automobile you came in this evening, Mr. Sterner?" Mamma Reichert cut in, looking red.

"Yes, Mrs. Reichert."

"Magnificent!"

Grandma Reichert would not be turned aside.

"I went into the house," she recounted, "and brought out the glass of milk. The count, taking it, continued to gaze into my face. 'It seems to me,' he said, 'that I ought to know who you are.' 'That would not be unlikely,' I replied, 'as no doubt you have often seen me with my father and mother working in your fields. Our family has sweated for many generations in your fields,' I said to the count. 'My husband's people also are tenants of yours; but, now that we are married, he is working for a relative of his, the baker—and we have come to live in the town.'"

Papa Reichert squirmed in his seat.

"How do you find the wine, Sterner?" he broke in.

"Excellent—this is the way wine should be when the grapes are pressed out with the feet, not crushed in a machine. There is no press that will not crack now and then a few of the seeds."

"And what I said to the count was quite true, Mr. Sterner," Grandma Reichert declared. "I do not know what sort of things about us may have been told to you or to anybody. Some Germans, when they get over in this country—it would appear by what they say that they are related to all the ancient nobility; but we do not make any pretenses of that kind. We are even proud, now that we have a big house, to have people know that we came from a little one and from laboring in the fields. I tell you this because it might be expected by some people that our children would want to marry some kind of people different from ourselves; but I do not expect that at all. I expect them to marry working people of the same sort as we—their grandparents—are."

At this point Papa Reichert's mind slipped off into a void of horror and bewilderment. His eyes opened wide. Why had Grandma Reichert, who was always so well-behaved, done this thing? Papa Reichert looked covertly at Sterner, who seemed flushed and resentful—at Lucia, who was stiffly pretending not to have heard what was said.

Mamma Reichert was talking desperately about the opera and Otto was telling Lucia he could not go; but these things came to Papa Reichert as the words of actors come to auditors in the fourth gallery. He could only push the food round on his plate.

He came back, white and grim in his bewilderment, when after dinner he had shown his embarrassed guests to the door. "What have you done, mother?" he cried accusingly. "Why have you insulted our guests?"

"Otto is not going to marry that girl, Rudolph."

"That was not for you to decide—that is for Otto to decide," Papa Reichert shouted bitterly.

"Well, Rudolph, it has appeared that no one was letting Otto decide it. First it was you and mamma that decided it; then it was you and Mr. Sterner; finally Lucia appeared to have agreed. But now Otto has decided for himself the whole thing so thoroughly that if he wishes to change his mind the law will prevent him."

"The law! Are you making some sort of a joke?"

"Otto is already married, Rudolph!"

"*Ach Himmel!*" cried Mamma Reichert and fell into a chair.

Papa Reichert became conscious that he was opening and closing his mouth like a fish, but that no words came. The realization brought him to himself. It was necessary only to look at Otto to see that grandma had told the truth.

"Since when are you married, Otto?" Papa Reichert demanded palely.

Otto wet his lips.

"Since noon today."

"Will you tell us, please, the lady's name?" There was ominous self-control now in Papa Reichert's manner.

"It is Charlotte Reichert now," Otto replied courageously; "but until today it was Charlotte Fredericks."

"It is not ——" Papa Reichert panted apprehensively.

Otto looked his father in the eye.

"Yes; she is Uncle Emil's stenographer," he confirmed.

Papa Reichert turned miserably to his wife.

"Mamma, what a thing this is to come to you and me!" He bent beside her and joined his sobs with hers. Then he straightened bitterly. "Can you not see, Otto, what kind of wife you have got? She is satisfied to be married to you—that is all! She is sitting at home with her own papa ——"

"Her father is dead," Otto put in steadily.

"With her mamma then."

"Her mother is dead too. She has no family."

"*Ach Himmel!*" Papa Reichert cried in agony. "Mamma, did you hear?"

"I heard!" Mamma Reichert sobbed hysterically.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

V

THE peace of a gray Sunday morning hung like a cloud over the little *Pension* Schwarz. In the kitchen the elderly maid, with a shawl over her shoulders and stiffened fingers, made the fire, while in the dining room the little chambermaid cut butter and divided it sparingly among a dozen breakfast trays - on each tray two hard rolls, a butter pat, a plate, a cup. On two trays Olga, with a glance over her shoulder, placed two butter pats. The mistress yet slept, but in the kitchen Katrina had a keen eye for butter—and a hard heart.

Katrina came to the door.

"The hot water is ready," she announced. "And the coffee also. Hast thou been to mass?"

"*Ja.*"

"That is a lie." This quite on general principle, it being one of the cook's small tyrannies to exact religious observance from her underling, and one of Olga's Sunday morning's indulgences to oversleep and avoid the mass. Olga took the accusation meekly and without reply, being occupied at that moment in standing between Katrina and the extra pats of butter.

"For the lie," said Katrina calmly, "thou shalt have no butter this morning. There, the Herr Doctor rings for water. Get it, wicked one!"

Katrina turned slowly in the doorway.

"The new *Fräulein* is American?"

"*Ja.*"

Katrina shrugged her shoulders.

"Then I shall put more water to heat," she said resignedly. "The Americans use much water. God knows it cannot be healthy!"

Olga filled her pitcher from the great copper kettle and stood with it poised in her thin young arms.

"The new *Fraulein* is very beautiful," she continued aloud. "Thinkest thou it is the hot water?"

"Is an egg more beautiful for being boiled?" demanded Katrina. "Go, and be less foolish. See, it is not the Herr Doctor who rings, but the new American."

"Part of the Prescription is an Occasional Walk in Good Company"

Olga carried her pitcher to Harmony's door, and being bidden, entered. The room was frigid and Harmony, at the window in her nightgown, was closing the outer casement. The inner still swung open. Olga, having put down her pitcher, shivered.

"Surely the *Fräulein* has not slept with open windows?"

"Always with open windows." Harmony, having secured the inner casement, was wrapping herself in the blue silk kimono with the faded butterflies. Merely to look at it made Olga shiver afresh. She shook her head.

"But the air of the night," she said, "it is full of mists and illnesses! Will you have breakfast now?"

"In ten minutes, after I have bathed."

Olga having put a match to the stove went back to the kitchen, shaking her head.

"They are strange, the Americans!" she said to Katrina. "And if to be lovely one must bathe daily, and sleep with open windows ——"

Harmony had slept soundly after all. Her pique at Byrne had passed with the reading of his note, and the sensation of his protection and nearness had been almost physical. In the virginal little apartment in the lodge of Maria Theresa the only masculine presence had been that of the *portier*, carrying up coals at ninety hellers a bucket, or of the accompanist who each alternate day had played for the Big Soprano to practice. And they had felt no deprivation, except for those occasional times when Scatchy developed a reckless wish to see the interior of a dancing hall or one of the little theaters that opened after the opera.

But, as calmly as though she had never argued alone with a cabman or disputed the bill at the delicatessen shop, Harmony had thrown herself on the protection of this shabby big American whom she had met but once, and, having done so, slept like a baby. Not, of course, that she realized her dependence. She had felt very old and experienced and exceedingly courageous as she put out her light the night before and took a flying leap into the bed. She was still old and experienced, if a trifle less courageous, that Sunday morning.

Promptly in ten minutes Olga brought the breakfast, two rolls, two pats of butter—shades of the sleeping mistress and Katrina the thrifty—and a cup of coffee. On the tray was a bit of paper torn from a notebook.

Part of the prescription is an occasional walk in good company. Will you walk with me this afternoon? I would come in person to ask you, but am spending the morning

in my bathrobe, while my one remaining American suit is being pressed. P. B.

Harmony got the ink and her pen from her trunk and wrote below:

You are very kind to me. Yes, indeed. H. W.

When frequent slamming of doors and steps along the passageway told Harmony that the *pension* was fully awake she got out her violin. The idea of work obsessed her. Tomorrow there would be the hunt for something to do to supplement her resources, this afternoon she had rashly promised to walk. The morning, then, must be given up to work. But after all she did little.

For an hour, perhaps, she practiced. The little Bulgarian paused outside her door and listened, rapt, his eyes closed. Peter Byrne, listening while he sorted lecture memoranda at his little table in bathrobe and slippers, absently filed the little note with the others—where he came across it months later—next to a lecture on McBurney's Point, and spent a sad hour or so over it. Over all the sordid little *pension*, with its odors of food and stale air, its spotted napery and dusty artificial flowers, the music hovered, and made for the time all things lovely.

In her room across from Harmony's, Anna Gates was sewing, or preparing to sew. Her hair in a knob, her sleeves rolled up, the room in violent disorder, she was bending over the bed, cutting savagely at a roll of pink flannel. Because she was working with curved surgeon's scissors, borrowed from Peter, the cut edges were strangely scalloped. Her method as well as her tools was unique. Clearly she was intent on a body garment, for now and then she picked up the flannel and held it to her. Having thus, as one may say, got the line of the thing, she proceeded to cut again, jaw tight set, small veins on her forehead swelling, a small replica of Peter Byrne sewing a button on his coat.

After a time it became clear to her that her method was wrong. She rolled up the flannel viciously and flung it into a corner, and proceeded to her Sunday morning occupation of putting away the garments she had worn during the week, a vast and motley collection.

On the irritability of her mood Harmony's music had a late but certain effect. She made a toilet, a trifle less casual than usual, seeing that she put on her stays, and rather sheepishly picked up the bundle from the corner. She hunted about for a thimble, being certain she had brought one from home a year before, but failed to find it. And finally, bundle under her arm and smiling, she knocked at Harmony's door.

"Would you mind letting me sit with you?" she asked. "I'll not stir. I want to sew, and my room is such a mess!"

Harmony threw the door wide. "You will make me very happy, if only my practicing does not disturb you."

Doctor Gates came in and closed the door.

"I'll probably be the disturbing element," she said. "I'm a noisy sewer."

Harmony's immaculate room and radiant person put her in good humor immediately. She borrowed a thimble—not because she cared whether she had one or not, but because she knew a thimble was a part of the game—and settled herself in a corner, her ragged pieces in her lap. For an hour she plodded along and Harmony played. Then the girl put down her bow and turned to the corner. The little doctor was jerking at a knot in her thread.

"It's in the most damnable knot!" she said, and Harmony was suddenly aware that she was crying, and heartily ashamed of it.

"Please don't pay any attention to me," she implored. "I hate to sew. That's the trouble. Or perhaps it's not all the trouble. I'm a fool about music."

"Perhaps, if you hate to sew ——"

"I hate a good many things, my dear, when you play like that. I hate being over here in this place, and I hate fleas and German cooking and clinics, and I hate being forty years old and as poor as a church-mouse and as ugly as sin, and I hate never having had any children!"

Harmony was very uncomfortable and just a little shocked. But the next moment Doctor Gates had wiped her eyes with a scrap of the flannel and was smiling up through her glasses.

"The plain truth really is that I have indigestion. I daresay I'm really weeping in anticipation over the Sunday dinner! The food's bad and I can't afford to live anywhere else. I'd take a room and do my own cooking, but what time have I?" She spread out the pieces of flannel on her knee. "Does this look like anything to you?"

"A petticoat, isn't it?"

"I didn't intend it as a petticoat."

"I thought, on account of the scallops ——"

"Scallops!" Doctor Gates gazed at the painfully cut pink edges and from them to Harmony. Then she laughed, peal after peal of joyous mirth.

"Scallops!" she gasped at last. "Oh, my dear, if you'd seen me cutting 'em! And with Peter Byrne's scissors!"

Now here at last they were on common ground. Harmony, delicately flushed, repeated the name, clung to it conversationally, using little adroitnesses to bring the talk back to him. All roads of talk led to Peter—Peter's future, Peter's poverty, Peter's refusing to have his hair cut, Peter's encounter with a major of the guards and the duel Peter almost fought. It developed that Peter, as the challenged, had had the choice of weapons, and had chosen fists, and that the major had been carried away. Doctor Gates grew rather weary of Peter at last and fell back on the pink flannel. She confided to Harmony that the various pieces, united, were to make a dressing gown for a little American boy at the hospital. "Although," she commented, "it looks more like a chair cover."

Harmony offered to help her, and got out a sewing box that was lined with a piece of her mother's wedding dress.

"Don't Fall in Love With Him. And Don't Let Him Fall in Love With You"

And as she straightened the crooked edges she told the doctor about the wedding dress, and about the mother who had called her Harmony because of the hope in her heart. And soon, by dint of skillful listening, which is always better than questioning, the faded little woman doctor knew all the story.

She was rather aghast.

"But suppose you cannot find anything to do?"

"I must." Simply.

"It's such a terrible city for a girl alone."

"I'm not really alone. I know you now."

"An impoverished spinster! Much help I shall be!"

"And there is Peter Byrne."

"Peter!" Doctor Gates sniffed. "Peter is poorer than I am, if there is any comparison in destitution!"

Harmony stiffened a trifle.

"Of course I do not mean money," she said. "There are such things as encouragement, and—and friendliness."

"One cannot eat encouragement," retorted Doctor Gates sagely. "And friendliness between you and any man—bah! Even Peter is only human, my dear."

"I am sure he is very good."

"So he is. He is very poor. But you are very attractive. There, I'm a skeptic about men, but you can trust Peter. Only don't fall in love with him. It will be years before he can marry. And don't let him fall in love with you. He probably will."

Whereupon Doctor Gates taking herself and her pink flannel off to prepare for lunch, Harmony sent a formal note to Peter Byrne, regretting that a headache kept her from taking the afternoon walk as she had promised. Also, to avoid meeting him, she did without dinner, and spent the afternoon crying herself into a headache that was real enough.

Anna Gates was no fool. While she made her few preparations for dinner she repented bitterly what she had said to Harmony. It is difficult for the sophistry of forty to remember and cherish the innocence of twenty. For illusions it is apt to substitute facts, the material for the spiritual, the body against the soul. Doctor Gates, from her school of general practice, had come to view life along physiological lines.

With her customary frankness she approached Peter after the meal.

"I've been making mischief, Peter. I have been talking too much, as usual."

"Certainly not about me, doctor. Out of my blameless life ——"

"About you, as a representative member of your sex. I'm a fool."

Peter looked serious. He had put on the newly pressed suit and his best tie, and was looking distinguished and just now rather stern.

"To whom?"

"To the young Wells person. Frankly, Peter, I daresay at this moment she thinks you are everything you shouldn't be, because I said you were only human. Why it should be evil to be human, or human to be evil ——"

"I cannot imagine," said Peter slowly, "the reason for any conversation about me."

"Nor I, when I look back. We seemed to talk about other things, but it always ended with you. Perhaps you were our one subject in common. Then she irritated me by her calm confidence. The world was good, everybody was good. She would find a safe occupation and all would be well."

"So you warned her against me," said Peter grimly.

"I told her you were human and that she was attractive. Shall I make 'way with myself?"

"*Cui bono?*" demanded Peter, smiling in spite of himself. "The mischief is done."

Doctor Gates looked up at him.

"I'm in love with you myself, Peter!" she said gratefully. "Perhaps it is the tie. Did you ever eat such a meal?"

VI

A VERY pale and dispirited Harmony it was who bathed her eyes in cold water that evening and obeyed little Olga's "*Bitte zum speisen.*" The chairs round the dining table were only half occupied—a free concert had taken some, Sunday excursions others. The little Bulgarian, secretly considered to be a political spy, was never about on this one evening of the week. Rumor had it that on these evenings, secreted in an attic room far off in the sixteenth district, he wrote and sent off reports of what he had learned during the week—his gleanings from near-by tables in coffee houses or from the indiscreet hours after midnight in the café, where the Austrian military was wont to gather and drink.

Into the empty chair beside Harmony Peter slid his long figure, and met a tremulous bow and silence. From the head of the table Frau Schwarz was talking volubly—as if, by mere sound, to distract attention from the scantiness of the meal. Under cover of the babel Peter spoke to the girl. Having had his warning his tone was friendly, without a hint of the intimacy of the day before.

"Better?"

"Not entirely. Somewhat."

"I wish you had sent Olga to me for some tablets. No one needs to suffer from headache, when five grains or so of powder will help them."

"I am afraid of headache tablets."

"Not when your physician prescribes them, I hope!"

This was the right note. Harmony brightened a little. After all, what had she to do with the man himself? He had constituted himself her physician. That was all.

"The next time I shall send Olga."

"Good!" he responded heartily; and proceeded to make such a meal as he might, talking little, and nursing, by a careful indifference, her new-growing confidence.

It was when he had pushed his plate away and lighted a cigarette—according to the custom of the *pension*, which accorded the *Nicht Rauchen* sign the same attention that it did to the portrait of the deceased Herr Schwarz—that he turned to her again.

"I am sorry you are not able to walk. It promises a nice night."

Peter was clever. Harmony, expecting an invitation to walk, had nerved herself to a cool refusal. This took her off guard.

"Then you do not prescribe air?"

"That's up to how you feel. If you care to go out and don't mind my going along as a sort of Old Dog Tray I haven't anything else to do."

Doctor Gates, eating stewed fruit across the table, gave Peter a swift glance of admiration, which he caught and acknowledged. He was rather exultant himself; certainly he had been adroit.

"I'd rather like a short walk. It will make me sleep," said Harmony, who had missed the by-play. "And Old Dog Tray would be a very nice companion, I'm sure."

It is doubtful, however, if Anna Gates would have applauded Peter had she followed the two in their rambling walk that night. Direction mattering little and companionship everything, they wandered on, talking of immaterial things—of the rough pavements, of the shop windows, of the gray medieval buildings. They came to a full stop in front of the Votivkirche, and discussed gravely the twin Gothic spires and the Benk sculptures on the façade. And there in the open square, casting diplomacy to the winds, Peter Byrne turned to Harmony and blurted out what was in his heart.

"Look here," he said, "you don't care a rap about spires. I don't believe you know anything about them. I don't. What did that idiot of a woman doctor say to you today?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do very well. And I'm going to set you right. She starts out with two premises: I'm a man, and you're young and attractive. Then she draws some sort of fool deduction. You know what I mean?"

"I don't see why we need discuss it," said poor Harmony. "Or how you know ——"

"I know because she told me. She knew she had been a fool, and she came to me. I don't know whether it makes any difference to you or not, but—we'd started out so well, and then to have it spoiled! My dear girl, you are beautiful and I know it. That's all the more reason why, if you'll stand for it, you need some one to look after you—I'll not say like a brother, because all the ones I ever knew were darned poor brothers to their sisters, but some one who will keep an eye on you and who isn't going to fall in love with you."

"I didn't think you were falling in love with me; nor did I wish you to."

"Certainly not. Besides, I ——" Here Peter Byrne had another inspiration, not so good as the first—"Besides, there is somebody at home, you understand? That makes it all right, doesn't it?"

"A girl at home?"

"A girl," said Peter, lying manfully.

"How very nice!" said Harmony, and put out her hand. Peter, feeling all sorts of a cheat, took it, and got his reward in a complete restoral of their former comradely relations. From abstractions of church towers and street paving they went, with the directness of the young, to themselves. Thereafter, during that memorable walk, they talked blissful personalities, Harmony's future, Peter's career, money—or its lack—their ambitions, their hopes, even—and here was intimacy indeed!—their disappointments, their failures of courage, their occasional loss of faith in themselves.

The first real snow of the year was falling as they turned back toward the *Pension* Schwarz, a damp snow that stuck fast and melted with a chilly cold that had in it nothing but depression. The upper spires of the Votivkirche were hidden in a gray mist; the trees in the park took on, against the gloom of the city hall, a snowy luminosity. Save for an occasional pedestrian, making his way home under an umbrella, the streets were deserted. Byrne and Harmony had no umbrella, but the girl rejected his offer of a taxicab.

"We should be home too quickly," she observed naïvely. "And we have so much to say about me. Now I thought that perhaps by giving English lessons in the afternoon and working all morning at my music ——"

And so on and on, square after square, with Peter listening gravely, his head bent. And square after square it was borne in on him what a precarious future stretched before this girl beside him, how very slender her resources, how more than dubious the outcome.

Poverty, which had only stimulated Peter Byrne in the past, ate deep into his soul that night.

Epochmaking as the walk had been, seeing that it had reëstablished a friendship and made a working basis for future comradely relations, they were back at the corner of the Alserstrasse before ten. As they turned in at the little street, a man, lurching somewhat, almost collided with Harmony. He was a short, heavy-set person with a carefully curled mustache, and he was singing, not loudly, but with all his maudlin heart in his voice, the barcarolle from the Tales of Hoffmann. He saw Harmony, and still singing planted himself in her path. When Byrne would have pushed him aside Harmony caught his arm.

"It is only the *portier* from the lodge," she said.

The *portier*, having come to rest on a throaty and rather wavering note, stood before Harmony, bowing.

"The *Fraulein* has gone and I am very sad," he said thickly. "There is no more music, and Rosa has run away with a soldier from Salzburg who has only one lung."

"I've Had a Terrific Row Upstairs and I'm Going"

"But think!" Harmony said in German. "No more practicing in the early dawn, no young ladies bringing mud into your new-scrubbed hall! It is better, is it not? All day you may rest and smoke!"

Byrne led Harmony past the drunken *portier*, who turned with caution and bowed after them.

"*Gute Nacht*," he called. "*Küss die Hand, Fräulein.* Four rooms and the salon and a bath of the finest."

As they went up the Hirschengasse they could hear him pursuing his unsteady way down the street and singing lustily. At the door of the *Pension* Schwarz Harmony paused.

"Do you mind if I ask one question?"

"You honor me, madam."

"Then—what is the name of the girl back home?"

Peter Byrne was suddenly conscious of a complete void as to feminine names. He offered, in a sort of panic, the first one he recalled:

"Emma."

"Emma! What a nice old-fashioned name!" But there was a touch of disappointment in her voice.

Harmony had a lesson the next day. She was a favorite pupil with the Master. Out of so much musical chaff he winnowed only now and then a grain of real ability. And Harmony had that. Scatchy and the Big Soprano had been right—she had the real thing.

The short half-hour lesson had a way with Harmony of lengthening itself to an hour or more, much to the disgust of the lady secretary in the anteroom. On that Monday Harmony had pleased the old man to one of his rare enthusiasms.

"Six months," he said, "and you will go back to your America and show them how over here we teach violin. I will a letter—letters—give you, and you shall put on the program of your concerts that you are my pupil, is it not so?"

Harmony was drawing on her worn gloves; her hands trembled a little with the praise and excitement.

"If I can stay so long," she answered unsteadily.

"You must stay. Have I so long labored, and now before it is finished you talk of going! *Gott im Himmel!*"

"It is a matter of money. My father is dead. And unless I find something to do I shall have to go back."

The Master had heard many such statements. They never ceased to rouse his ire against a world that had money for everything but music. He spent five minutes in indignant protest, then:

"But you are clever and young, child. You will find a way to stay. Perhaps I can now and then find a concert for you." It was a lure he had thrown out before, a hook without a bait. It needed no bait, being always eagerly swallowed. "And no more talk of going away. I refuse to allow. You shall not go."

Harmony paid the lady secretary on her way out. The Master was interested. He liked Harmony and he believed in her. But fifty kronen is fifty kronen, and South American beef is high of price. He followed Harmony into the outer room and bowed her out of his studio.

"The *Fräulein* has paid?" he demanded, turning sharply to the lady secretary.

"Always."

"After the lesson?"

"*Ja*, Herr Professor."

"It is better," said the Master, "that she pay hereafter before the lesson."

"*Ja*, Herr Professor."

Whereupon the lady secretary put a red-ink cross before Harmony's name. There were many such crosses on the ledger.

VII

FOR three days Byrne hardly saw Harmony. He was off early in the morning, hurried back to the midday meal and was gone again the moment it was over. He had lectures in the evenings, too, and although he lingered for an hour or so after supper it was to find Harmony taken possession of by the little Bulgarian, seized with a sudden thirst for things American.

On the evening of the second day he had left Harmony, enmeshed and helpless in a tangle of language, trying to explain to the little Bulgarian the reason American women wished to vote. Byrne flung down the stairs and out into the street, almost colliding with Stewart.

They walked on together, Stewart with the comfortably rolling gait of the man who has just dined well, Byrne with his heavy, rather solid tread. The two men were not congenial, and the frequent intervals without speech between them were rather for lack of understanding than for that completeness of it which often fathers long silences.

Byrne was the first to speak after their greeting.

"Marie all right?"

"Fine. Said if I saw you to ask you to supper some night this week."

"Thanks. Does it matter which night?"

"Any but Thursday. We're hearing La Bohème."

"Say Friday then."

Byrne's tone lacked enthusiasm, but Stewart in his after-dinner mood failed to notice it.

They separated shortly after and Byrne went on alone. The snow of Sunday had turned to a fine rain which had lasted all of Monday and Tuesday. The sidewalks were slimy; wagons slid in the ooze of the streets; and the smoke from the little stoves in the street-cars followed them in depressing horizontal clouds. Cabmen sat and smoked in the interior of musty cabs. The women hod-carriers on a new building steamed like horses as they worked.

Byrne walked along, his head thrust down into his upturned collar; moisture gathered on his face like dew, condensed rather than precipitated. And as he walked there came before him a vision of the little flat on the Kochgasse, with the lamp on the table, and the general air of warmth and cheer, and a figure presiding over the brick stove in the kitchen. Byrne shook himself like a great dog and turned in at the gate of the hospital. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself.

That week was full of disappointments for Harmony. Wherever she turned she faced a wall of indifference or, what was worse, an interest that frightened her. Like a bird in a cage she beat helplessly against barriers of language, of strange customs, of stolidity that was not far from absolute cruelty.

She held to her determination, however, at first with hope, then, as the *pension* in advance and the lessons at fifty kronen—also in advance—went on, recklessly. She played marvelously those days, crying out through her violin the despair she had sealed her lips against. On Thursday, playing for the Master, she turned to find him flourishing his handkerchief, and went home in a sort of daze, incredulous that she could have moved him to tears.

The little Bulgarian was frankly her slave now. He had given up the coffee houses that he might spend that hour near her, on the chance of seeing her or, failing that, of hearing her play. At night in the Café Hungaria he sat for hours at a time, his elbows on the table, a bottle of native wine before him, and dreamed of her. He was very fat, the little Georgiev, very swarthy, very pathetic. The Balkan kettle was simmering in those days, and he had been set to watch the fire. But instead he had kindled a flame of his own, and was feeding it with stray words, odd glances, a bit of music, the curve of a woman's hair behind her ears. For reports he wrote verses in modern Greek, and through one of those inadvertences which make tragedy, the minister of war down in troubled Bulgaria once received between the pages of a report in cipher on the fortifications of the Danube a verse in fervid hexameter that made even that grim official smile.

Harmony was quite unconscious. She went on her way methodically: so many hours of work, so many lessons at fifty kronen, so many afternoons searching for something to do, making rounds of shops where her English might be valuable.

And after a few weeks Peter Byrne found time to help. After one experience, when Harmony left a shop with flaming face and tears in her eyes, he had thought it best to go with her. The first interview, under Peter's grim

eyes, was a failure. The shopkeeper was obviously suspicious of Peter. After that, whenever he could escape from clinics, Peter went along but stayed outside, smoking his eternal cigarette, and keeping a watchful eye on things inside the shop.

Only once was he needed. At that time, suspecting that all was not well, from the girl's eyes and the leer on the shopkeeper's face, he had opened the door in time to hear enough. He had lifted the proprietor bodily and flung him with a crash into a glass showcase of ornaments for the hair. Then, entirely cheerful and happy, and unmolested by the frightened clerks, he led Harmony outside and in a sort of atavistic triumph bought her a bunch of valley lilies.

Nevertheless, in his sane moments, Peter knew that things were very bad indeed. He was still not in love with the girl. He analyzed his own feeling very carefully, and that was his conclusion. Nevertheless he did a quixotic thing -which was Peter, of course, all over.

He took supper with Stewart and Marie on Friday, and the idea came to him there. Hardly came to him, being Marie's originally. The little flat was cozy and bright. Marie, having straightened her kitchen, brought in a waist she was making and sat sewing while the two men talked. Their conversation was technical, a new extirpation of the thyroid gland, a recent nephrectomy.

In her curious way Marie liked Peter and respected him. She struggled with the technicalities of their talk as she sewed, finding here and there a comprehensive bit. At those times she sat, needle poised, intelligent eyes on the speakers, until she lost herself again in the mazes of their English.

At ten o'clock she rose and put away her sewing. Peter saw her get the stone pitcher and knew she was on her way for the evening beer. He took advantage of her absence to broach the matter of Harmony.

"She's up against it, as a matter of fact," he finished. "It ought to be easy enough for her to find something, but it isn't."

"I hardly saw her that day in the coffee house; but she's rather handsome, isn't she?"

"That's one of the difficulties. Yes."

Stewart smoked and reflected. "No friends here at all?"

"None. There were three girls at first. Two have gone home."

"Could she teach violin?"

"I should think so."

"Aren't there any kids in the American Colony who want lessons? There's usually some sort of infant prodigy ready to play at any entertainments of the Doctors' Club."

"They don't want an American teacher, I fancy; but I suppose I could put a card up in the club rooms. Damn it all!" cried Peter with a burst of honest resentment, "why do I have to be poor?"

"If you were rolling in gold you could hardly offer her money, could you?"

Peter had not thought of that before. It was the only comfort he found in his poverty. Marie had brought in the beer and was carefully filling the mugs. "Why do you not marry her?" she asked unexpectedly. "Then you could take this flat. We are going to Semmering for the winter sports. I would show her about the stove."

"Marry her, of course!" said Peter gravely. "Just pick her up and carry her to church! The trifling fact that she does not wish to marry me need have nothing to do with it."

"Ah, but does she not wish it?" demanded Marie. "Are you so certain, stupid big one? Do not women always love you?"

Ridiculous as the thought was, Peter pondered it as he went back to the *Pension* Schwarz. About himself he was absurdly modest, almost humble. It had never occurred to him that women might care for him for himself. In his struggling life there had been little time for women. But about himself as the solution of a problem—that was different.

He argued the thing over. In the unlikely contingency of the girl's being willing, was Stewart right—could two people live as cheaply as one? Marie was an Austrian and knew how to manage -that was different. And another thing troubled him. He dreaded to disturb the delicate adjustment of their relationship: the *terra incognita* of a young girl's mind daunted him. There was another consideration which he put resolutely in the back of his mind—his career. He had seen many a promising one killed by early marriage, men driven to the back work of the profession by the scourge of financial necessity. But that was a matter of the future; the necessity was immediate.

The night was very cold. Gusts of wind from the snow-covered Schneeberg drove along the streets, making each corner a fortress defended by the elements, a battlement to be seized, lost, seized again. Peter Byrne battled valiantly but mechanically. And as he fought he made his decision.

He acted with characteristic promptness. Possibly, too, he was afraid of the strength of his own resolution. By morning sanity might prevail, and in cold daylight he would see the absurdity of his position. He almost ran up the winding staircase. At the top his cold fingers fumbled the key and he swore under his breath. He slammed the door behind him. Peter always slammed doors, and had an apologetic way of opening the door again and closing it gently, as if to show that he could.

Harmony's room was dark, but he had surprised her once into a confession that when she was very downhearted she liked to sit in the dark and be very blue indeed. So he stopped and knocked. There was no reply, but from Doctor Gates' room across there came a hum of conversation. He knew at once that Harmony was there.

Peter hardly hesitated. He took off his soft hat and ran a hand over his hair, and he straightened his tie. These preliminaries to a proposal of marriage being disposed of, he rapped at the door.

Anna Gates opened it. She wore a hideous red-flannel wrapper, and in deference to Harmony a thimble. Her flat breast was stuck with pins, and pinkish threads revealed the fact that the bathrobe was still under way.

"Peter!" she cried. "Come in and get warm."

Harmony, in the blue kimono, gave a little gasp, and flung round her shoulders the mass of pink on which she had been working.

"Please go out!" she said. "I am not dressed."

"You are covered," returned Anna Gates. "That's all that any sort of clothing can do. Don't mind her, Peter, and sit on the bed. Look out for pins!"

Peter, however, did not sit down. He stood just inside the closed door and stared at Harmony—Harmony in the red light from the little open door of the stove; Harmony in blue and pink and a bit of white petticoat; Harmony with her hair over her shoulders and tied out of her eyes with an encircling band of rosy flannel.

"Do sit!" cried Anna Gates. "You fill the room so. Bless you, Peter, what a collar!"

No man likes to know his collar is soiled, especially on the eve of proposing marriage to a pink and blue and white vision. Peter, seated now on the bed, writhed.

"I rapped at Miss Wells' door," he said. "You were not there." This last, of course, to Harmony. Anna Gates sniffed.

"Naturally!"

"I had something to say to you. I—I daresay it is hardly *pension* etiquette for you to go over to your room and let me say it there?"

Harmony smiled above the flannel.

"Could you call it through the door?"

"Hardly."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Doctor Gates, rising. "I'll go over, of course, but not for long. There's no fire."

With her hand on the knob, however, Harmony interfered.

"Please!" she implored. "I am not dressed, and I'd rather not." She turned to Peter. "You can say it before her, can't you? She—I have told her all about things."

Peter hesitated. He felt ridiculous for the second time that night. Then:

"It was merely an idea I had. I saw a little apartment furnished—you could learn to use the stove, unless, of course, you don't like housekeeping—and food is really awfully cheap. Why, at these delicatessen places and bakeshops ——"

Here he paused for breath and found Doctor Gates' quizzical glance fixed on him, and Harmony's startled eyes.

"What I am trying to say," he exploded, "is that I believe if you would marry me it would solve some of your troubles anyhow." He was talking for time now, against Harmony's incredulous face. "You'd be taking on others, of course. I'm not much and I'm as poor—well, you know. It—it was the apartment that gave me the idea ——"

"And the stove!" said Harmony; and suddenly burst into joyous laughter. After a rather shocked instant Doctor Gates joined her. It was real mirth with Harmony, the first laugh of days, that curious laughter of women that is not far from tears.

Peter sat on the bed uncomfortably. He grinned sheepishly and made a last feeble attempt to stick to his guns. "I mean it. You know I'm not in love with you or you with me, of course. But we are such a pair of waifs, and I thought we might get along. Lord knows I need some one to look after me!"

"And Emma?"

"There is no Emma. I made her up."

Harmony sobered at that.

"It is only"—she gasped a little for breath—"it is only your—your transparency, Peter." It was the first time she had called him Peter. "You know how things are with me and you want to help me, and out of your generosity you are willing to take on another burden. Oh, Peter!"

And here, Harmony being an emotional young person, the tears beat the laughter to the surface and had to be wiped away under the cover of mirth.

Anna Gates, having recovered herself, sat back and surveyed them both sternly through her glasses.

"Once for all," she said brusquely, "let such foolishness end. Peter, I am ashamed of you. Marriage is not for you—not yet, not for a dozen years. Any man can saddle himself with a wife; not every man can be what you may be if you keep your senses and stay single. And the same is true for you, girl. To tide over a bad six months you would sacrifice the very thing you are both struggling for?"

"I'm sure we don't intend to do it," replied Harmony meekly.

"Not now. Some day you may be tempted. When that time comes, remember what I say. Matrimonially speaking, each of you is fatal to the other. Now go away and let me alone. I'm not accustomed to proposals of marriage."

It was in some confusion of mind that Peter Byrne took himself off to the bedroom with the cold tiled stove and the bed that was as comfortable as a washtub. Undeniably he was relieved. Also Harmony's problem was yet unsolved. Also she had called him Peter.

Also he had said he was not in love with her. Was he so sure of that?

At midnight, just as Peter, rolled in the bedclothing, had managed to warm the cold concavity of his bed and had dozed off, Anna Gates knocked at his door.

"Yes?" said Peter, still comfortably asleep.

"It is Doctor Gates."

"Sorry, doctor—have to 'xcuse me," mumbled Peter from the blanket.

"Peter!"

Peter roused to a chilled and indignant consciousness and sat up in bed.

"Well?"

"Open the door just a crack."

Resignedly Peter crawled out of bed, carefully turning the coverings up to retain as much heat as possible. An icy blast from the open window blew round him, setting everything movable in the little room to quivering. He fumbled in the dark for his slippers, failed to find them, and yawning noisily went to the door.

Anna Gates, with a candle, was outside. Her short, graying hair was out of its hard knot, and hung in an equally

(Continued on Page 48)

"Have I So Long Labored, and Now You Talk of Going! Gott im Himmel!"

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Too Many Cooks

THE bill requiring common carriers to secure the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission for any future issues of securities ought to become a law and doubtless will. The need of it has been abundantly demonstrated, and few railroad men will object to it; but they may very reasonably object to the situation in which that law will leave them unless the supremacy of national over state regulation is unequivocally affirmed.

A number of states already require that the issue of securities by railroads within their jurisdiction be submitted to the state railroad commission, or a like body, and its assent secured. The typical railroad nowadays operates in anywhere from three to a dozen states. Requiring a railroad to submit a proposed security issue first to the Interstate Commerce Commission and then to half a dozen or so different state commissions is mere waste and confusion.

The Massachusetts hearing in regard to the New Haven's proposed debenture issue took considerably over a month—and the finding was then reversed by the Supreme Court. If the road had been obliged to apply to four or five other states and also to Washington, it might well have forgotten what it needed the money for long before it secured permission to borrow it.

An interstate road should submit its case to Washington and the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be final and binding on every state in the jurisdiction of which the road operates. Anything else would be mere waste and confusion. We might even have the edifying spectacle of a state containing a tenth or so of a road's mileage—as Utah, in the case of the Union Pacific—vetoing a bond issue that the national body had approved.

Simple and Complex Financing

IF YOU take up any standard manual of securities and turn to any big railroad you will find a list of bond issues as long as your arm—more or less—and of all sorts, sizes and descriptions. There will be prior-lien bonds and general bonds, unified bonds and refunding bonds—this division first-mortgage 4s, that division general-lien 4s and 4½s, and another division second-mortgage 5s; there will be convertible bonds, income bonds, collateral trust bonds, debentures and equipment bonds.

And if you look farther along in the text you will see that the big railroad is composed of twenty or fifty separate corporations which have been taken into the system from time to time. This accounts in part for the astonishing multiplicity and variety of bonds.

In the main, however, the big railroads are definitively shaped now. The many original component parts have long since been knit into a single organism, from which a far greater simplicity of financing ought logically to follow.

Some years ago the Great Northern made a blanket mortgage to secure several hundred million dollars of uniform bonds, which in the course of time will replace all or nearly all the heterogeneous issues.

The Pennsylvania now proposes to go a step farther by making a practically unlimited general mortgage, under which any amount of uniform bonds may be issued—the only restriction being that the total outstanding at any time shall not exceed the capital stock.

Eventually, we may presume, there will be only one sort of Pennsylvania Railroad bond outstanding, whether the amount is five hundred million dollars or five billions, which will simplify and improve things for both the borrower and the investor. To make railroad accounts and finances as simple as possible is worth while.

Is This an Improvement?

NOT long ago we revisited a very brisk little city we had known fairly well several years before, when its estate was humbler. There were many improvements and we heard a great deal about them. Among them were no less than four notably large and costly churches—each of them, in fact, rather larger and more costly than we should expect to find in a place of that size and wealth.

We were told how much the new churches cost and invited to admire their architecture, which we dutifully attempted to do—but with no great success. We were told which denomination began it by putting up an edifice that outshone anything in town, and which one, spurred by noble emulation, next followed suit.

We heard much about the churches—meaning the edifices—and that was all we did hear about church during our sojourn. Apparently the most conspicuous thing that religion had to say for itself was expressed in so many tons of brick and stone, so many square yards of stained glass, so many thousand dollars collected, and three or four tidy little mortgages to be liquidated by future collections.

Inevitably there was the district that improvement had circumspectly skipped—the usual slums of the brisk American small city: a straggling array of shanties whose forlorn squalor told the story of their inmates better than any statistical exhibition. There was a church over there, also—a ridiculous little affair, with the paint peeled from its weatherbeaten sides and two windowlights broken.

We fell to wondering whether if, instead of seeing which could build the costliest structure, they had got together —— But probably a layman has no business to wonder about those things.

What Directors May Represent

BY A NERVY stock-market coup involving the use of possibly eight or ten million dollars the late John W. Gates and his crowd came into undisputed control of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Some time before that a dashing little company of Western speculators came within an ace of capturing the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad when the cash in that railroad's treasury probably about equaled the amount the Gates crowd used in nearly acquiring control of its stock.

How Morse and Heinze, prior to the panic of 1907, secured control of several important New York banks by purchasing and hypothecating stock—so that the amount of their own money employed in acquiring control was utterly insignificant in comparison with the sums that passed under their supervision—is no doubt well remembered.

The persons who controlled the St. Louis & San Francisco road had invested in the property a sum that was trivial in comparison with the total investment. How Mr. Ryan beat Mr. Harriman to the handful of stock certificates that nominally carried control of the Equitable Life, with its hundred millions of assets, is history.

In a few radical Western states a man cannot get control of a bank by the simple expedient of buying—perhaps with borrowed money—a majority of its capital stock. If he is a man plainly unfit for the trust he cannot even be a director or officer of the bank, even though he hold a majority of the stock. The banking department virtually has the power to oust him regardless of his stockholdings.

We should not mind seeing the same principle applied to railroads—so that if a speculative person or crowd with a bad record should capture enough stock of a road to vote himself or itself into power, the Interstate Commerce Commission could say: "You are plainly unfit for the trust and you cannot hold the offices."

Always Just Beginning

WE ARE told—but have not looked it up—that some time in the fifties a commissioner of patents resigned on the ground that, having steam railroads and electric telegraphs, no field remained in which any important discoveries or inventions might reasonably be expected, and that the patent office must necessarily degenerate into a sort of museum.

It is not necessary to look it up, because we can find that putative commissioner of patents almost anywhere by merely glancing round. Since then the telephone, electric light, phonograph, wireless and flying machine are only a few of the outstanding inventions. We remember staring up in open-mouthed awe at the monster steam engine Mr. Pullman took from the Centennial Exposition to his shops in Chicago, and of being informed that the towering structure—about the size of a three-story building—was undoubtedly the last word in steam power. Nowadays, we believe, they get more horsepower out of a steam engine that you could almost put in a Pullman drawing room.

And there are still plenty of people who are of opinion that it is practically all done. Having invented wireless and aeroplanes, what can possibly be left for man to invent?

That there will be more great inventions in the next fifty years than in the last fifty is certain, because every step forward opens the way for two more steps, and because—most important of all—with every succeeding decade more brainpower becomes available to the world.

Every advance in popular education and in general well-being means the tapping of new strata of brainpower—that a greater number of men will be in a position to develop their full intellectual capacities.

The Little Red Schoolhouse

IT OUGHT to be pretty well understood by this time that the one-room rural district school beloved of our grandfathers is mostly a scandalous institution. The typical teacher is a girl just out of normal school, much underpaid, sometimes overworked and sometimes with only half a dozen pupils of assorted ages.

A Vermont report covering thirty-two such schools shows that in three years there were one hundred and seventeen different teachers, of whom—on an average—more than half served less than two terms.

A great majority of these schools are poorly housed and hardly equipped at all—just a bare little room with a desk, a rostrum, a blackboard and a poisonous castiron stove. That efficient instruction can be had under such conditions is out of the question.

And there is less and less excuse for the typical one-room, ungraded rural district school. Our grandfathers could have that or nothing. In their day the nearest town was ten miles or more away and the road all but impassable half the year.

Now—all over the Middle West at least—there are few rural districts that are not within easy haul of a village graded school; still fewer that might not have a fairly equipped graded school within easy haul by consolidating the districts. Already in some localities a wagon to bring in the country children is as much a part of the educational equipment as the traditional blackboard itself.

Like some other poor institutions the little red schoolhouse subsists mainly on prejudice and mere inertia. If educating children is worth all this effort, to give them tolerably efficient teaching is worth just a little more effort.

Social Housecleaning

IN THE nature of the case no premises can be continuously occupied over a considerable period for vicious purposes without the knowledge of the landlord or his agent. A perfectly simple and easy method for preventing the continuous occupation of premises for vicious purposes is not merely to make the landlord and agent criminally liable—for various states do that now—but to enforce the liability. Not long ago, for the first time in the history of the state, we believe, the landlord of a disorderly resort in New York was given a prison sentence. A dozen sentences of the same kind will accomplish more housecleaning than a great many lectures.

Theater and Opera

THEATRICAL managers chronically complain of poor business and probably with some reason. Whether this season's complaints have more justification than usual we do not know. Meantime grand opera, charging two to three times the theater's price for a seat, is doing quite well in New York, and in Chicago has finished its most prosperous year.

Why will people generously support a five or six dollar show while a two-dollar show next door languishes? Evidently for the same reason they will pay five cents for a fine apple and nothing for a poor one. Eight times out of ten opera gives you your money's worth, while at the theater it is quite possible to draw eight blanks in ten ventures.

True, some fine plays, like Rutherford and The Yellow Jacket, find very inadequate support—which, in our opinion, is because people who would support such plays are exactly the ones whom experience has taught to regard a theater ticket as a chance in a lottery where the prizes are few and the blanks many.

If the Metropolitan should give half a dozen operas with principals chosen from musical comedy and an orchestra borrowed from a popular restaurant its clientele would vanish, and only by much patient coaxing could it ever be brought back.

The managers say—truthfully, no doubt—that they put on the best plays they can get; but they also put on the worst plays they can get. And they offer both sorts of goods in the same kind of package. How is a buyer to know?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

One of the Most Useful of the Men Now in Public Life

THERE are but four men out of a total of four hundred and thirty-five in the House of Representatives who have had a longer continuous service there than Oscar W. Underwood, and but two others who have served so long.

To be sure, counting terms not in sequence, Sereno E. Payne has served longer than any other present-time statesman; but once, away back yonder, the people of Central New York committed the frightful political *faux pas* of beating the Honorable Sereno, thus destroying his batting average for continuity and forcing him to remain off the payroll for a period of two years a political error without parallel in the annals of Auburn, Seneca Falls, Canandaigua, Lyons, Penn Yan and the territory surrounding these Payne centers, but amply and handsomely atoned for by allowing Sereno to come back to Washington regularly ever since.

Aside from Mr. Payne, those who antedate Underwood are the gentle Jones, of Virginia; the good Doctor Bartholdt, of St. Louis, who encourages universal peace and discourages universal prohibition, being a staunch advocate of personal liberty—except as to fighting, wherein the time employed, he vigorously asserts, can be spent to far better advantage in singing Oh, My German Brother! and absorbing an occasional seidel; and Gillett, of Massachusetts, who has whims, whiskers and warwhoops in liberal supply. Bartlett, of Georgia, and Sparkman, of Florida, began their service on March 4, 1895, when Underwood began his.

Consider what that means! More than three thousand men, a good many more, have served in the House of Representatives since Underwood began his Washington career, and of the lot of ambitious, aimless, ambidextrous and audacious patriots but four remain who started before he did.

That proves two things — both having a mental slant. The first is that the people of Underwood's district, which surrounds the city of Birmingham, Alabama, have good sense, for the personal worth of a representative to his constituents depends more on his length of service than on any other attribute. The second is that O. Underwood himself has as much sense as the people of his district: an extremely sagacious combination, as it would appear.

The House of Representatives is a great democracy and it is an independent democracy. It is a self-contained and a self-appraised institution the most rigid show-us organization of which I have any knowledge, so far as its various members and their relations with and standing among the other members are concerned. Past performances count for nothing.

A man may come to Washington with a resounding reputation as a talented lawyer, but that drops off when he takes his seat as a novice in the House. He may be a talented lawyer. No one disputes the claim or haggles over the reputation; but being such it is his required part to prove that pretension on the floor and in committee—and prove it to the satisfaction of his colleagues, not to the satisfaction of himself or that of his friends.

He may have note as an orator, as a phrasemaker, as a stumper, as a brilliant man before a jury, as an expounder of economic or other problems and policies, but neither note nor notoriety will sway the judgment of the House. A great orator, is he? Well and good; but let us have a few samples and we will pass our own judgment and make our own estimate, say the others in the House. Or if he comes as a student he must study and show the results of his research. And this is so if he asserts he is a specialist or an expert. He must produce—and produce there and not elsewhere—to be given position.

How Underwood Made Good in the House

A SPECIOUS man may befool and befog a constituency for a time of greater or less duration, but ultimately his speciousness will fail of its effect and his superficiality will be his undoing. The mills of the gods are not the only mills that grind slowly. The people have mills of their own, and they do considerable grinding in the course of time.

A statesman may escape being shoveled into the hopper with the other grist for so long a period that he may think he will never come in contact with the burrs; but they all do—they all do. And when they come out most of them discover, to their intense amazement, that they are spouted into the bran bin and not into the flour bin.

Wherefore when a man passes the scrutiny of his colleagues and attains his position in the House, and when, also, he survives the ordeal of the eventual and similar test by his constituents, he needs no further testimonials. He has arrived. He has proved up. He is real; for, no matter how bogus his judges may be, they judge him by the Socratic principle of what he is, not what he says he is.

That, it seems to me, is the position of Oscar Underwood. He has been in the House for twenty years; and his abilities were known and recognized long before there was opportunity for reward for them, because he is a Democrat and his party was in the minority. As soon, however, as his party came into power and had more substantial recompense than applause in its gift, he was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; and that position carries with it the floor leadership.

So far as rank goes, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is inferior to the speaker, but not in power. When the House, in order to discipline Speaker Cannon, took away the committee-appointing prerogative, which was the greatest asset of the speakership, it left only titular rank for that official and conferred the real command on the floor leader—for the majority elects the Ways and Means Committee and that committee is given the selection of the other committees.

Underwood was elected to the Ways and Means Committee, where he had served long as the ranking minority member, and chairman thereof. That made him floor leader; and he is floor leader now—the most powerful as well as the most popular Democrat there. He attained both this regard and this reward because he had proved up in the House, because he had shown himself to be worthy of the place.

There is no political pose easier to maintain than the pose of assumed wisdom. All that is required is effective and continued restraint of conversation and comment.

The poser who operates on the plan of saying nothing is safe until he says something. Now and then, however, we find a man who says little, but when he does say his little has much to say; a man who not only appears to be wise but is wise; a man who holds himself in reserve until a real pronouncement is needed and then makes that pronouncement; a student who is master of his subject; a statesman who is grounded in the essentials as well as the details of his profession; a citizen who has not only the knowledge but the courage to present that knowledge when light is needed—whether light is demanded or not.

The main and effective attributes of Oscar Underwood are his complete mastery of his business, which is that of legislating; his calm and effective methods of procedure; his quiet courage; his studious application to the problems of the times; his excellent qualities as a leader; his undoubted intellectual grasp of his situation; his trained mind; his effective manner of speech; his accurate method; his faculty for holding an unwieldy majority to cohesive action; and the respect and regard he has won for himself, not only from his colleagues in the House and his constituents in his district, but throughout the entire country, where he is recognized as a man who is effective without being sensational, courageous without being belligerent, sound without being pretentious, able without loss of modesty—and one of the most useful of the men now in public life.

He is just past fifty years of age and is in full vigor. His capabilities as a legislator and a leader were amply demonstrated in the passage of the Underwood-Simmons Tariff Bill, the Currency bill, the Income-Tax bill, and in other noteworthy legislative achievements. His experience and his abilities are such that his continued public service should be guaranteed to the Republic by the people of the state of Alabama.

"And She Was Once My Best Friend!"

The breakfast beverage

You will find that Welch's fits in fine as the fruit course at breakfast, and it is a good way to start the day, as the Welch habit is a health habit.

Welch's
"The National Drink"

—over the morning cereal, "flakes" or puffed grains, is delicious; an excellent substitute for cream and more easily digested.

The very finest Concord grapes, pressed and bottled in the exact, sanitary Welch way, give you Nature's best flavor and quality AT its best. Order a case today.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice" —say WELCH'S and GET IT!

A booklet suggesting many uses for Welch's sent on request.

If you cannot get Welch's from your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3.00. Sample 4-ounce bottle, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, New York

OUT-OF-DOORS

Game Laws and Game Supply

AT A RECENT meeting of a club of big-game hunters in an Eastern city a small band of Blackfoot Indians furnished a part of the evening's entertainment by giving some of their tribal songs and dances. They were professional Indians, so to speak, employed by a railroad for advertising purposes. Another part of the entertainment of the evening was a series of moving pictures and stereopticon views from the West.

One of these views, apparently a colored reproduction of one of the Catlin paintings, showed a hunting scene—an Indian running a buffalo and shooting it with bow and arrow. When this life-size picture was flashed on the screen every one of the Blackfeet gave a wild whoop of joy. It took them all back to the old days of the buffalo—days that the Indian has never forgotten.

Curiously enough, on the morning following this incident there came to the desk of the writer a clipping from a Kansas City newspaper which sometimes prints news taken from its own files of a date forty years earlier. The date in question puts us back in the time of 1873. There are three curiosities in this bit of reprint. One is the following advertisement:

"Gentlemen's heavy shawls, worth $5; now $3.50."

Gentlemen wear overcoats today and not shawls. If you can remember the days when men wore shawls you can remember the buffalo. Two other items read as below:

"One of the Kansas City party of mighty hunters who went out into the Dodge City region after buffaloes a few weeks ago writes to the Times as follows: 'We have been out only thirteen days, traveling about twenty miles a day, and we have killed thirty-one buffaloes, seven antelopes, one deer, one badger, two gray wolves and one coyote, all of which, except the buffaloes and antelopes, we skinned and brought in.'"

"Prairie chickens have gone up to two dollars and quails to seventy-five cents a dozen; but you can get plenty of buffalo meat at three to five cents, antelope at six to seven cents, and venison at six to eight cents a pound, as well as wild ducks at one dollar to one dollar and a half a dozen and wild geese at forty to sixty cents a dozen."

If you wish a definite comparison in the way of game supplies of the past and present, consult the current market lists. It would be somewhat difficult today to purchase wild geese at even the maximum price above quoted—sixty cents a dozen. What a world of change in the wild life of America there has been in the past forty years!

Game Laws That are Unpopular

And yet, just to show what might have been done—in part at least—witness another newspaper clipping, from Plains, Montana, bearing date of December 26, 1913:

"Plains witnessed the shipment of a car of buffaloes last Saturday. A bunch of ten were driven down by Charles Allard and his crew, and four were shipped to Butte, one bought here by C. H. Rittenour, of the McGowan Commercial Company, and the balance herded back to the range. The animals were all in fine condition. The one retained was a cow weighing six hundred pounds, which has been butchered, and the meat is being retailed. It is to the credit of Mr. Rittenour that no advance was made in the price of this choice meat to the consumers, the McGowan Company retailing it at current beef prices. Down in Butte this meat sells round fifty cents a pound."

There would seem to be no reason to doubt the accuracy of the foregoing, and, indeed, Christmas buffalo meat has long been more than a semi-occasional novelty in the West. When the Canadian Government purchased the Pablo-Allard herd of buffaloes of the Flathead Reservation it was found impossible to round up and collect all the buffaloes. Occasionally even then, some of the old bulls have been killed; and now, it seems, the owner does not hesitate to sacrifice even a cow of the species.

In any case Allard grew weary of being the practical protector of the species when our own Government refused to buy his buffaloes and allowed them to be shipped outside this country. These specimens are the fag-ends of the largest herds of buffalo left alive in our own country. There would have been no difficulty in raising large numbers of them under government care in this country, just as has been done in the Canadian herd at Wainwright, where some hundreds of calves are now born annually, and where there is increase ready for sale or other distribution today.

These phases of the big-game question are interesting enough today, when American sportsmen are still agitated over the question of the effect of the Weeks-McLean Law, regulating the shooting of wild fowl. Against this measure—the best and wisest game law America ever knew—a certain amount of selfish protest already has been made. The attorney-general of New York has gone so far as to declare the measure unconstitutional—apparently overlooking the fact that, though an officer of the sovereign state of New York, he cannot, offhand, set aside a statute passed by the Congress of the United States.

In this country every man is as good as his neighbor—and a little better. We are all of us entitled to special privileges—to the extent of having just what we want. As to the other fellow, he feels precisely as we do about special privileges. Obviously anything—even a law of the United States—which interferes with anybody's special privilege is unconstitutional.

Uncle Sam's Long Arm

It hardly seems credible, but much of the protest against the Weeks-McLean Law, which practically has cut off spring shooting of wild fowl in the United States, comes from men usually called sportsmen, many of them members of duck-shooting clubs. There was some talk of disregarding the Federal law by members of certain ducking clubs along the Illinois River, though it is thought that most of this feeling has subsided among the club members.

It has by no means subsided among local shooters, however, and in the northern zone shooting has been going on openly in many localities along the Illinois and Mississippi rivers after the close of the shooting season, and in absolute violation of the Federal statute. It is said that farther to the south, round some of the famous marshes, duck shooting for the market is going on without much restriction. There is, without doubt, quite a large element, in both zone number one and zone number two, which does not intend to observe the Federal law.

In spite of the fact that the Federal fund for enforcement of the law is inadequate, and that the number of Federal wardens is still far too small, there can be but one termination to the foregoing state of affairs—somebody is going to get into the penitentiary.

All the people can fool Uncle Sam some of the time, and perhaps a few of them can fool him all the time; but not all of them can fool him all the time. State laws in the ancient warden system have long ago been accepted as practically worthless in the protection of our game. Under this system we have seen our game disappear almost in geometrical progression year by year; and its disappearance is the answer to the state gamewarden system. The difference between sixty cents a dozen for wild geese and, say, six dollars each for wild geese is something fairly to be called a measure of the gamewarden system of the United States.

The arm of Uncle Sam, however, is somewhat longer. Even before the Weeks-McLean Law was passed one rich sporting club of the Illinois River country proved the foregoing to its own satisfaction. By a little legal sleight-of-hand its directors borrowed so much money that their property passed into the hands of a receiver in a Federal court. The club members, finding their shooting jeopardized by outsiders, applied for Federal protection. A deputy marshal, acting for the United States, made one or two arrests, which resulted in six-months penitentiary terms for local offenders. That particular club has not been troubled with poachers from that time on.

When it comes down to adequate analysis of this whole question of open shooting in America the thing simply resolves itself into that ancient proposition of special privilege. For a long time you could get away with special privilege in America; but that day has gone by or is passing.

The trouble with some of us is that we cannot realize that it has gone by, and that we still want to live in the good old times when it was fashionable to kill a man if we did not like the color of his hair. All sorts of men, from all parts of the country, are wailing against the iniquity of anything which restricts them in their pleasure. All sorts of arguments are used, most of them no more than assertions.

For instance, one man explains that it is not the shooting which has killed American game, but advancing civilization. That commentator overlooks the extinction of the buffalo; the early extinction of the elk, the bighorn and other large game animals; and overlooks also the millions of head of wild game marketed in our great cities. Presumably he thinks these animals were not shot, but merely died from contact with civilization. To a dispassionate reason the result would seem much the same in each case.

The most naïve and artless statement at hand—covering this question of special privilege—comes from a Western state, where some of the shooters, by reason of local conditions, appear to be deprived by the Federal statute of part or most of the shooting to which they have been accustomed in the past.

Since the argument advanced is about as frank and about as empty as those from any other source it may perhaps be well—just for once—to quote part of this special plea for special privilege:

"On the question of migratory birds permit us to view it from the practical standpoint of those situated in the middle section of our country. During the fall of the year there is practically no water in our lakes; in fact, after a drought like that of 1913 there is not one lake in ten in our middle section that contains any water whatever. On an average we do not have sufficient water for fall shooting more than one year out of five, and it is well known that ducks and geese will not stop unless there is water. In addition, the progress that is being made in ditching, draining and reclaiming our swamp and overflow lands, as well as lakes, is greatly reducing the area of the hunting grounds in the middle section."

Special Privilege in Sport

"Our so-called spring shooting—that is, from February fifteenth to April first—is not only by far the best shooting but in a great majority of cases is the only time in which we have water sufficient in quantity to attract the attention of the migratory birds, this water coming from the melting of the snow and the overflows following the winter freezes. And will some one please explain the difference in killing a duck in Missouri during February and killing one in Texas or Louisiana during February?

"The ducks and geese on their travels northward in the spring of the year, coming through this section during February and March, are not mating, and travel in the same way they do in the fall of the year going south; and why the argument that they could be shot in the fall and not in the spring in this section of the country is more than the writer can understand, as we might as well prohibit the shooting on the Gulf Coast in December, January and February as to prohibit it in this section during February and March.

"Is it not a restriction of the individual rights and liberties of a resident of Missouri, Iowa or Kansas, who perchance may have a small lake or pond on his premises, when a flight of ducks going north in February or

March drops down on this lake or pond, to say that this farmer shall not have the right to shoot at them? When they get up and leave they are gone for good, and if he cannot shoot at them then he never gets the chance; but, on the contrary, they are exposed to be killed by the Canadian Indian or the well-to-do sportsman who can afford to visit the winter feeding grounds of such game on the Gulf Coast.

"It is not, therefore, a question of whether some one sportsman, or some gun club or private game preserve, shall have little or no shooting at all, but is simply a question of whether the rich man, who can afford to make long trips in quest of such game, shall have practically the exclusive privilege—because, if it is a fact that the average hunter in the middle section of the country be not permitted to shoot geese and ducks during the passage, there will be more at the summer or winter quarters of these fowls where the rich and lordly sportsman goes, and it would thereby make more game for him. The foregoing assertion is made on the theory that the discontinuance of spring shooting in this section will increase the supply.

"The Canadian Government furnishes very little and in some sections no protection to the wild fowl bred and raised on its own ground; and is it the duty of this Government to protect that which is raised in another country? Shall our citizenship of the middle section be deprived of that to which they are as much entitled as the citizenship of any section? And shall we be responsible for the care, keeping and protection of the migratory birds for the benefit of the Gulf sportsmen and the residents of Canada?"

Information is much more appreciated by most folks who read than argument or assertion or harsh criticism. It is usually the part of youth to be caustic in comment on the opinions of others that do not agree with theirs. There is no wish to be harsh, for no good comes of that sort of thing.

At the same time there is no need to be otherwise than candid or sane in looking into these matters. It is plain that the slightest study of this Western plea for special privilege will disclose its logic to have faulty premises and a faulty conclusion. Just that much can be said of every other argument for special privilege. Should we grant equal rights of exemption to every other locality of the United States affected by the Federal wild-fowl statute, we should have no law at all and no game at all

The trouble with all special privilege is that it lands us precisely in the middle of general anarchy and general destruction, of general emptiness and want. If it were not for these disconcerting features special privilege would be an excellent thing, whether in Wall Street, in the United States Senate or on a ducking marsh.

Preserving Everyman's Game

Without doubt or question, the sentiment of the American people is turning against special privilege. We are beginning to unscramble the eggs. We are revising some of the special-privilege clauses of the tariff; restricting some of the special privileges of the currency; taking other steps which seem to show that we are counting over what we have left in America. We have got to come to the same frame of mind in sport that we have attained—partially at least—in commerce. In short, if we are to have any sport in America we have got to handle it on a strictly business basis.

Most of this protest against the wild-fowl law arises not from down-trodden persons, but from on-trodden toes. It is frank and selfish jealousy that animates the special plea for the Middle-West shooter. It is perfectly easy to see that, in abolishing spring shooting and establishing new shooting zones in the United States, some one's toes are going to get stepped on. It is equally easy to see that some one's toes ought to have been stepped on long ago.

Compromise has to begin somewhere. We can eat our cake or keep it, or we can partly eat it and partly keep it; but we cannot eat it all and have any of it left. There are many men in this country today who are trying to get the question of American game supply handled on a business basis and not a special-privilege basis, and who are not thinking of their own personal interests in the least.

More convincing than mere assertions are facts fresh from the game fields. The series of such facts today cannot be doubted to have one unmistakable trend—and that is the recording of general scarcity of game. A writer from South Dakota, who has been accustomed to shooting in good wild-fowl country, says:

"It might be of interest to state that there was not any great flight of Northern birds this fall and a scarcity of the mallards was specially noticeable. Though the lakes and ponds have all been open—except in one light freeze about October twenty-second—until this writing, and though the weather has been extremely mild, with no snow, the late mallards are in evidence only in small numbers. With the above conditions prevalent a few years ago, our grainfields in the neighborhood of the small lakes would be alive with big northern greenheads. Have they changed their flight, as some of our hunters contend, or are there less bred each year? I am quite anxious to see what effect the cutting out of spring shooting will have on the fall flight. It is my belief that little if any change will be apparent for several years; and, though it almost breaks my heart to think that I shall not be able to hike out next spring when the flight from the South begins, I am glad to sacrifice this pleasure in the spring in order to help save our wild birds from seeming extermination."

An official of the state protective work of Oregon offers the following information from his part of the world:

"I am satisfied that our sportsmen have been in error when they have taken for granted that the main nurseries for wild fowl are somewhere up along the Yukon and other marshy regions near the Arctic. I believe the main part of the wild-fowl population that has been killed throughout the United States for many years comes from the Northern part of our own country and from the more temperate sections of the region north. I spent the summer of 1905 cruising the Klamath Lake region; the summer of 1908 I spent in the Malheur Lake country, doing nothing but photographing and studying birdlife."

Dog-in-the-Manger Sportsmen

"I traversed the whole area during the summer of 1912, going from Malheur and Harney lakes down through the swamps west of the Steins Mountains; then across to Warner Lake, Goose Lake, Tule or Rhett Lake, the Lower Klamath, Upper Klamath, Summer Lake and Silver Lake, as well as many of the smaller lakes and marshes throughout the same locality. Large numbers of wild fowl live and breed in all these places.

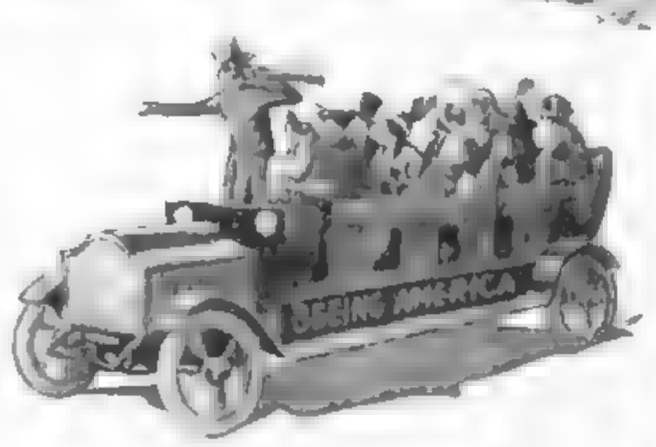
"While cruising the Malheur in 1908 I counted over fifteen hundred Canada geese—young and old birds—in one section of the lake. Geese, ducks and other wild fowl are just as abundant in many other sections of Northern Oregon and Northern California. These are nurseries, I think, for California's birds.

"The encouraging feature of bird protection here is that we already have three of these large areas as Federal wild-fowl reservations. In addition to these refuges the last session of the Oregon Legislature set aside six large game reservations in different parts of the state, embracing two thousand six hundred fifty-four square miles.

"Up to date I have entered into a contract with owners of smaller tracts of land aggregating about one hundred fifty thousand acres. This land is scattered over almost every county in the state.

"The main problem that seems to me at present to be most important is to get away from the old game-warden system and handle game protection from an educational and economic standpoint. The work of the Biological Survey, the passage of the Weeks-McLean Law and the wider interest in game protection are encouraging signs."

Once in a while a certain uneasiness becomes apparent among certain protesters against our Federal wild-fowl law, lest we should be doing too much for Canada and Canada not enough for us, in this matter of migratory fowl. That is the same dog-in-the-manger attitude which for a long time kept Wisconsin from passing a spring-shooting law—because Illinois had not done so. Such jealous propositions have nothing to do with practical game protection; but, so far as that is concerned, Canada is fully abreast of us in protecting wild fowl. A communication from an



"Ladies and Gentlemen:

Here you see a veritable monument of culinary art—

"A tempting wholesome food-product which appeals to all tastes, and suits such a variety of occasions that it has become a leading menu-feature in our best-conducted homes—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

"Pleasing both the eye and the taste, it combines a fresh *natural* color and flavor with a satisfying richness peculiar to itself. It is a delightful and appropriate soup-course with any dinner which is not extremely heavy.

"Why not enjoy it at *your* table *today?*"

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Pea
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Consommé	Printanier
Celery	Julienne	Tomato
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
	Mutton Broth	Vermicelli-Tomato
	Ox Tail	

Campbell's Soups

Look for the red-and-white label

LA PREFERENCIA

Favorably known from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Canadian border to the Mexican frontier.

A distinguishing feature of La Preferencia is its mahogany brown wrapper (genuine old-fashioned broad leaf)—a tobacco which harmonizes with the fine Havana filler, producing a mellow, full-flavored cigar of distinct character and individuality.

The immense sale and constantly increasing demand for this brand is not only an indorsement of its unvarying quality, but it is a positive proof that the fully matured (mahogany) wrapper is, after all, the sweetest.

Made in a variety of shapes (as indicated) at 3 for 25c 10c - 2 for 25c.

Also two 5c shapes.

1. Longfellows
2. Escepcionales
3. Perfectos
4. Londres
5. Victorias
6. Panetelas
7. Club House
8. Concha Fina Ex.
9. New Operas
10. Little Preferencia

THE NATIONAL SMOKE

official of a protective association at Regina, Saskatchewan, says:

"I agree that more ducks breed in the southern part of Saskatchewan than in the northern. Johnston Lake, forty miles south of our lower railroad line, is one of the best breeding grounds I have seen in Saskatchewan. A small island there has been made a game preserve. Saskatchewan abolished spring shooting three years ago, and Manitoba and Alberta have since fallen into line. British Columbia still allows spring shooting, but we hope to see that province fall into line with the other states and provinces. . . . We have this year put a bag limit of two hundred and fifty—inclusive—on ducks, geese and swans, which practically eliminates the market hunter."

Canada more rigidly enforces her game laws than we do in the United States. She still has more game than we have, being younger; hence her laws might be more liberal than ours. It is time for all Canada, however, to prohibit not only all spring shooting but all market shooting all the time. So far from the limit of two hundred fifty birds wiping out the market hunter, the writer has at hand advices from an American sportsman who shot in Saskatchewan last fall, and who there knew one market shooter who had marketed twenty-five hundred wild ducks that season.

Out in California a strong fight is being made to repeal the state law prohibiting the sale of game. Is California anxious to lose what ground she has gained in the long fight against special privilege in sport? It is very discouraging for some of the men who have been prominent in securing this legislation to see it attacked by adherents of the old American creed of commercialism—and not business—in sport. There are just a few of us who do not identify the market hunter with civilization in its highest sense.

From a city in Alberta there comes word from a sportsman who has given some study to the question of game supply; and his report, on the whole, seems optimistic and broad gauged:

"The wild fowl of this continent are going—and going fast. I have done considerable shooting in Western Canada, from Winnipeg to the mountains and from the international boundary to fifty-five north latitude, for the past twenty-two years, and can assure you that not one bird exists today among the migratory families where ten came and went two decades ago.

"There are many reasons for this apart from the winter and spring shooting. The nesting grounds have been settled, and lakes where wild celery was prolific a few years ago are barren of it now—simply pastured to death, I presume, owing to the curtailment of the feeding grounds. The recurrent disappearance of the rabbits forces the coyotes to hunt other food, and duck eggs are very much to their liking. Then numerous small sloughs, formerly having—every one—their three or four broods of ducks, have disappeared before the plow. Out-of-season shooting has made the more wary wild ducks avoid entirely great stretches of country."

Canada's Game Laws

"I can assure you that the game laws are pretty well observed throughout Western Canada. Our open season for ducks is pretty short and after this year is likely to be two or three weeks shorter, not opening possibly until September fifteenth. This will make it very little over a month, when you consider that our sloughs ice over usually in the latter half of October and the ducks move south.

"This year, in my immediate home neighborhood, ducks were so plentiful through September and early October that they were a curse to the farmer. They fed on the fields in hordes, and I can mention farmers who lost as high as a third of their grain in the stock. I know of a field or two that were worthless and were never even threshed; but this condition was quite local. Trips I made a hundred miles east, and even less south and west, showed an absolute scarcity of wild fowl. The ducks come where feed is abundant and convenient to open water. Still, it sounds strange to hear in 1913 of a farmer having to hire a man to patrol his grain fields in the evening and morning to protect them from wild ducks.

"Our grouse—miscalled prairie chickens—and partridges are very much on the increase, owing partly to the absolute protection afforded them by the Province of Alberta for some years; they are getting so numerous, in fact, that the open season was extended a month this year on grouse. They were doing damage to cut grain—not to mention the quantity of seed they scratch out of the ground in the seeding season. Being non-migratory, of course it is up to us to retain them or exterminate them; but, if the general attitude of our people toward the close season placed on them a few years ago is to be taken as a criterion of our wish to conserve the species, it will be a long time before the broad-minded sportsman will not get his legal bag of ten birds in a day's shooting. I have counted as high as seven hundred grouse flushed out of a single grain field this fall, and we see them everywhere while motoring along the country roads.

"A timely article on wild fowl has brought me to write this letter. I hope that judicious treatment of the subject by the authorities on both sides of the line will make it possible for an honest, decent shooter to get a reasonable bag for his day's hunt for generations to come."

Too many times sportsmen have reasoned from a particular premise to a general conclusion. The fact that ducks have to be herded off the fields in one locality in Alberta does not mean that American gunners ought to shoot in the spring in any of our Western states. The fact that some localities are specially favored with game does not mean that men of those localities should kill it without restriction; nor does it mean that men of less favored localities should use to the limit their own lessening opportunities.

Sport on a Business Basis

What these facts do mean, if we apply to them the tests of logic or plain North American horse sense, is that the day of special privilege is due to pass on this continent, and is now passing; and that it must be entirely past before the laws of democracy and decent fair play can be put in force. We must give a little in one place and take a little in another.

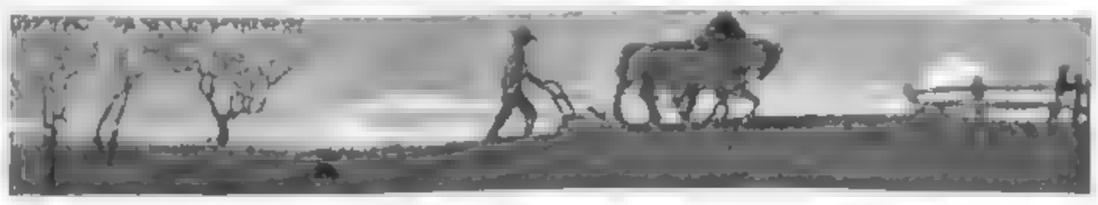
No game law ever was popular; but wide and logical game laws must be put in force all over this continent if we are to have any supply of game left. Some toes will be trodden on without doubt or question. It is best just to look pleasant in that case. We all of us have to take our medicine sometimes. Unless our Constitution is unconstitutional, our scheme of government—here in the United States, at least—has in view the greatest good to the greatest number.

We must begin to look at the supply of game not from a purely local and selfish standpoint, but from an economic, educational and industrial standpoint. We have got to apply business principles to our sport. We have got to look on our game crop as one to be harvested under certain wise restrictions—just as the farmer harvests his poultry.

So far as open shooting for the average American is concerned, that means, without doubt or question, that we must reconcile ourselves to the thought of shorter shooting seasons, of smaller daily bags, of no spring shooting and no market shooting.

We shall see the time, let us hope, when there shall be no market shooting and no spring shooting from the Gulf of Mexico to Athabasca Lake. That will mean that more people will eat more wild fowl in more places than they do today. That is business! The curtailment of the personal enjoyment of a few of us is something that does not really come into the question one way or the other.

Special privilege would be an excellent thing if we all could have it—but we cannot! You cannot buy geese for sixty cents a dozen today!



-satisfying the most particular dressers in the world

The other day Glenn Curtiss wrote from Paris that he was sending his measures for a Royal Tailored-to-order Spring Suit.

That same afternoon, our cutting rooms in New York City were drafting an English sack for Raymond Hitchcock, a double breasted for Rex Beach, an afternoon frock for John Bunny, a full dress for an Eastern mayor, and a blithesome Soft Roll Coat to garnish the gallant John Evers.

Not infrequently, the day's order-roster in the Royal workrooms is a Blue Book of big-city notables.

And yet—

One of our dealer friends protests that we are advertising a *minor* Royal distinction when we advertise our wide Big-City distribution.

"It may be important to some" he writes "to know that Royal Tailoring is setting the Style Pace in the big city lobbies and foyers and drawing rooms.

"But the thing that makes Royal Service a great American Institution is that it has brought big-city custom-tailoring to the Town and the Village as well as to the Metropolis.

"Your prime achievement is that you have UNIVERSALIZED the Broadway Tailor's skill and made it a *utility* for all the nation to command."

Perhaps he is right. At any rate, we are turning over the balance of this page to him, so that he can tell, in his own way, as a typical American merchant in a typical American small town, what HE thinks is the big thing about Royal Tailoring.

An Appreciation By H. H. Cate

Authorized Resident Dealer at Anita, Iowa, for The Royal Tailors

YOU may feel that Anita, Iowa, with its 1,200 trouser-wearing souls, doesn't raise much of a voice in the nation's Style-Chorus.

But you are wrong!

There are, proportionately, more well-read, well-bred, well-fed and well-traveled men in the average American small town than there are in New York City.

And if anything, the standards of dress are more critical.

For consider this:

YOU might walk up Broadway in last winter's overcoat, strutting as though it were brand new—and meet with nary a questioning eye. But you couldn't do that in Anita where everyone knows the antecedents of everyone else's clothes.

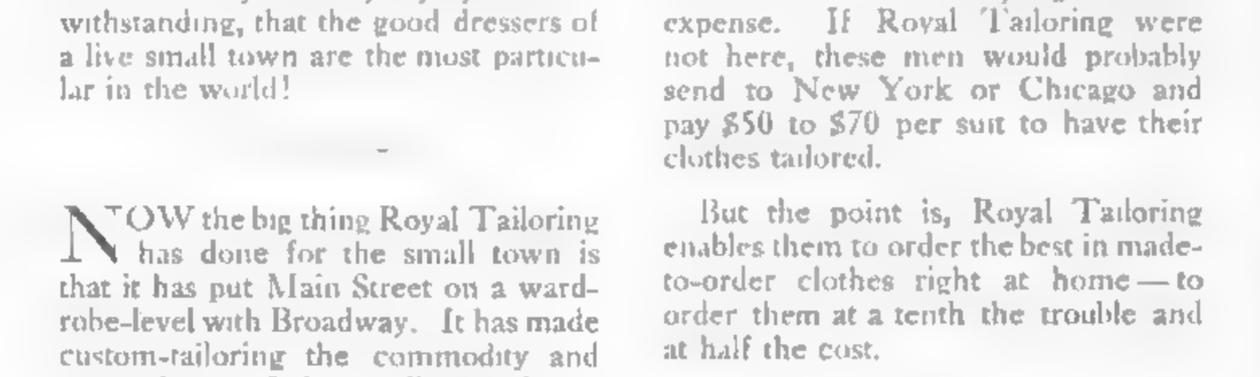
Here, if you pose as an up-to-the-minute dresser, you must actually be one. Here, if you profess a tailor-clad identity, your clothes must be genuinely tailor-made.

You cannot pass off a "good clothes" subterfuge for a "good clothes" reality and get away with it. Everybody knows where you got it!

That's why I claim, city-cynics notwithstanding, that the good dressers of a live small town are the most particular in the world!

NOW the big thing Royal Tailoring has done for the small town is that it has put Main Street on a wardrobe-level with Broadway. It has made custom-tailoring the commodity and convenience of the small-town buyer as fully as it is these things to the big-city clubman.

Just as the Associated Press gives us the latest news as quickly as it is given to Park Row or Long Acre Square, so Royal Tailoring gives us the latest styles and fabrics as quickly as they are shown to Michigan Boulevard or Fifth Avenue.



who insist on the best, regardless of expense. If Royal Tailoring were not here, these men would probably send to New York or Chicago and pay $50 to $70 per suit to have their clothes tailored.

But the point is, Royal Tailoring enables them to order the best in made-to-order clothes right at home—to order them at a tenth the trouble and at half the cost.

For my Royal prices are the standard prices—$16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35.

I have patrons like J. C. Voorhees, president of The Anita Bank and E. M. Blakesley, vice-president of the Citizens Saving Bank who are in Chicago or New York often enough to order all their clothes there if they so desired.

These men are discerning dressers, able to pay for the best. They order their clothes Royal Tailored, simply because they know there is nothing the New York local tailor offers that Royal Tailoring does not duplicate.

—even to the best and rarest of imported woolens and worsteds.

And these big men welcome the legitimate saving of $10 or $15 they make on each Royal transaction, as heartily as would you or I.

Most of Anita's best men are Royal Tailored men. In fact, this is pretty much of a Royal Tailored Town!

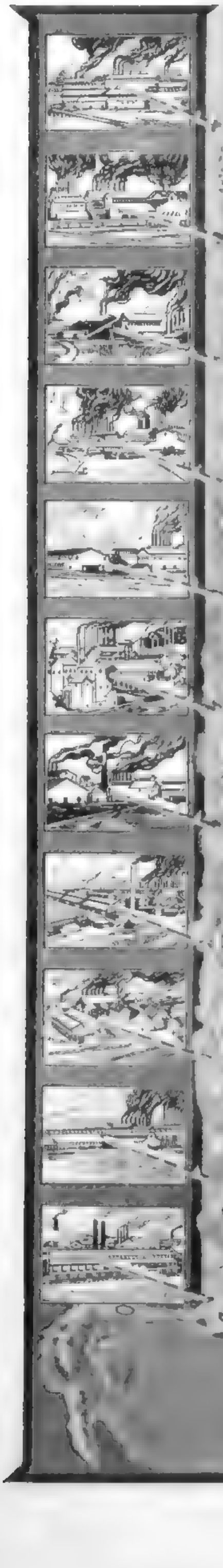
Which has led many a big-city tourist, passing this way, to tell us how good looking we are!

AND so I say again,—while I am proud to tell my customers that Royal Tailoring is the accepted standard in the big cities—

Still, privately, I feel that a greater Royal achievement lies in the fact that you made the Broadway Tailor a neighbor to us all—within talking, walking distance of all the nation—

always remembering, of course, those wonderful prices that your nation-wide trade has made possible—$16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35!

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK



Lehigh *The National* Cement

Strength, that increases each year, safeguarding a concrete structure against depreciation, and many other superior qualities, have won for Lehigh Portland Cement the nation-wide approval of concrete builders.

Eleven mills, with an annual capacity of over 12,000,000 barrels, today supply the tremendous demand. These vast and expert manufacturing plants—strategically located—are a guarantee of Lehigh quality and speedy deliveries.

That is why Lehigh is the *National* Cement.

We want every builder and every person who contemplates building or remodeling any form of structure to write us for valuable building suggestions on the use of Lehigh Cement Concrete

Lehigh quality and national facilities increase profits of dealers If you are interested, write for our dealers' proposition.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

473 Young Building, Allentown Pa.
374 Consumers Building Chicago, Ill

Concrete's the Thing—
Lehigh's the Cement

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Discovering Gillilan

STRICKLAND GILLILAN, who has accumulated a more or less luxurious income by the nefarious practice of writing verse and other poetry for the public prints, and who began the same some twenty years ago, made an investment with a New York broker last spring.

The investment matured, the deal was closed; but the broker continued to send Gillilam enticing circulars by every mail. They came in reams. Gillilan withstood this avalanche of mail for some months; then he wrote the broker to cheese it, going into some detail as to his aversion to the broker's circulars, and becoming as humorous as possible and as sarcastic as he deemed necessary in the missive.

In reply the broker wrote:

"*Dear Sir:* I have taken your name off our mailing list—also, I have passed your letter round among our employees; and we all agree that you ought to write for publication. Why don't you try it sometime?"

Lincoln's Lifeline

WHEN former Senator Blackburn was a very young man he practiced law for a time in Chicago.

One day in the fifties he was engaged in a case against one of the big lawyers of the city. Blackburn was in straits. He floundered a bit, and a tall, homely man who was reading a newspaper near him gave him a hint. He floundered again, and the tall man gave him another hint.

Then the opposing lawyer jumped up.

"If your honor please," he shouted, "I desire to inquire whether Abraham Lincoln is an attorney of record in this case?"

"I'll answer that," said Mr. Lincoln, the future president. "I am not; but I am too soft-hearted to sit here and watch this young man overboard without throwing him a plank!"

Twain's Rate

MARK TWAIN went to just one automobile show in his life. He went with a Detroit friend. After he had been shown the cars and other sights, the friend said "Come on over here. The greatest salesman in the automobile business is working and I want you to hear him."

They went to a place where the salesman was talking to a possible customer about the merits of his car. He was rattling outward so fast that Twain gasped

"Saints alive," said Twain, in his slowest drawl, "if my publishers ever heard me talk as fast as that man does they wouldn't pay me thirty cents a word or even two cents. They'd make me produce words about a hundred for a nickel."

Identifying the Wanderer

"WE HAVE here," said a moving-picture orator in a small town in Kansas, as he stationed himself alongside the bright spot on the sheet and gave the signal to the operator in the balcony to start the film, "the thrillin' story of the two good brothers and the one evil brother. Why it is that in one family there will be this difference, and some will be good and some will be evil, I know not.

"Nevertheless, and to the contrary notwithstandin', we have here the two good brothers a-settin' in their humble cot, thinkin' kind thoughts. But hark! Who is that we see peerin' in through the window at them?

"It is the evil brother, a wanderer on the face of the earth—in short, a de-ril-ick!"

Arkaic

A PROUD Washington hotelkeeper was showing Vice-President Marshall a collection of antique furniture he has in a period room in his inn.

"Where'd you get it?" asked the vice-president.

"I got it from Moses," the innkeeper answered, naming a local dealer.

"Is that so?" commented the vice-president. "Now from the looks of it I should have supposed you got it from Noah!"

Cut Price

Every Woman Happy!

10,000 Rapids

On sale this month at special low factory price. Write at once for particulars. New Home Book with 150 [illegible] to cut down meat and grocery bills, how to [illegible] cooking [illegible] at a [illegible] cents per Rapid

This Month

Rapid Fireless Cooker

Sold Only Direct From Factory

Get this Book FREE

[illegible] Book with full [illegible]

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 214 Detroit Mich.

It Burns Air

Mixed with a [illegible] amount of fuel, producing a [illegible] white light of 400 [illegible] 179 many other styles. Fully [illegible] money back if you want it Write for circular

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO.
370 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn

If You Have Any Spare

time won't you send us a postal card? All over the country thousands of men and women are making money by looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* among friends and neighbors—sending renewals and new business. We pay liberally for this work. Anyway, let us tell you about it and what others have done; it's an interesting story.

Agency Division, Box 247

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

Our Fashion Catalog is Free

It contains all the new Spring Styles

Write for it today

Be sure to ask for Catalog No. 62 G

We satisfy you or refund your money

Some Spring Bargains

35 G 27 Double Tunic Coat Effect Frock of striped Crepe Satin

6 G 236

6 G 237

Special Price All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $3.98

6 G 236 Genuine Panama Hat

black velvet trimming only Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $3.98

6 G 237 Genuine Panama Hat

Price All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $2.98

6 G 206

35 G 27

35 G 28 Charming One Piece Frock

32 to 38 bust; about length 38 inches Our Special Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $6.98

35 G 28

6 G 206 Hand made new Style Tango Hat, Straw Braid

Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $2.98

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges

BELLAS HESS & CO

WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: The President gave a party to the homefolks at the White House, and since the time Sunny Jim Sherman gave his famous party a few years ago there hasn't been one like it in Washington—a real party, I mean, without the sham and side and fake and pretense and clamor and climbing that are associated with most of the functions in Washington.

To be sure, the President wasn't there, for Doctor Grayson had him hermetically sealed in a room upstairs because of a cold; but Mrs. Wilson and all the Cabinet people were on hand, and the folks from New Jersey certainly did have a good time.

You see this is the first time New Jersey has had a president. Grover Cleveland was born there, but he was elected from New York; and Mr. Wilson was born in Virginia and elected from New Jersey. So, though the Jersey people have heretofore claimed Cleveland, they consider Mr. Wilson entirely theirs—especially as he was governor when chosen. Odd, too, that the only two Democratic presidents since the Civil War should have had these New Jersey connections; but there they are, and New Jersey came steaming along to celebrate.

It may have been Joe Tumulty's scheme, or it may have been the President's—one or the other or both had the idea; but Joe put it over, and if you know Joe you know there wasn't an attempt on his part to induce the swells of New Jersey to come—at all! Joe invited the real folks—the men who go along quietly about their business, vote the Democratic ticket, and are—as Jim Kerney said—the bone and sinew of the great commonwealth that provided the present Chief Executive.

Full Dress Parade

I suppose there were more men at that party who never wore white kid gloves before in their lives than ever appeared so encased at the White House at one and the same time before; but there wasn't a Jerseyman among them who, once he had dragged his unwilling fingers into white gloves, didn't wear them as though he slept in them and went to business in them every morning.

It was the same with the dress suits. Many fine, sturdy old Democrats came togged out in the spike-tailed coat, and the white waistcoat, and the high hat, for the first time in their lives; and they walked into that East Room as though they owned it—which, indeed, they did on that night—and took frequent approving glances at themselves in the big mirrors. They were there with the glad rags, as the saying is; and there wasn't a dinner coat or a black tie or a pair of unpatented shoes among them. They dressed the part.

And the women! Say, Jim, I have been to a good many White House affairs in my time, and I went to this, being a constructive Jerseyman by reason of having crossed that state between here and New York a few thousand times. Looking back at the long row of functions, and knowing pretty well about many I did not attend, let me tell you that there never was a White House reception where the women, as a whole, were so well dressed as at this one. I don't mean that at every function there are not many gowns more elaborate than any at this one; but I do mean that in the grand gown ensemble the New Jersey ladies made the usual crowd of feminine reception-goers in Washington look like frumps.

Usually, you know, the gasoline odor at a big card affair makes you think you have strolled into a garage, and the smell of mothballs as the rear-admirals go by in their full-dress regalia reminds you of a germicide factory; but none of that at the New Jersey function—none of that. Each New Jersey woman, having been invited to the White House, straightway told the producing male appurtenance of her household that she intended to get a new frock for the occasion; and each New Jersey woman got the same—also new shoes and new ornaments and new gloves—and new everything else, I suppose—and they were

I received these beautiful spoons for wrappers of

"Sunkist" Oranges

Buy "Sunkist" oranges for their own delicious flavor—for their toothsome, tree-ripened "tang"—for their piquant zest—for their health-giving qualities. Then consider that you can get, for "Sunkist" orange wrappers, beautiful gifts of silver—spoons, fruit knives, butter spreaders, oyster forks, bouillon spoons—27 different articles in all.

Send your "Sunkist" orange wrappers direct to us with the few cents necessary for each article desired. Write for list of "Sunkist" silver premiums.

The Finest Crop in Years

This season Nature has outdone herself. Never were such superior Navel oranges shipped from California.

The climatic conditions have been perfect. Everything has conduced to yield a fruit of royal excellence. The cream of the crop from 6,500 groves has been carefully selected and packed for you under the famous "Sunkist" brand. "Sunkist" oranges were never so heavy, so full of rich, ripe juice, so indescribably delicious as now.

Prove It for Yourself

We can only *tell* you of the exquisite "Sunkist" flavor. To truly *realize* it you must taste the oranges themselves. Serve them to the folks. Nothing you can offer will win them so quickly as this rare, rich "Sunkist" flavor. Be sure to ask your home merchant for "Sunkist" oranges in the original wrappers.

SUNKIST ORANGES

Free Recipe Book

showing 110 different ways of using "Sunkist" Oranges and Lemons. Mailed with our list of "Sunkist" Silver Premiums on receipt of coupon.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Eastern Office, Dept. A, 139 N. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

Please send me 40-Page Recipe Book, and list of "Sunkist" Silver Premiums.

Name

Address

The Outcome of His Invention

At a million meals or more each day, someone is greeted by a dish like this. The dish Prof. Anderson invented-

A dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Sometimes with cream and sugar. Sometimes like crackers in a bowl of milk.

And, because this man exploded grains, all of these people enjoy a daily delight such as no other cereal food offers.

A Hundred Million Granules Blasted in Each Grain

To create these foods, 100,000,000 granules inside of each grain are blasted by steam explosion. Each blown to atoms for ease of digestion. And no cooking process ever did that in cereal foods before.

The grains come to you unbroken, though eight times normal size. They are airy and crisp—floating bubbles of grain—with a taste like toasted nuts.

But the great fact is that by this process whole grains are made wholly digestible. On that account, Puffed Grains are now very widely prescribed by physicians.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

Folks revel in these foods. They are so thin and fragile, so dainty and crisp, so ready to melt in the mouth.

They serve as both foods and confections. They are used like nut meats in candy making and as garnish for ice cream.

They are mixed with fruit for a morning dish, to give a nut-like blend. At night they are served in bowls of milk thin toasted wafers, easy to digest.

Homes which don't serve Puffed Grains miss every day some very dainty dishes.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(522)

as trim and as chic and as stylish and as new let me emphasize that, Jim—new!—as you can imagine. And a pleasant time was had.

Vice-President Marshall stood at the head of the line, taking the President's place; and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall and the Cabinet women were there, while back of the line all the Cabinet men waited for their turns to tell the New Jersey people how fine they are and what a great President their fellow citizen is.

Mr. Bryan? Why, Mr. Bryan was there, as effulgent as a full and silvery moon. A sort of human revolving searchlight is Mr. Bryan, for he selects a spot for himself and then turns slowly on his ample axis, flashing his large and luminous smile on each person within its radius and grasping hand after hand as he revolves. Then, having reached the starting point, he turns slowly again and keeps it up for an hour at a stretch, thus meeting everybody who cares to press forward to grasp him by the hand and tell him how glad they are, and not wasting a particle of applied effort in the operation.

It was a small party as such affairs go—not more than five hundred; whereas usual White House receptions run up to twenty-five hundred at times. So there was plenty of room and plenty of fun. The White House cooks spread themselves on the supper. It was served on a long table at one end of the state dining room, and was a real supper—not one of those slippery ice and slickery sandwich affairs.

They had chicken salad and ham, and oyster pâtés and beaten biscuits—about a ton of those, I should say – and little round cakes and a dozen other kinds of cake. The food all looked as though Mrs. Wilson had gone down into the kitchen and baked it and prepared it herself.

It didn't have that anemic, bakery-caterer look at all.

Just as soon as the people had gone by the receiving line, which didn't take half an hour, Lieutenant Santelmann, who had his redcoated Marine Band in the corridor playing hurry-along music, moved his musicians into one end of the East Room. He waved his baton and the band began: Get Out and Get Under! There were only a few people in the East Room then, most of the guests being scattered through the various parlors and in the dining room. The band—and it is the best band in this country, bar none!—put in their liveliest redcoated licks, but nobody went on the floor. The New Jersey people thought it wouldn't do to dance in the East Room.

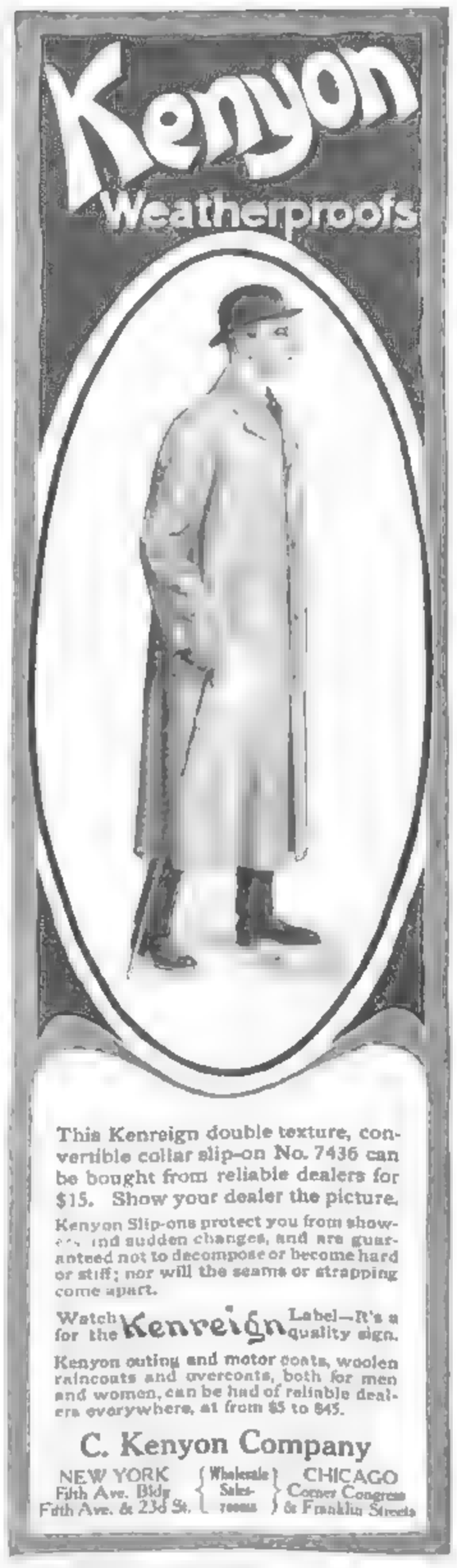
Joe Tumulty's Batting Average

"Start something!" said Joe Tumulty to Senator Billy Hughes; and Senator Hughes asked a tall and very pretty Jersey girl to do him the honor. He led her out on the big floor and away they went. In two minutes there were fifty couples dancing, and they danced until Santelmann turned loose Home, Sweet Home! on them at midnight.

At first it was an oh-my-this-is-the-White-House sort of dance; but presently the folks grew a little less stiff and formal, and by eleven o'clock it was a great, fine, happy family party, with everybody having a good time—the Jersey ladies in their new frocks and the Jersey men in their white gloves enjoying themselves fit to kill. It was all Jersey, too, for aside from the Cabinet people and a few constructive Jerseyites nobody was invited.

The President fussed a good deal because Doctor Grayson wouldn't let him come down; but the doctor kept the door locked and there was no breaking out. The Jersey folks voted they'll have another next year if the President will allow them, and the President sent down word he will invite them all again. Meantime Joe Tumulty's batting average with those people is considerably higher than five hundred per cent. And when the Jerseyites got home they all called it the "twango."

In a country such as ours you'd naturally think that, as all are free and equal, there would be freedom and equality in social intercourse—especially as the party that is supposed to represent the dear and common people is in power; but it is not so. As it stands now, the wives of members of a lower body are compelled to call first on the wives of the body that ranks them—as for example, the wife of a representative must call on a senator's wife before that august personage will drop cards at the door of the said representative's wife.



This Kenreign double texture, convertible collar slip-on No. 7436 can be bought from reliable dealers for $15. Show your dealer the picture.

Kenyon Slip-ons protect you from showers and sudden changes, and are guaranteed not to decompose or become hard or stiff; nor will the seams or strapping come apart.

Watch for the Kenreign Label—It's a quality sign.

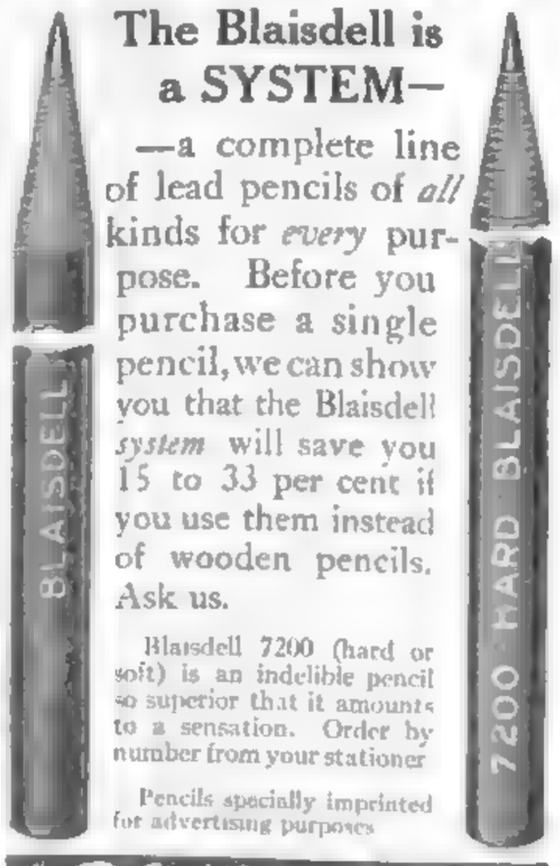
Kenyon outing and motor coats, woolen raincoats and overcoats, both for men and women, can be had of reliable dealers everywhere, at from $5 to $45.

C. Kenyon Company

NEW YORK Fifth Ave. Bldg Fifth Ave. & 23d St. (Wholesale Salesrooms) CHICAGO Corner Congress & Franklin Streets

The Blaisdell is a SYSTEM—

—a complete line of lead pencils of *all* kinds for *every* purpose. Before you purchase a single pencil, we can show you that the Blaisdell *system* will save you 15 to 33 per cent if you use them instead of wooden pencils. Ask us.



Blaisdell 7200 (hard or soft) is an indelible pencil so superior that it amounts to a sensation. Order by number from your stationer

Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company

PHILADELPHIA

Preachments on Tailoring by KAHN of Indianapolis

IT'S human nature to want to magnify your gifts and mask your faults. Tailoring, the oldest of human handicrafts, was instituted to *adorn*, as well as to *deck*. If you're youngish, slender and an "unabridged edition" in figure, we can *accentuate* these graces. If you're oldish, thickset and an "abridged edition" in height, take heart, for we can *young-ify* you.

Tight-looking clothes need not be tight-feeling. The artistry of merchant tailoring this Spring makes a *tight-seeming* coat really *loose* and *comfortable* by easing and distributing the strain. It's the familiar principle of supporting without confining.

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

drafted and needled to your measure, will make the most and best of your physical gifts. This Spring, let it be a *Kahn-Tailored-Suit.* You will feel proud and pleased with it and with yourself, if you can say to your friends—"Cut to my measure, boys, by Kahn."

Sketched here is an ultra-fashionable Three-Button, Patch-Pocket Spring "Sack." Note the glove-soft, unflattened lapels; high-cut waistcoat; arched waistline and narrow turn-back cuffs. Custom-correct to the dot of an "i" and the cross of a "t."

We will tailor this or any other style to your measure and to your lines and liking from any of 500 "custom" fabrics that our Authorized Representative in your town will gladly show you. Go to him *to-day.* Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis

The Kind of Clothes Gentlemen Wear

As a beginning, all must call on the wife of the president, and wives of ambassadors must call on the wife of the president and the wife of the vice-president, and said wife of the vice-president making her allegiance at the White House. Wives of Cabinet members must call first on the wives of senators and the wives of the justices of the Supreme Court. The Speaker does not—or does—or something—rank the Cabinet; and the Supreme Court ranks everybody except the ambassadors—and there is a fight on about that.

To make it more difficult, the wife of a representative must call first on the wife of a representative who has been longer in Washington than she has; and so must the wives of senators recognize seniority.

Those are a few of the preliminary slants. There is plenty more of it; and, as I have remarked, being a free and independent people, we are—here in Washington—greater sticklers for this sort of thing than they are in Vienna. We deplore rank, but we insist on it. You watch one of those Cabinet receiving lines. If the wife of a Cabinet member should get one place farther up the line than her precedence allows you'd see how quickly she would be shooed back to where she belongs.

Some of the dear ladies so suddenly elevated have grown a bit snobbish and there are tales of slights that make husbands jump up and down at times.

There came to this fair city a time ago the wife of a former Cabinet member, who in her day turned a faultless but cold shoulder on many an aspiring little climber. She was frostily exclusive and frightfully distant to persons who tried to enter her fashionable presence.

Her hosts intended to go to a White House reception, and they asked for a card for her, which was sent. The night came.

"We're going with some friends who have a larger car than ours," said her hostess. "I hope you won't mind?"

The Mislaid Decimal Point

The former Cabinet lady wouldn't mind, not at all; on the contrary she would be delighted. So presently a car came—a big limousine—and the former Cabinet lady tripped gayly down the steps and stepped into it. Whereupon she froze with horror, for the woman to whom the car belonged, and who was within, was a woman she had persistently snubbed when she was in Washington.

There was an electric warmer in the car, but the temperature fell rapidly; and it dropped below zero when the car stopped at another house to pick up another woman—for that woman proved to be a person to whom the former Cabinet lady had not spoken for four years. That was a merry party!

The civil service continues to be the baneful bane of the lives of the Democrats in Congress who want jobs for their constituents. One distinguished Democratic senator had a candidate for promotion in one of the departments. His candidate was compelled to take an examination. His possible rating was a hundred, but he would pass if he secured seventy-five points. He accumulated a total of ten. The senator was much aggrieved.

"Give him another show!" he demanded. "He was nervous. I want him to have that job. Let him try again. I insist."

So they let him try again. This time his standing was two—out of a possible hundred. So far as could be determined, all he knew of the subjects in hand was how to spell his own name at the head of the examination papers.

Another senator had a visitor.

"I want this job," the visitor said.

"But it is a civil-service job," protested the senator. "You'll have to pass an examination."

"I've passed it," proudly announced the aspirant.

"What was your mark?"

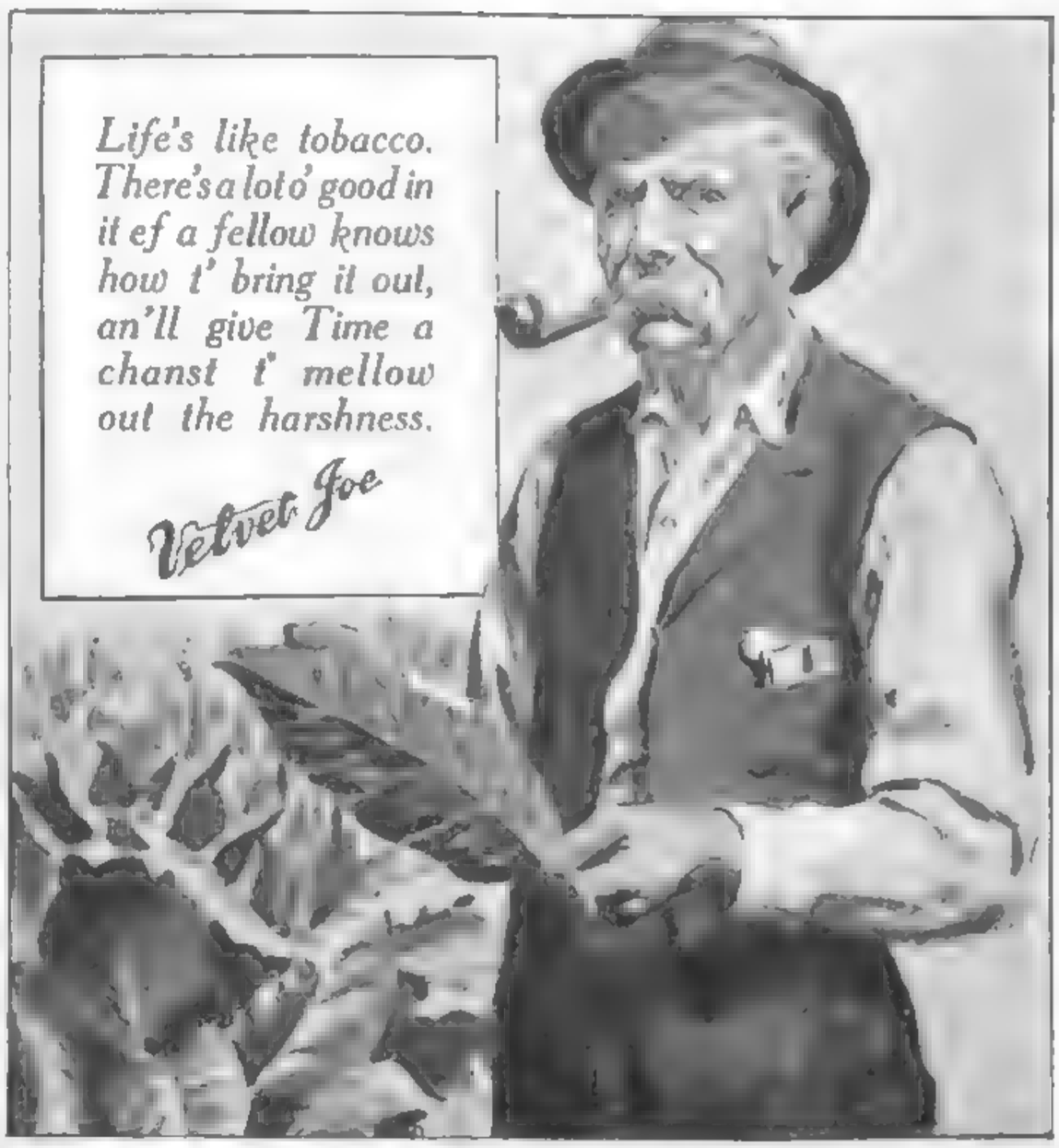
"Eighty-three."

"Good!" said the senator, relieved over the situation. "That is a fine mark—an excellent mark. Undoubtedly I can help you. I'll see about it."

So he busied himself with the civil-service examiners. They had no record of such a man passing 83. The senator insisted that it must be the case. Finally they dug up the aspirant's papers. He had passed 8.3—and he didn't understand that the decimal mark meant anything!

But what are decimals among friends?

Yours for the pork, BILL.


Life's like tobacco. There's a lot o' good in it ef a fellow knows how t' bring it out, an'll give Time a chanst t' mellow out the harshness.
Velvet Joe

FOLKS are fond of Joe for the honest, sunny, open-air philosophy he's extracting from "the good brown earth" of his tobacco patch. His is the same sort of sound, cheerful optimism that you yourself find 'way down in the bowl of your best beloved pipe, when it's full of

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST SMOKING TOBACCO

Mellowed by More than 2 Years' Ageing

10 Cent Tins
5 Cent Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Nature put the "good" in VELVET. For VELVET is Burley, the tobacco Nature intended for pipe smoking, just as she made Havana leaves for cigars. We brought that "good" out and bettered it by Nature's own patient method of curing—slow ageing.

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Give *regular* aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion. It's the *safe* besides *delicious* and *beneficial* confection!

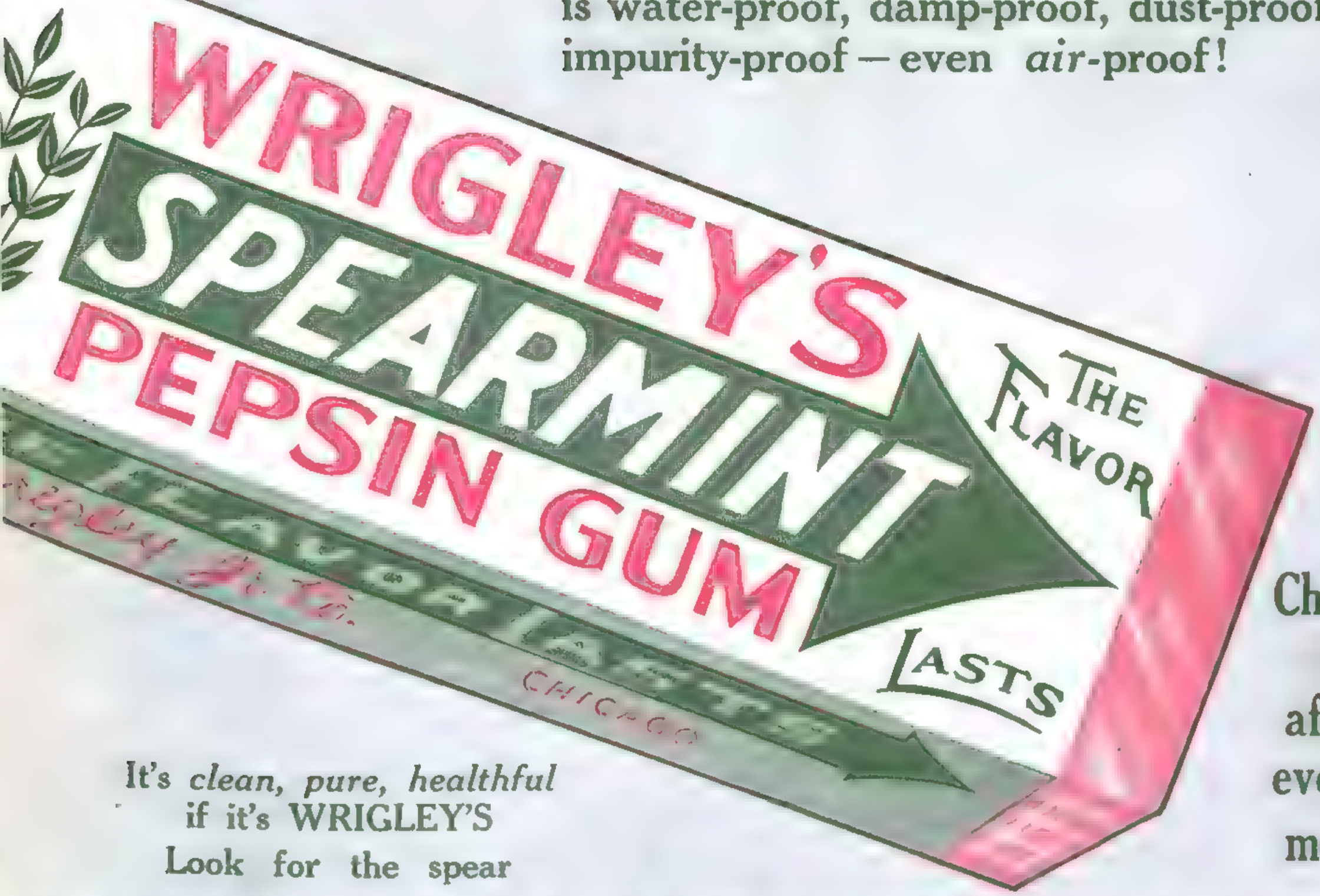
BUY IT BY THE BOX

for 85 cents — at most dealers.
Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages. They stay fresh until used.

Ice!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

is now electrically sealed with a "SEAL OF PURITY" *so absolute* that it is water-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof, impurity-proof — even *air*-proof!

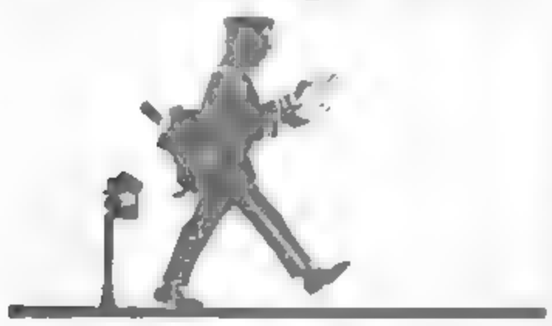


It's *clean, pure, healthful*
if it's WRIGLEY'S
Look for the spear

Chew it after every meal

How many times do you use this—

when you might use this



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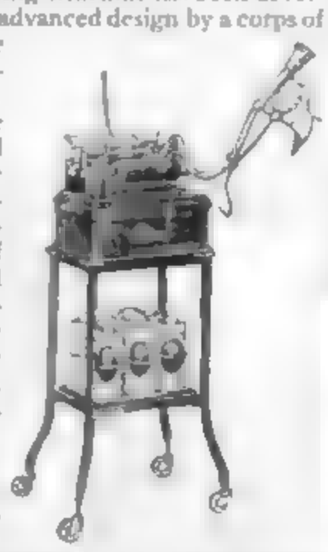

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Please send me your 24 page brochure, "*The Goose, the Typewriter and the Wizard*" describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adapted to my work and your booklets on its mechanical and electrical advantages.

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WHAT NEXT?

Producing Nitrates From Peat

POURING electricity into peatbeds and taking out fertilizers in the form of extremely valuable nitrates has now been accomplished. It will take large operations to show whether or not it will be a commercial success, but these will soon be undertaken; and meantime engineers have approved the theory of the process.

In operation it is very simple. Great porous pots more than eight feet deep are buried about three feet apart, all over a peatbed. Between the pots are buried, only a few inches apart, iron rods that are more than eight feet in length. The pots are filled with coke, and a small amount of water is pumped into them and pumped out continuously.

Electricity is sent into the earth through the iron rods and out from the pots. The effect of the electricity is to send the nitrate of the peat into the porous pots. The water circulating in these becomes impregnated with nitric acid, and this impregnated water, pumped to collecting tanks, furnishes the fertilizer in a form that can be concentrated for farm use. Theoretically a good bed of peat, containing two per cent in weight of nitrogen, would produce by this system nine hundred and fifty pounds of nitric acid in twenty-four hours, with the consumption of one hundred and eighty kilowatts of electricity.

Cheap electricity would keep the cost of production low, as not much attention is needed for the pots; so that peatbeds located near streams which will produce waterpower not valuable for other purposes give the best promise under this plan of adding to the present annual production of nitrates.

The annual production of nitrates has been declared by scientists to be one of the most important matters affecting mankind.

Following the Band

A NEW attachment for moving-picture machines makes it possible for a band behind the scenes to play a tune in exact time with the apparent playing of a band shown on the moving-picture screen. It can be varied for many other musical effects, such as the singing of a solo, for instance. The moving-picture machine which throws the scene on the screen also sends, outside of the view of the audience, to a screen which can be seen by the band in back, a picture of the bandmaster or orchestra conductor conducting the music. The band which is depicted on the screen played originally to the leading of this bandmaster, and then when the scene is given in the theater the substitute band behind the screen has only to obey the motions of this bandmaster in order to be in perfect time with the picture.

Earthquakes as Warnings

AN APPARENT relationship between earthquakes and mine explosions has been discovered by a scientist who has been studying earthquakes, and he believes there is real hope of developing a system of warning notices to mine operators, based on earth movements. A relationship has already been found between the explosions and the barometric pressure, and that would also be considered in preparing the warnings.

A study of the earth motions too small to be called earthquakes in the ordinary sense of the word has shown that the seasons when the earth motions have been the greatest in the United States for the past few years have been the seasons when there have been the largest number and the most disastrous mine explosions. Pendulum records of all earth movements show seasons in 1899, 1900, 1906 and 1910 when the motions were unusually frequent and large, and the record of explosions shows a marked similarity.

Earth strains cause the earthquakes, little and big, and these earth strains are often widespread. This gives a reason for such a relationship as he suggests.

If his theory is established it will be possible to give warnings in advance, so that mine operators may take unusual precautions, for the pendulum records would show when the earth movements were becoming more active.

Coal Conservation

TWO ideal methods of conservation that have long been suggested by scientists and engineers have just been combined in South Africa. One is to take the power out of coal at the coal mine itself and then deliver the power to distant points by electricity instead of delivering the coal; the other is to utilize every possible bit of energy in coal by producing gas and coke from it instead of burning it under a boiler.

A project is now under way to develop the power at the Tweefontein Colliery and deliver it to Rand Mines, fifty miles away, by an eighty-thousand-volt transmission line. The coal is to be turned into gas and this gas is to be used to heat boilers for developing steam, which in turn will develop electricity.

Very valuable by-products, such as ammonium sulphate and tar, will be saved from the gas. Exactly this method of procedure is looked on as the coming great development wherever coal is mined.

Bulletins From Mars

REGULAR news reports concerning happenings on Mars are being made during the present opposition of the planet, when for many weeks it will be in an unusually favorable position for observation. Weather news and what might be called crop reports comprise the daily batch of information; but there is much more of these subjects than one would expect.

Professor William H. Pickering, of Harvard, is the Mars correspondent and he is keeping in the closest touch now possible with the planet by regular observations from a very favorable spot in the West Indies. The news will be made up in the form of daily reports and printed at the end of each month in an astronomical journal, though any important news is quite likely to find its way into the columns of the daily papers.

All the data that may be obtained during the present period may help to decide the present raging controversy as to whether or not living beings exist on Mars. Professor Pickering believes the so-called canals and lakes are vegetation.

The Lowell theory is that the melting snows feed irrigation canals and lakes, and that the resulting vegetation is what is seen in favorable observatories as fine lines, called canals. This implies living beings and artificial cultivation.

Some astronomers still deny vehemently that the lines mean anything. One noted British astronomer recently declared that the daily and nightly and seasonal temperature changes are such on Mars that if vegetation does exist there it can only consist of plants which have their whole course of life from seed to seed in a few hours in the middle of one day.

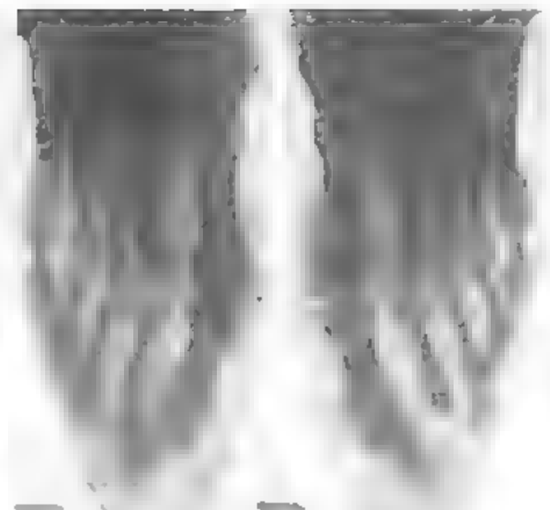
Complete observations on the change from day to day of the polar snowcaps, the appearance of the lines or canals, and all the other phenomena, such as the distribution of clouds, may serve to throw some light on the great problem. The first of the news reports have given some details of a flood on Mars.

Smothering Fires

ONE of the most promising of the new methods of fighting fire on shipboard at sea is to fight the fire with fire. It has already been adopted on some vessels and is receiving much attention from marine engineers.

Its purpose is to control just such fires as destroyed the Volturno. By this system the hot gases that come from the boiler flues and ordinarily go up the smokestack are used to smother a fire. A vessel is equipped with great pipes running from the boiler room to all parts of the ship, and at any time the flue gases can be switched from the smokestack to these pipes. The pipes would pour these flue gases into the hold or the sections of the ship where the fire was raging and smother the fire.

Flue gas contains only nine per cent of oxygen, and fifteen per cent of oxygen is required to support fire. Consequently if great quantities of flue gas are poured into the burning hold the oxygen there will soon be reduced to a point where combustion cannot continue and the fire must die out.



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Have Rested, Joyous Feet

THE pressure of pointed shoes is what makes tired feet.

Tired feet also tire the body. This tiring wastes 20% of your efficiency. (See U.S. Army report.)

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Educators prevent, relieve or free the feet from all these ills. Why? Because they banish the pressure and the pinch and give the feet space in which to live a natural life. Send for

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

a new book in which two New York orthopaedic specialists tell you how to walk and have joyous, straight-boned, athletic feet. Simple language. Free.

Get your whole family (men, women, children) into roomy, good-looking Educators. $1.35 to $5.50.

See that EDUCATOR is branded on the sole. That name guarantees you the correct orthopaedic shape which allows your feet to grow as nature intended.

Leading shoe stores everywhere sell Educators. If you have any trouble finding them, write us.

Rice & Hutchins

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Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

Where Beauty and Economy Meet

IN the melting pot of American Industry, Beauty, Adaptability and Economy have met in the production of a rug of such sterling quality and at so low a price that it may well be said to represent a new era in home furnishing.

DELTOX

FINE WEAVE GRASS RUGS

The artistic beauty of these rugs is evidenced by the accompanying illustrations. It is impossible, however, to illustrate the delightful, mellow shades of the patterns blending into the natural color of the wire grass fabric which forms the wonderfully flexible and durable body of this reversible rug. Full appreciation must be left to the eye of the beholder.

Deltox Rugs are universally adaptable, because their keynote is harmony. Upstairs or down, on the porch, in the kitchen, in the bath-room—in any room in the house, Deltox Rugs harmonize perfectly with their surroundings and add a touch of brightness and beauty to any environment. They are ideal for the porch as they are not affected by rain or dampness.

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Deltox Rugs are, then, the embodiment of Beauty, Adaptability, Economy and Sanitation. And, withal, they are as economical as any Rugs you can buy, in point of durability as well as first cost.

For instance, a 9' x 12' Deltox Rug in any pattern can be bought for not to exceed $9.00.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 10c to cover postage for a beautiful 18" x 18" sample Deltox Rug. An unusually complete and attractive booklet, illustrating Deltox Rugs in natural colors, 1-12 actual size.

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This Trade-Mark

This latest model Columbia Grafonola

is ready for delivery by the dealer in your town

and 20 double records with it, for $50

$5 is all

your dealer will ask on monthly payments, after the first deposit is paid. And he will deliver the outfit to you subject to approval

40 different pieces of music, on 20 Double-Disc Columbia Records — also two portfolios to hold them, and 1,000 needles.

You and your dealer get together, take the Columbia Record catalog, and make up your list!

Columbia Grafonola "Jewel"
Quartered Oak

The Grafonola

The "Jewel" has the hinged enclosing lid. The cabinet is 16¾ inches square It has the exclusive Columbia tone-control leaves at the front, which have supplanted the old idea of small doors. It has the new No. 6 reproducer It has the new bayonet-joint tone arm. It has the regular standard Columbia motor—double-spring drive—which plays three records at one winding. It carries the Columbia Graphophone Company's guarantee.

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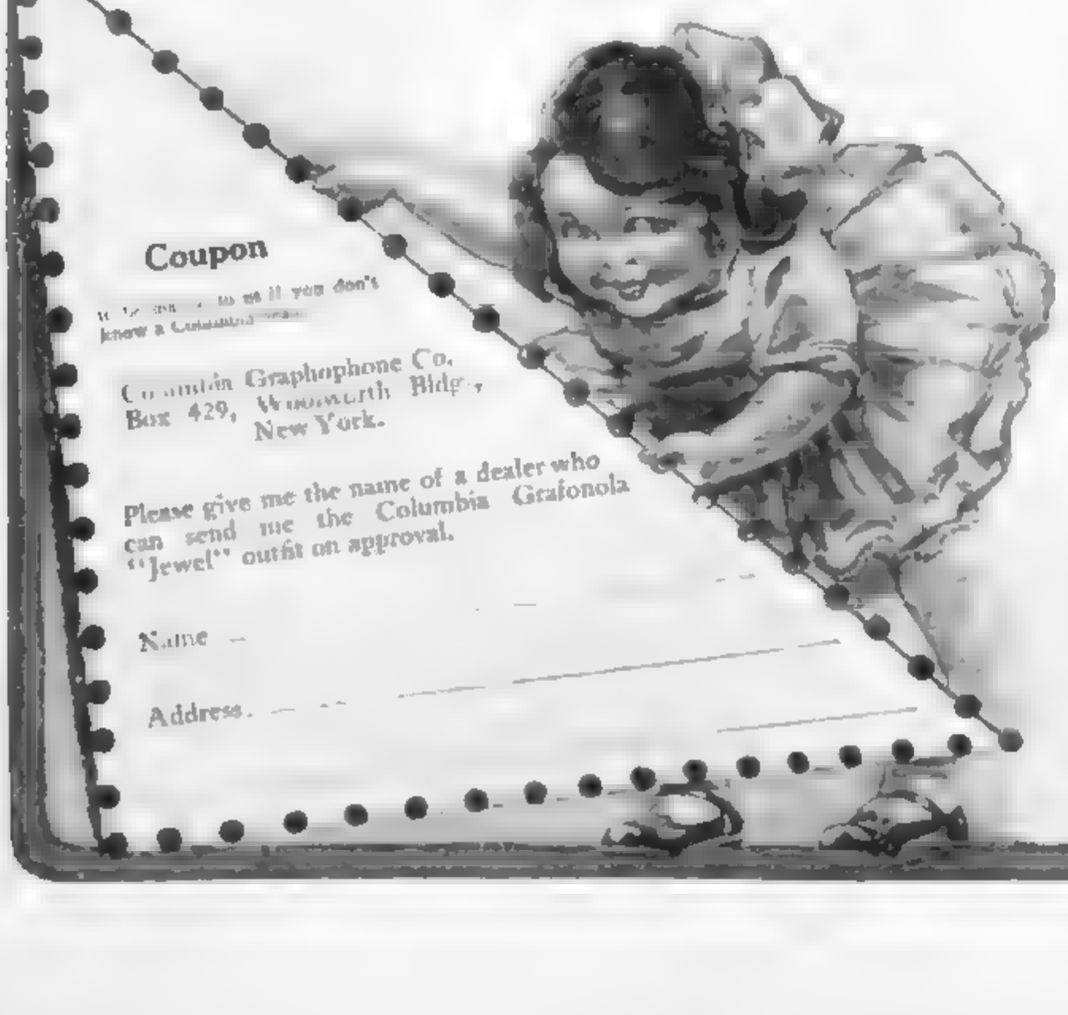
You have a thousand records to choose from. There are a thousand records of the standard 65c. series in the Columbia Catalog from which you will make up your list of twenty. For instance: Those forty selections on your twenty double-disc records can include the following combinations (and any dealer can work out a hundred other combinations. Maybe you will want a larger proportion of dance records, or more marches, or more instrumental solos, or more male quartettes—and so on to your heart's content):—

MODERN DANCE MUSIC

Two stirring one-steps,
One splendid waltz,
Two genuine Argentine Tangos,

Also —

Four rousing marches,
One snappy two-step,
Four of the newest popular hits,
One cornet solo,
Four patriotic selections by full military band,
Two fine old hymns by baritone and tenor,
Two capital banjo solos played by Fred Van Eps himself,
A concert waltz,
One ballad solo by a prominent tenor,
One love song duet by soprano and baritone,
Two artistic vocal trios — women's voices,
One selection by mixed trio,
One old-time male quartet classic,
Two standard band selections,
Three pieces of high-class orchestral music,
One beautiful flute, violin and harp trio,
Two violin solos,
A rich 'cello solo,
A lively piccolo solo



Coupon

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Columbia Graphophone Co.
Box 429, Woolworth Bldg.,
New York.

Please give me the name of a dealer who can send me the Columbia Grafonola "Jewel" outfit on approval.

Name —

Address —

Don't forget that this outfit will be delivered subject to trial in your own home, where nothing at all but the musical capacity of the instrument can influence you to purchase. If there is no dealer in your vicinity, send us that coupon.

To merchants in any line who want to realize on a business already built up and active in your territory, with a broad profit margin in it and that will feed your present business; write for particulars direct to

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY
Box 429 Woolworth Building, New York
TORONTO—365-367 Sorauren Ave. Prices in Canada plus duty

Columbia
Columbia Records
TRADE MARK
Note the Notes

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

PERHAPS you noticed that a clause in the banking bill, which would have created a fund for the guaranty of bank deposits, was stricken out at the last moment. Concerning that clause Senator Root said:

"The serious side of this proposition is that it seeks to give the credit of the United States to every speculator, promoter or blackguard who can scrape together twenty-five thousand dollars and take out a national-bank charter. It is a premium on indifference to honesty and soundness in business—a premium on speculation and disregard for all rules of business honor. It is an invitation to every adventurer to go into the national banking business and get the indorsement of the United States back of his scheme."

That is rather harsh language; and, in my opinion, this country's experience with guaranty of bank deposits by no means warrants it. That experience extends over nearly five years; and, so far, it does not prove that guaranty of bank deposits cannot be worked successfully. What a longer experience may show nobody can foretell; but I shall not be surprised if that rejected clause should be heard from again in a year or two.

The theory of guaranteed bank deposits is simple and plausible. The history of the national banking system shows that, with banks regulated and inspected to the extent that national institutions are, losses to depositors through bank failures are very slight indeed, when the system is regarded as a whole. A tax of a minute fraction of one per cent on all the deposits in national banks would have produced a fund sufficient to reimburse depositors for all the losses they have sustained since the system was established—over forty years ago.

In theory it is quite like fire insurance. A certain number of houses burned last year, causing great losses to their owners, but a very small tax or premium paid by all insured property creates a fund sufficient to reimburse the unlucky owners. The argument is: Why not insure deposits and let such losses as occur fall on the banking system as a whole rather than on the few unlucky depositors in failed banks?

It is true that in Oklahoma they have got into a muddle with guaranty of bank deposits, as Thornton Cooke, an experienced Western banker, points out in a recent article in the Quarterly Journal of Economics; but the reasons lie on the surface and by no means imply that guaranty of deposits must always be a failure.

The Oklahoma Guaranty Law

Oklahoma was the first state to adopt guaranty of deposits—as a result of the panic of 1907. The law, of course, was attacked as unconstitutional; but the Supreme Court of the United States upheld it, observing: "When the Oklahoma legislature declares that free banking is a public danger, and that incorporation, inspection and guaranty are necessary safeguards, this court certainly cannot say that it is wrong."

The Oklahoma law originally provided for the accumulation of a fund in the hands of the State Banking Board equal to five per cent of the deposits in state banks. Depositors in a state bank that failed were to be paid out of this fund immediately after the failure. All state banks were obliged to contribute to the fund by small annual assessments on their average deposits, and might be called on for additional assessments if the fund became depleted. In case the fund should not be sufficient to pay depositors in a failed bank, interest-bearing warrants were to be issued to them, the warrants to be redeemed later on as further assessments from the banks accumulated.

This system went into effect in a new country that was enjoying a boom. Nearly all the state banks in the state were promptly admitted to the system—in some cases without sufficient inquiry into their condition, as later events proved. The board that administered the law was more or less a political concern and did not exhibit very high banking ability.

Naturally, in a pioneer country, where boom times were forcing all sorts of business enterprise, many new state banks were organized. Since all deposits were guaranteed, one bank could offer equal safety with another; and an adventurer's easiest route to the handling of other people's money was by organizing a state bank.

A bank commissioner is quoted by Mr. Cooke as saying that the heaviest losses might have been avoided if the records of certain men who applied for state-bank charters had been more carefully scrutinized. For a time state banks offering guaranteed deposits gained rapidly in comparison with national banks that could not come into the guaranty system.

Then came some indifferent crops, a let-up in the real-estate boom, and a day of reckoning. Twenty-seven state banks, with about seven million dollars of deposits, have failed since the system was inaugurated or have liquidated by the aid of the guaranty fund. These failures, after liquidating the good assets of the insolvent concerns, have thrown a loss of about two million dollars on the guaranty fund.

The result is that state banks have been assessed about one per cent a year on their average deposits—which is equivalent to a tax of five or six per cent on their capital in fact, some banks have paid a full fourth of their capital in assessments, and the fund still has—or had when Mr. Cooke wrote—unpaid warrants outstanding.

Politics Mixed With Banking

Of course the state banks vigorously objected to such heavy assessments; quite a number of them, in fact, have left the state system and reorganized as national institutions in order to escape the very burdensome assessments for the guaranty fund. To relieve the banks the law has been amended, the fund being reduced to two per cent of deposits instead of five, and the regular assessments, after the first three years, limited to one-fifth of one per cent of deposits each year.

More important still, the management of the fund and of the state banking system has practically been turned over to the bankers themselves. The State Bank Association will name three persons from whom the governor will select one to be bank commissioner, and nine persons from whom the governor will select three other members of the State Banking Board.

This situation has been pretty widely advertised as proving that guaranty of bank deposits is a failure—but it is very clear that the system got into trouble in Oklahoma because the law was faulty and badly administered; in fact, nearly all the losses to the guaranty fund arose from the failure of four or five city banks which had been most recklessly conducted.

If the banks had been properly inspected before their admission to the guaranty system and the unsound ones rigidly excluded; if thorough inspection had been practiced thereafter; and if no new charters had been issued except to men who were clearly fit to manage banks and for locations where there was real need of additional banking facilities, the guaranty of deposits would probably have worked successfully.

And there is one point that critics of deposit guaranty overlook: All the losses from state-bank failures in Oklahoma have fallen on the banks. Though there have been over a score of failures, depositors have lost nothing. This probably explains why—even in the opinion of critics of the system—there is no immediate prospect that the law will be repealed; in fact, the critics agree that depositors in Oklahoma are so little disturbed by a bank failure that the banking board frequently has to look them up and request them to come and get their money. That complete confidence on the part of depositors is not an altogether bad thing for a banking system.

The Oklahoma commission no doubt showed its political complexion by trying to bolster up and nurse along insolvent institutions by use of the guaranty fund—instead of squarely facing an unpleasant situation; but it by no means follows that all commissions must do likewise.

Under the amended law the issuance of bank charters is put entirely within the control of the board, and the bank commissioner can fix the rate state banks may pay on deposits, thereby discouraging speculative banking. With a well administered law the next four years may tell a different story.

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The underlying principle of Oldsmobile success is in the experience of its manufacturers, and their desire and ability to build into each car as a unit — power, stability, utility and beauty.

Combination 4 or 5 passenger Phaeton, touring body type, $2975. 7-passenger touring body $175 extra. Limousine $4300

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"He's asking for more of that baked custard you made with Carnation Milk."

"Well, there isn't any left; hasn't he had two big helpings already?"

Carnation Milk makes all bread, cakes, dumplings and pastries light and digestible; it is the perfect seasoning for vegetables. Wherever it is used in cooking it makes the dish richer—better in flavor.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Baked Custard Two eggs, beaten light; three tablespoons sugar; ½ can Carnation Milk diluted with same quantity water; pour into buttered pan and grate nutmeg over top. Set in a larger pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven. Insert a clean knife blade and when it comes out clean, custard is done. Watch it closely to avoid cooking too much. Serve ice cold.

Aside from being absolutely sweet, pure, rich and delicious, Carnation Milk will reduce the cost of running your table—you will buy less butter and cream. Telephone or tell your grocer today you want Carnation Milk—also ask him for "The Story of Carnation Quality"—with choice recipes—or write us.

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.
General Offices: Seattle, U. S. A.

Kansas followed Oklahoma in adopting a system of deposit guaranty. Since the system was inaugurated only one guaranteed bank has failed and the officer who wrecked it is now in prison. There was, of course, no loss to depositors.

The Kansas law differs radically from that of Oklahoma in leaving it optional with state banks whether they shall join the guaranty system or not; nor does it require that depositors in a failed bank shall be paid at once. On proof of their claims they are given warrants, or certificates, which are liquidated first out of the assets of the bank; then, if there is a deficit, out of the guaranty fund.

The certificates bear six per cent interest, and, judging by the one case in which they were issued, as well as by general probabilities, are substantially as good as cash to the depositor. If you are a depositor in State Bank A, which fails, you take your certificate over to State Bank B, which accepts it for the sake of getting your account. Thus your banking connection goes on practically without interruption.

The annual assessments in Kansas are one-twentieth of one per cent of deposits; but four emergency assessments, bringing the total up to one-quarter of one per cent a year, may be levied.

A bank is not admitted to the system until it is one year old. The bank commissioner fixes the rate—for each county—which banks may pay on deposits. Any bank officer paying a greater rate is removed from office.

The banking law in Kansas has been well administered, and guaranty of deposits has not produced any of those noxious results its critics say are inevitable. More than half of the state banks have voluntarily joined the guaranty system.

Guaranty Laws in Other States

Nebraska, also, has a deposit-guaranty system, and no demoralizing results have so far been discovered; in fact, there has been no bank failure in the state since the system was inaugurated, or for several years before. It is obligatory on all state banks, and when the law was passed the state bankers fought it tooth and nail, almost to a man; but their opposition seems to have subsided, and Mr. Cooke opines that now they are generally reconciled to deposit guaranty.

The fund begins with four semiannual assessments of one-fourth of one per cent each, to be followed by yearly assessments of one-twentieth of one per cent until the fund amounts to one and a half per cent of the deposits; but these assessments are simply credited on the bank's books to the state bank commissioner and are subject to his check.

Texas, also, has a deposit-guaranty system, and since the law went into effect state-bank deposits have doubled. Three small banks have failed, entailing a draft of about a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars on the fund—of which, however, over fifty thousand dollars was recovered from the assets of the banks and paid back to the fund. Three other banks have failed and been liquidated without calling on the fund—depositors, of course, being paid in full.

To sum up, there is nothing in our brief experience of deposit guaranty which proves that a properly framed and administered system cannot be worked successfully. To be sure, if deposit guaranty is to succeed, the banking department must be vested with large and rather despotic powers.

It certainly will not do to hand the state's guaranty over to any adventurer who can scrape together money enough to start a bank. The banking department must refuse bank charters to men whose reputations and experience are not such as to raise a strong presumption that they will conduct the bank safely. It must be in a position to prevent such men from getting control of established banks.

Its inspection of banks must be thorough and not superficial. It must not charter merely competitive banks, which presumably can get little or no business except by outbidding the existing banks in the community for deposits. But all these things are perfectly possible. They are contained, for example, in the Kansas law.

Senator Root's animadversion implies that deposit guaranty must be granted to anybody who applies for it. Under that condition unquestionably it will break down—but why should a blackguard have a bank charter anyway?

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ROOM for every toe, because Florsheims are "Natural Shape." No "breaking in"—just solid comfort. Two hundred styles to please every taste. Priced at $5 and up to $7.

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The Secret of Living, Pulsating, Joyous Music

WHAT is this thing in the music of Today, which—resist it though you may—*seizes* you and *dominates* you and lifts you into a world of delicious excitement?

What is this thing which makes the American popular music the craze of the whole civilized world? What is it that makes old and young turn for joyous expression to the dance?

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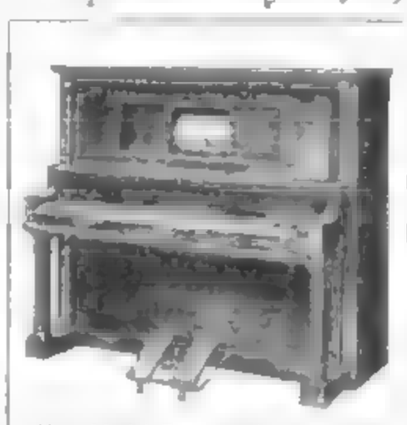
For the Virtuolo makes you so *unconscious of playing* that all your thoughts and feelings burst out in full expression. That is why no player piano made puts more life and "go" into popular music than the Virtuolo.



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It is on sale in every leading city. We'll send you the address of nearest dealer. If living at a distance, we'll have a Virtuolo shipped to your home on trial. For we would rather have you *play it yourself* than listen to every Virtuolo argument we know. Never, until you do that, can you really know what the Virtuolo's Instinctive Playing means.

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As conceived by J. J. Roig

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Boston Jersey City Chicago Kansas City Minneapolis
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THE POT BOILER

(Continued from Page 10)

have recognized his father's face, it was so gaunt and yellow, the eyes so sunken. And the strange nurse had brushed his hair back in an unwonted fashion from the high forehead.

"Doctor?" whispered the sick man. "Is that you?"

"It's I, Roger."

The eyes moved and focused themselves upon the face hungrily.

"Roger! Yes, it's Roger!"

Tears ran down the hollows of the man's cheeks and he began to sob helplessly.

Roger bent down and kissed the damp forehead, all bitterness forgotten.

"Wore himself out over that last book of his!" grunted the old doctor the next evening as they sat in the tiny library. "I told him he'd kill himself."

Ashton Dwight was better—one of those mysterious, unaccountable changes, temperature down two degrees, pulse slower. The doctor arose and walked round the room, which his big form almost completely filled. He had brought Roger into the world; watched over his mother when she had died of typhoid eight years before.

"Doesn't care for anybody in the world but you!" he muttered gruffly, pretending to examine the photographs on the bookcase. "Thinks of nothing else except his writing. Burned himself out. I've seen the same sort of thing a dozen times before. One of those enthusiastic chaps that can't help working. Terribly proud of you, he is. Hope you deserve it —— Guess you do, all right. But he's got to let up. There must be a change all round."

Roger listened, his eyes blinded by tears.

"Doctor," he choked out finally, "I've got to tell you, or somebody. I—I've been ashamed of him!"

The doctor turned round quickly.

"Ashamed of him?" he demanded, rushing to the support of his lifelong friend. "Ashamed of your own father? Why?"

"For writing trashy novels to make money."

There was an awkward pause.

"I'd want pretty good evidence before any one could make me ashamed of my father," the old doctor growled finally. "I've read all his books, and, although I'm no literary chap, I thought they were as good as anything I'd ever read. Aren't they popular?"

Roger smiled pathetically. "Of course they're popular, that's the trouble with them; they're cheap and sensational."

"Oh, they are, are they!" cried the doctor, raising his eyebrows. "Who says so?"

"Why, all the professors at Harvard, everybody with much literary taste, I suppose. Mr. Alonzo Bates, for instance."

"Who the devil is Mr. Alonzo Bates?"

"My English instructor."

"Well, what does he know about it?"

Roger felt that the conversation was becoming somewhat futile. The doctor was well meaning, but ——

"A good deal," he replied quietly. "Anyhow the way they're offered for sale in colored covers and advertised all over the lot is sensational enough, isn't it?"

The doctor pursed his lips and lit a small cracked cigar which he unearthed from his breast pocket.

"There's many a good pill comes in a cheap box," said he. "I never heard of your Mr. Bates, but give me Tawanda every time! I tell you, Roger, those books were written with his heart's blood. Money? I don't suppose he objected to money, but he only wanted it for your education. He's denied himself everything for your sake. He told me once you cost him three thousand a year."

Roger felt a new pang of self-reproach. This was a phase of the matter of which he had been kept in entire ignorance. He had always supposed that his father had plenty of money, made it easily, too easily. He was thankful for what the doctor had told him as to their financial resources. He would indeed see to it that things should be different hereafter. As a literary critic, however, the dear old medico was unconvincing. Roger was quite satisfied that, however great his knowledge of medicine, he knew very little about books. He was just one of the big public that liked the stuff Ashton Dwight wrote, red covers and all.

Slowly Ashton Dwight was coaxed back to life. Roger at first was almost ecstatically happy in the mere thought that his father was still alive. It did not seem possible that anything more could be necessary to his content. In two weeks they were able to essay the trip to Hot Springs, and in a month the invalid was on the high road to health. Then it was that his father insisted that Roger should immediately return to Cambridge to prepare himself for his examinations, and then it was also, to his infinite sorrow, that, strive as he would against it, something of the old resentment returned. His father's desperate illness had prevented any quarrel or any recrimination, but the wall between them was still there. Explanation was impossible; only the gnawing regret of a hopeless injury. His father was incapable of understanding—that was the amount of it. So he went back to college, where he worked in a fury of concentration. The days flew by, and almost before he was aware of it the examinations were over. His father had been writing him regularly and had given encouraging reports of his progress. He was planning a new book: Roger could not refrain from a piteous little grimace at the words. He urged his son to stay on in Cambridge for class day and commencement—two days that might mean much in memory. He was rather insistent about it. So Roger stayed.

The evening before commencement day Roger walked up Brattle Street to call on the professor of music, for the purpose of consulting him in regard to his electives for the ensuing year. A gawky little girl answered his pull upon the dilapidated bell and conducted him to her father's study, a small, stuffy room lighted only by a kerosene student's lamp and smelling strongly of family dinner. A grand piano covered with sheet music was jammed into one corner, and the floor in front of the meager fireplace was piled high with blue-books. A slatternly servant girl was noisily clearing off the dishes from the table in the adjacent dining room, and overhead children's voices rose sharply in dispute and laughter. But the professor himself, oblivious to these domestic disturbances, sat with his feet upon a stack of Biographies of Great Composers, smoking a short pipe and devouring the volume in his hand with such attention that he did not notice his visitor until the little girl had announced him for the second time.

"Father! A gentleman to see you."

The professor, evidently loth to be interrupted, looked up without altering his position.

"Oh, Dwight? Glad to see you." He laughed genially, holding up the book. "See what I'm reading?"

It was The Empress of the Islands.

Roger experienced his usual sense of mortification. Was he never to escape these constant humiliations? He stammered something quite incoherent to the effect that he had not read it.

"It's the best yet!" declared his host enthusiastically. "Great stuff! Almost as good as Treasure Island!"

Roger could not believe that he had heard aright.

"Are you speaking seriously?" he asked with a grain of suspicion.

"Rather!" exclaimed the professor. "I've often wanted a chance to tell you what pleasure your father's books have given me. Sit down, won't you—anywhere you can find a place? I read 'em over and over again, especially Tawanda."

There was no doubting the little man's sincerity. He fairly bubbled over.

"Nothing like them since Stevenson—full of romance, atmosphere, situation, quiet humor, and at the same time the most realistic characterization!"

He stopped short and looked sharply at Roger.

"Er—what's the matter? Don't you like 'em?"

The boy hesitated.

"I—I don't really know," he replied in some confusion. "I thought I did at first, but then everybody said they were so sensational and cheap that ——"

"Who said so?" demanded the other.

"Why—why—the instructors in the English Department."

"They did, did they?" snorted the professor disgustedly. "Pff!"

The columns of the educational temple were reeling.

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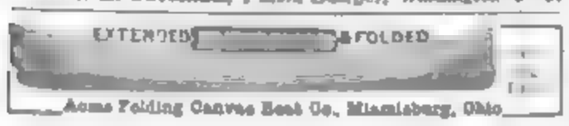

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"Look here," he continued after a pause, "if anybody said that in the classroom it's a shame! Rotten bad taste besides! Mind you, this is utterly between ourselves. But something's hurt you badly, I can see that. Some of my young colleagues are well enough on Elizabethan drama, the miracle plays or even the eighteenth-century novelists, but, Lord love you! don't take a bookworm, a phrasemaker, a prig, for a critic of full-blooded literature. I heard one of 'em say once that he never read anything later than Hazlitt! Ha! Nothing later than Hazlitt! How can a man judge literature when he doesn't know life? What is literature anyhow but the expression of life?"

A great light had begun to dawn for Roger. After all it had been only Mr. Bates who had indicted, tried and convicted his father. And no appeal had been taken. He had accepted the instructor's snap judgment for gospel. Yet his mind was not altogether clear.

"They said," answered the boy, trying to remember accurately, "they were nothing but claptrap, popular novels, pot boilers."

The professor had risen to his feet and was striding up and down among the blue-books. His face showed a holy indignation.

"One thing at a time!" he almost shouted. "Popular? What's that against 'em? Weren't Dickens and Scott popular? Wasn't Stevenson? How about Kipling?" His eye caught the piano. "Hang it, boy! Everybody can't write grand opera! But that doesn't mean we can't delight our souls with something lighter! Look at Rubinstein, Gounod, Schütt, Chaminade, Tosti, and our own Ethelbert Nevin! Popular? Thank heaven, yes! Think of the hundreds of thousands of people who love Nevin's Rosary? Was there ever sweeter music? Popular!" He laughed scornfully. "Do you realize that it is the universal instinct for what is really good and true that in the end makes popularity? Damrosch told me only the other day that even in the remote West and South a concert audience will always applaud the best things, whether they know anything about music or not."

Roger had risen, too, his spirit soaring.

"But of course one can deliberately debase a talent, turn off cheap stuff, just for money," he hazarded.

"Of course! But why do they accuse your father of that? Have they read any of his books? Haven't we a place for romance in our literature? Think of the millions of people who want to forget their work and their worries and dream dreams! Ashton Dwight has given me many an evening of pure happiness. I'm not the only one either. Why, I saw a copy of Tawanda on the president's library table only yesterday!"

Roger wanted to hug the little man. Such a doughty champion!

"But," said he, eager for a complete defense, "think of the sensational way they are advertised—those horrible paper covers with their vulgar colored pictures."

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"Times change," he laughed. "Your father doesn't design his wrappers. That's modern business. Don't blame the author for the sins of the publisher! It's the same way with music. Look at that!" He dug a song, its cover printed hideously in red and green, out of a heap of manuscript on the piano. "That's one of the most exquisite things ever written! Fierce, isn't it? Well, thank heaven, we don't try to sing the cover! A critic who condemns a book because he doesn't like the outside, or even the illustrations, is an ass. It's no fairer than to accuse a woman of being a drab because she wears a picture hat or has powder on her nose."

He paused reminiscently, then laid his hand on Roger's shoulder.

"There is as much harm done in this world of ours by hasty and superficial criticism as by shoddy work. It's the easiest way there is to be clever. And criticism can be as cheap and sensational as anything else. It's simple enough to pull down, but heaven knows"—he sighed—"how hard it is to build! And it doesn't matter what the kind of thing is that we are trying to do, if we do our best. It makes no difference whether it is building cathedrals or hothouses, so long as you build good ones. We've got to have both. One of the finest chaps I know is a shoemaker down by Harvard Square. It's a lucky man that can write a great epic or a great tragedy, a grand opera or a symphony. But life would be pretty dreary without any other kind of books or music. So long as we are giving

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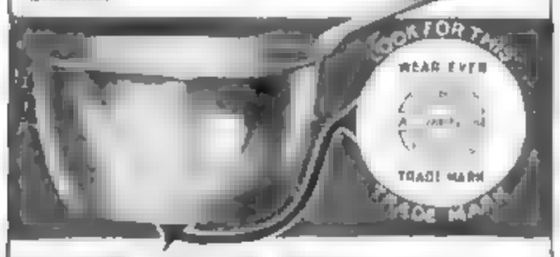

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He seemed to have forgotten that Roger was there, for he stood staring silently for some time across the room at a faded yellow photograph of Handel over the piano. The kerosene lamp gurgled beside him; upstairs a baby began to squawl and hiccough.

"That's the only thing that matters," he repeated softly to himself.

Then, as if rather embarrassed at his outburst, he turned and held out his hand brusquely to his visitor.

"Well," he said, "glad you came up. Drop in any time you're round here."

Roger left the house exultantly, no more doubting the accuracy and finality of the little professor's opinion than he had that of Mr. Bates eight months before. Mr. Bates! The discovery that he had totally misjudged not only the quality of his father's work, but the estimation in which he was held, set every nerve in his body aquiver.

How beautiful was the June night with its cluster of brilliant stars hanging low above the heavily shadowed elms! How sweet the air laden with the scent of the salt hay of the river, of wistaria and lilac, of the moist earth underfoot and of the gardens and lawns of the professors' houses! Those reserved, self-respecting little houses in such excellent taste! Such nice little houses in which lived such good, kindly, lovable men! He wanted to ring all the bells and tell them how much he liked them all. And he had totally forgotten to ask the professor about his courses for the next year!

Commencement day dawned, that day when technically the college year begins, but when in reality it ends; the day when the great mother, like a gracious sovereign conferring titles of nobility, decorates those of her sons who have proved themselves most worthy of her and out of a "democracy of opportunity" creates an "aristocracy of achievement." It is the day of tradition, the day of memory and reunion, when the old "grads" come back to sit on the steps of Stoughton and Holworthy and call each other by nicknames rarely heard but never to be forgotten. They march in a compact, vigorous company at the end of the procession for the first year or two after graduation, the youthful rearguard of the graduate column; four or five years go by and they have imperceptibly moved up toward the front—they are in the middle of the throng, the youngsters behind them. And then some day one of them notices how gray his classmates are getting, several are quite bald, others are so grave and serious!

Presently they begin laughingly to introduce to each other slim, respectful young fellows, their sons, who in their turn take their places at the end of the line. The class has dwindled by now. The other classes in front occupy but a small place in the procession. There are white-bearded men among the erstwhile boys. They speak in dry, short phrases, laughing rarely and then with their eyes only. They have something of that which is called wisdom. They have either achieved or failed by that time; been faithful or neglectful of their trusts. And it is then that the college at commencement time calls them about her and bestows upon them the brevet of distinction.

The word goes round among the gray-haired boys lounging among the elms, the boys who have come home today from the stock exchange and the laboratory, the law courts, the manufactory, the fruit farm, the ranch, the White House and the settlement or the slums, that Jones is going to get an LL.D.—Jones an LL.D.! What for? Jones used to be a perfect ass! Knew it himself, by gad! Yes, that is why he is getting an LL.D. now. He is an ass no longer. His dicta upon the law of nations control the action of peace conferences and arbitrations. The ass has altered the boundaries of great countries, sitting in his shabby library on Quincy Street. And they say that Smith, that solemn chap who used to wear high-water trousers above his ankles and was always shooting his cuffs, has become a great evangelist, whose words of fire have stirred the Christian world. Don't believe it? Well, that's what they say. Going to get a D.D. Well, I'll be hanged!

And then there's little what's-his-name, who went over to Paris and took the Prix de Rome. Forgot all about him for twenty years! He's just bobbed up again—won the competition for the new capitol at Richmond. Going to get an A.M.! Who is that iron-visaged man? Williams? Oh, come! A major-general? And—don't make me laugh—are you really a *judge?*

Down by the new wrought-iron gate the band begins to play. Come on, boys! Get your rusty old bones off the grass and form in line! There's prex in his doctor's robe! Three cheers, fellows! Hip-hip! Don't mind even if he scowls, he won't bite! Come along, Jim, here's your cane. You don't need it, you old fraud! What are you doing with your handkerchief? Beg pardon, old fellow! Hats off! Here comes '41! Hurrah! Only two of them, but hopping along like two white-headed sparrows!

Roger Dwight and Joe Turner from the middle of the yard watched the straggling procession wind hesitatingly among the elms. It was a hot June day, with great white clouds floating slowly across the deep blue above the red brick of the old buildings. The hearts of the two boys leaped at the sight of this great company of men who had loyally served their college and their country.

Lingering, they followed in the wake of the long procession that had crossed the yard and was now thronging into Saunders' Theater. There was hardly room for all of them, and the platform where sat the faculty and those who were to receive degrees was crowded to overflowing. Massed on the floor were the seniors and the old "grads." Above, the galleries were jammed with the other classes and invited guests. Roger stood against the rear row of seats and listened apathetically to the Latin oration and the dissertations and disquisitions. Then amid intense silence the president addressed the graduating class and bestowed upon them the sheepskins admitting them into the brotherhood of educated men. The seniors returned to their seats. A fluttering and whispering arose on all sides throughout the galleries. The real excitement was coming now, the awarding of the honorary degrees. The audience would have an opportunity to study the faces of men distinguished in art, in war, politics, diplomacy and the learned professions.

The president, with a half smile, called out a name and from the front rank upon the platform arose a white-bearded man, the British ambassador, while the hall shook with the thunder of its applause. Harvard honored herself in honoring him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. One by one in answer to their names these men who had served their time stood up to receive the recognition which meant more than wealth or place or fame—soldiers, jurists, scientists, explorers, poets and scholars—and to each the great audience rendered the homage that was justly his due. The president paused, and again the half-smile played upon his stern and lofty countenance.

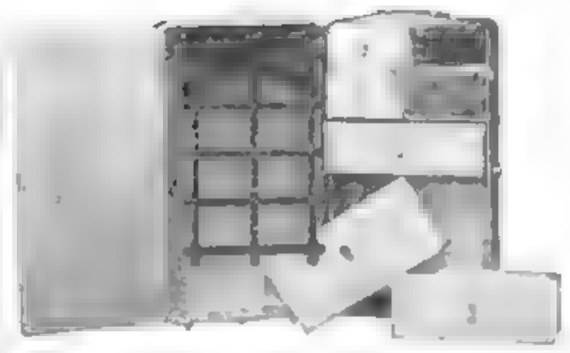
"William Peabody Perkins!" he announced in his sonorous voice. "Self-sacrificing and inspiring instructor and friend of youth, transmitter of high ideals, composer of majestic oratorios, to you we award the degree of Doctor of Music!"

There was a roar from the middle of the theater where the students were seated as the little pot-bellied professor, blushing furiously, stood up at the back of the platform. Roger experienced a great surge of affection for the awkward little man. He was the real thing! Yes, he was the right stuff! He clapped until his hands burned and his arms ached. Then he started to work his way out with a vague intention of waylaying little Perkins and congratulating him. The ceremonies were almost over. The theater was suffocatingly hot. But prex had stepped forward again. There was a slight confusion on the platform, and before speaking he turned and looked at the man sitting directly behind him, a man concealed from Roger by the reading desk. There was a real smile on his face this time, a smile of genuine affection.

"Ashton Dwight!" he said quietly.

Roger swayed against the wooden column beside him and the blood rushed to his neck and face. The great hall turned black, and the figures on the platform swam before his eyes. What was going on? Prex had stepped back and with his arm tenderly about his shoulders was helping his father to arise. His father! A dead silence filled the theater. The president turned and looked upon his old classmate with infinite tenderness.

"Ashton Dwight," he repeated in his measured tones, "inspired writer of stimulating and vigorous romance full of the salt spray of the sunlit ocean and the pine-laden breath of Northern forests, bearer of happiness to countless thousands, upon you we confer the degree of Master of Arts."



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THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

uncompromising six-inch plait down her back. She had no glasses, and over the candle frame she peered short-sightedly at Peter.

"It's about Jimmy," she said. "I don't know what's got into me, but I've forgotten for three days. It's a good bit more than time for a letter."

"Great Scott!"

"Both yesterday and today he asked for it and today he fretted a little. The nurse found him crying."

"The poor little devil!" said Peter contritely. "Overdue, is it? I'll fix it tonight."

"Leave it under the door where I can get it in the morning. I'm off at seven."

"The envelope?"

"Here it is. And take my candle. I'm going to bed."

That was at midnight or shortly after. Half after one struck from the twin clocks of the Votivkirche and echoed from the Stephansplatz across the city. It found Peter with the window closed, sitting up in bed, a candle balanced on one knee, a writing tablet on the other.

He was writing a spirited narrative of a chamois hunt in which he had taken part that day, including a detailed description of the quarry, which weighed, according to Peter, two hundred and fifty pounds, Peter being strong on imagination and short on facts as regards the Alpine chamois. Then, trying to read the letter from a small boy's point of view and deciding that it lacked snap, he added by way of postscript a harrowing incident of avalanche, rope, guide and ice axe. He ended in a sort of glow of authorship, and after some thought took fifty pounds off the chamois.

The letter finished, he put it in a much-used envelope addressed to Jimmy Conroy—an envelope that stamped the whole episode as authentic, bearing as it did an undecipherable date and the postmark of a tiny village in the Austrian Tyrol.

It was almost two when Peter put out the candle and settled himself to sleep.

It was just two o'clock when the night nurse, making rounds in her ward in the general hospital, found a small boy very much awake on his pillow, and taking off her felt slipper shook it at him in pretended fury.

"Now, thou bad one!" she said. "Awake, when the Herr Doctor orders sleep! Shall I use the slipper?"

The boy replied in German with a strong English accent.

"I cannot sleep. Yesterday the *Fräulein* Elisabet said that in the mountains there are accidents, and that sometimes ——"

"The *Fräulein* Elisabet is a great fool. Tomorrow comes thy letter of a certainty. The post has been delayed with great snows. Thy father has perhaps captured a great boar, or a—a chamois, and he writes of it."

"Do chamois have horns?"

"*Ja*. Great horns—so."

"He will send them to me! And there are no accidents?"

"None. Now sleep, or—the slipper."

VIII

SO FAR Harmony's small world in the old city had consisted of Scatchy and the Big Soprano, Peter, and Anna Gates, with far off in the firmament the Master. Scatchy and the Big Soprano had gone, weeping anxious postcards from every way station it is true, but nevertheless gone. Peter and Anna Gates remained, and the Master as long as her funds held out. To them now she was about to add Jimmy.

The bathrobe was finished. Out of the little doctor's chaos of pink flannel Harmony had brought order. The result, masculine and complete even to its tassels and cord of pink yarn, was ready to be presented. It was with mingled emotions that Anna Gates wrapped it up and gave it to Harmony the next morning.

"He hasn't been so well the last day or two," she said. "He doesn't sleep much—that's the worst of those heart conditions. Sometimes, while I've been working on this thing, I've wondered —— Well, we're making a fight anyhow. And better take the letter, too, Harry. I might forget and make lecture notes on it, and if I spoil that envelope ——"

Harmony had arranged to carry the bathrobe to the hospital, meeting the doctor there after her early clinic. She knew Jimmy's little story quite well. Anna Gates had told it to her in detail.

"Just one of the tragedies of the world, my dear," she had finished. "You think you have a tragedy, but you have youth and hope; I think I have my own little tragedy, because I have to go through the rest of life alone, when taken in time I'd have been a good wife and mother. Still I have my work. But this little chap, brought over here by a father who hoped to see him cured, and spent all he had to bring him here, and then—died. It gets me by the throat."

"And the boy does not know?" Harmony had asked, her eyes wide.

"No, thanks to Peter. He thinks his father is still in the mountains. When we heard about it Peter went up and saw that he was buried. It took about all the money there was. He wrote home about it, too, to the place they came from. There has never been any reply. Then ever since Peter has written these letters. Jimmy lives for them."

Peter! It was always Peter. Peter did this. Peter said that. Peter thought thus. A very large part of Harmony's life was Peter in those days.

She was thinking of him as she waited at the gate of the hospital for Anna Gates, thinking of his shabby gray suit and unkempt hair, of his letter that she carried to Jimmy Conroy, of his quixotic proposal of the night before. Of the proposal, most of all—it was so eminently characteristic of Peter, from the conception of the plan to its execution. Harmony's thought of Peter was very tender that morning as she stood in the arched gateway out of reach of the wind from the Schneeberg. The tenderness and the bright color brought by the wind made her very beautiful. Little Marie, waiting across the Alserstrasse for a bus, and stamping from one foot to the other to keep warm, recognized and admired her. After all, the American women were *chic*, she decided, although some of the doctors had wives of a dowdiness—*Himmel!* And she could copy the *Fräulein's* hat for two kronen and a bit of ribbon she possessed.

The presentation of the bathrobe was a success. Six nurses and a *dozent* with a red beard stood about and watched Jimmy put into it, and the *dozent*, who had been engaged for five years and could not marry because the hospital board forbade it, made a speech for Jimmy in awe-inspiring German, ending up with a poem that was intended to be funny, but that made the nurses cry. From which it will be seen that Jimmy was a great favorite.

During the ceremony, for such it was, the Germans loving a ceremony, Jimmy kept his eyes on the letter in Anna Gates' hand and waited. That the letter had come was enough. He lay back in anticipatory joy, and let himself be talked over, and bathrobed, and his hair parted Austrian fashion and turned up over a finger, which is very Austrian indeed. He liked Harmony. The girl caught his eyes on her more than once. He interrupted the speech once to ask her just what part of the robe she had made, and whether she had made the tassel. When she admitted the tassel his admiration became mixed with respect.

It was a bright day, for a marvel. Sunlight came through the barred window behind Jimmy's bed, and brought into dazzling radiance the pink bathrobe, and Harmony's eyes, and fat Nurse Elisabet's white apron. It lay on the bedspread in great squares, outlined by the shadows of the window bars. Now and then the sentry, pacing outside, would advance as far as Jimmy's window, and a warlike silhouette of military cap and the upper end of a carbine would appear on the coverlet. These events, however, were rare, the sentry preferring the shelter of the gateway and the odor of boiling onions from the lodge just inside.

The *dozent* retired to his room for the second breakfast; the nurses went about the business of the ward; Dr. Anna Gates drew a hairpin from her hair and made a great show of opening the many times opened envelope.

"The letter at last!" she said. "Shall I read it or will you?"

"You read it. It takes me so long. I'll read it all day, after you are gone. I always do."

Anna Gates read the letter. She read aloud poor Peter's first halting lines, when he was struggling against sleep and cold. They were mainly an apology for the delay.

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Then forgetting discomfort in the joy of creation, he became more comfortable. The account of the near-accident was wonderfully graphic; the description of the chamois was fervid, if not accurate. But consternation came with the end.

The letter apparently finished, there was yet another sheet. The doctor read on.

"For Heaven's sake," said Peter's frantic postscript, "find out how much a medium-sized chamois ——"

Doctor Gates stopped "——ought to weigh," was the rest of it, "and fix it right in the letter. The kid's too smart to be fooled and I never saw a chamois outside of a drugstore. They have horns, haven't they?"

"That's funny!" said Jimmy Conroy.

"That was one of my papers slipped in by mistake," remarked Doctor Gates, with dignity, and flashing a wild appeal for help to Harmony.

"How did one of your papers get in when it was sealed?"

"I think," observed Harmony, leaning forward, "that little boys must not ask too many questions, especially when Christmas is only six weeks off."

"I know! He wants to send me the horns the way he sent me the boar's tusks."

For Peter, having in one letter unwisely recorded the slaughter of a boar, had been obliged to ransack Vienna for a pair of tusks. The tusks had not been so difficult. But horns!

Jimmy was contented with his solution and asked no more questions. The morning's excitement had tired him, and he lay back. Doctor Gates went to hold a whispered consultation with the nurse, and came back, looking grave.

The boy was asleep, holding the letter in his thin hands.

The visit to the hospital was a good thing for Harmony—to find some one worse off than she was, to satisfy that eternal desire of women to do something, however small, for some one else. Her own troubles looked very small to her that day as she left the hospital and stepped out into the bright sunshine.

She passed the impassive sentry, then turned and went back to him.

"Do you wish to do a very kind thing?" she asked in German.

Now the conversation of an Austrian sentry consists of yea, yea, and nay, nay, and not always that. But Harmony was lovely and the sun was moderating the wind. The sentry looked round; no one was near.

"What do you wish?"

"Inside that third window is a small boy and he is very ill. I do not think—perhaps he will never be well again. Could you not, now and then, pass the window? It pleases him."

"Pass the window! But why?"

"In America we see few of our soldiers. He likes to see you and the gun."

"Ah, the gun!" He smiled and nodded in comprehension, then, as an officer appeared in the door of a coffee house across the street, he stiffened into immobility and stared past Harmony into space. But the girl knew he would do as she had desired.

That day brought good luck to Harmony. The wife of one of the professors at the hospital desired English conversation at two kronen an hour.

Peter brought the news home at noon, and that afternoon Harmony was engaged. It was little enough, but it was something. It did much more than offer her two kronen an hour; it gave her back her self-confidence, although the immediate result was rather tragic.

The Frau Professor Bergmeister, infatuated with English and with Harmony, engaged her and took her first two kronen worth that afternoon. It was the day for a music lesson. Harmony arrived five minutes late, panting, hat awry, and so full of the Frau Professor Bergmeister that she could think of nothing else.

Obedient to orders she had placed the envelope containing her fifty kronen before the secretary as she went in. The Master was out of humor. Should he, the teacher of the great Koert, be kept waiting for a chit of a girl—only, of course, he said *das Kindchen* or some other German equivalent for chit—and then have her come into the sacred presence breathless, and salute him between gasps as the Frau Professor Bergmeister?

Being excited and now confused by her error, and being also rather tremulous with three flights of stairs at top speed, Harmony dropped her bow. In point of heinousness this classes with dropping one's

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infant child from an upper window, or sitting on the wrong side of a carriage when with a lady.

The Master, thus thrice outraged, rose slowly and glared at Harmony. Then with a lordly gesture to her to follow he stalked to the outer room, and picking up the envelope with the fifty kronen held it out to her without a word.

Harmony's world came crashing about her ears. She stared stupidly at the envelope in her hand, at the Master's retreating back.

Two girl students waiting their turn, envelopes in hand, giggled together. Harmony saw them and flushed scarlet. But the lady secretary touched her arm.

"It does not matter, *Fraulein*. He does so sometimes. Always he is sorry. You will come for your next lesson, not so? and all will be well. You are his well-beloved pupil. Tonight he will not eat for grief that he has hurt you."

The ring of sincerity in the shabby secretary's voice was unmistakable. Her tense throat relaxed. She looked across at the two students who had laughed. They were not laughing now. Something of fellowship and understanding passed between them in the glance. After all, it was in the day's work—would come to one of them next perhaps. And they had much in common—the struggle, their faith, the everlasting loneliness, the little white envelopes, each with its fifty kronen.

Vaguely comforted but with the light gone out of her day of days, Harmony went down the three long flights and out into the brightness of the winter day.

On the Ring she almost ran into Peter. He was striding toward her, giving a definite impression of being bound for some particular destination and of being behind time. That this was not the case was shown by the celerity with which, when he saw Harmony, he turned about and walked with her.

"I had an hour or two," he explained, "and I thought I'd walk. But walking is a social habit, like drinking. I hate to walk alone. How about the Frau Professor?"

"She has taken me on. I'm very happy. But, Doctor Byrne ——"

"You called me Peter last night."

"That was different. You had just proposed to me."

"Oh, if that's all that's necessary ——" He stopped in the center of the busy Ring with every evident intention of proposing again.

"Please, Peter!"

"Aha! Victory! Well, what about the Frau Professor Bergmeister?"

"She asks so many questions about America; and I cannot answer them."

"For instance?"

"Well, taxes now. She's very much interested in taxes."

"Never owned anything taxable except a dog—and that wasn't a tax anyhow; it was a license. Can't you switch her on to medicine or surgery, where I'd be of some use?"

"She says tomorrow we'll talk of the tariff and customs duties."

"Well, I've got something to say on that." He pulled from his overcoat pocket a largish bundle—Peter always bulged with packages—and held it out for her to see. "Tell the Frau Professor Bergmeister with my compliments," he said, "that because some idiot at home sent me five pounds of tobacco, hearing from afar my groans over the tobacco here, I have passed from mere financial stress to destitution. The Austrian customs have taken from me today the equivalent of ten dollars in duty. I offered them the tobacco on bended knee, but they scorned it."

"Really, Peter?"

"Really."

Under his lightness Harmony sensed the real anxiety. Ten dollars was fifty kronen, and fifty kronen was a great deal of money. She reached over and patted his arm.

"You'll make it up in some way. Can't you cut off some little extravagance?"

"I might cut down on my tailor bills." He looked down at himself whimsically. "Or on ties. I'm positively reckless about ties!"

They walked on in silence. A detachment of soldiery, busy with that eternal military activity that seems to get nowhere, passed on a dog-trot. Peter looked at them critically.

"Bosnians," he observed. "Raw, half-fed troops from Bosnia, nine out of ten of them tubercular. It's a rotten game, this military play of Europe. How's Jimmy?"

"We left him very happy with your letter."

Peter flushed. "I expect it was pretty poor stuff," he apologized. "I've never seen the Alps except from a train window, and as for a chamois ——"

"He says his father will surely send him the horns."

Peter groaned.

"Of course!" he said. "Why, in Heaven's name, didn't I make it an eagle? One can always buy a feather or two. But horns! He really liked the letter?"

"He adored it. He went to sleep almost at once with it in his hands."

Peter glowed. The small irritation of the custom-house forgotten, he talked of Jimmy; of what had been done and might still be done, if only there were money; and from Jimmy he talked boy. He had had a boys' club at home during his short experience in general practice. Boys were his hobby.

"Scum of the earth, most of them," he said, his plain face glowing. "Dirty little beggars off the street. At first they stole my tobacco, and one of them pawned a medical book or two! Then they got to playing the game right. By Jove, Harmony, I wish you could have seen them! Used to line 'em up and make 'em spell, and the two best spellers were allowed to fight it out with gloves—my own method, and it worked. Spell! They'd spell their heads off to get a chance at the gloves. Gee, how I hated to give them up!"

This was a new Peter, a boyish individual Harmony had never met before. For the first time it struck her that Peter was young. He had always seemed rather old, solid and dependable, the fault of his elder brother attitude to her, no doubt. She was suddenly rather shy, a bit aloof. Peter felt the change and thought she was bored. He talked of other things.

A surprise was waiting for them in the cold lower hallway of the *Pension* Schwarz. A trunk was there, locked and roped, and on the trunk, in ulster and hat, sat Doctor Gates. Olga, looking rather frightened, was coming down with a traveling bag. She put down the bag and scuttled up the staircase like a scared rabbit.

The little doctor was grim. She eyed Peter and Harmony with an impersonal hostility, referable to her humor.

"I've been waiting for you two," she flung at them. "I've had a terrific row upstairs and I'm going. That woman's a devil!"

It had been a bad day for Harmony, and this new development, after everything else, assumed the proportions of a crisis. She had clung, at first out of sheer loneliness and recently out of affection, to the sharp little doctor with her mannish affectations, her soft and womanly heart.

"Sit down, child." Anna Gates moved over on the trunk. "You are fagged out. Peter, will you stop looking murderous and listen to me? How much did it cost the three of us to live in this abode of virtue?"

It was simple addition. The total was rather appalling.

"I thought so. Now this is my plan. It may not be conventional, but it will be respectable enough to satisfy anybody. And it will be cheaper, I'm sure of that: We are all going out to the hunting lodge of Maria Theresa, and Harmony shall keep house for us!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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We do not sell Jap-a-lac except through dealers, but should you experience any difficulty in securing just the colors you want, send us your remittance (price per can 25c) and we will see that you are supplied promptly through the nearest dealer with any or all of the three kinds—transparent, enamel, or gold or aluminum—and in the colors you prefer.

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You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores—where everything in stock is on a par with Jap-a-lac.

Canada

Canadian readers will be pleased to know that The Glidden Varnish Company, Ltd., of Toronto, are supplying Glidden products to Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion. Most dealers are now in position to supply you with Jap-a-lac and other Glidden Goods, but if you are unable to get just what you want, write direct to our Canadian factory.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

10110 W. Madison Ave., N. W.
CLEVELAND, O.

FACTORIES, CLEVELAND
TORONTO

"FURRING"
Furring strips are placed where needed, usually 16 inches apart, to support the edges of every panel. Over brick, use furring strips.

NAILING
Top, bottom, sides, and center should be nailed. (Beaver Board can also be put over old plaster walls.)

SAWING
No plaster mess and litter here. BEAVER BOARD is handled like any fine lumber

PAINTING
Always decorate before nailing decorative strips over edges. Never use wall-paper

DECORATIVE STRIPS
These admit great variety in width and color treatment to suit different schemes of decoration.

BEAUTIFUL DESIGN — GOOD WORKMANSHIP
Mr J. B. Manning's beautiful country home at Ballston Lake, N. Y. shows the fine effects possible with BEAVER BOARD. Good workmanship and good taste are equally conspicuous.

What is BEAVER BOARD?

BEAVER BOARD furnishes, to all who build or remodel, a material with which they can build more beautiful and durable walls and ceilings.

And these walls and ceilings can be built easily and quickly, without the litter, muss and delay of the lath-and-plaster method.

To these great advantages it adds others. It makes a house warmer in winter, cooler in summer. It resists the passage of sound. It eliminates wall-paper because it has a beautiful pebbled surface offering unequaled opportunity for decoration by painting.

The pictures on this page show how easily BEAVER BOARD is put up, and how beautiful and satisfactory the results when the few, simple instructions, furnished to each user, are carefully followed.

It suits any type of building, and is equally valuable for new construction, remodeling, building permanent or temporary partitions or any other wall and ceiling possibility.

In eight years of use it has spread over the United States and Canada, reached many foreign countries and become almost as staple as brick or concrete.

Making a Good Thing Better

Each year research, investigation and manufacturing progress have given to the user a better BEAVER BOARD and a more helpful service. They have during the past year made another stride forward.

BEAVER BOARD today is even more rigid, finer in grain, and with a more beautiful pebbled surface than ever.

Its resistance to heat, cold and sound is increased. It is more than ever proof against climatic changes and weather conditions.

How we help User, Architect, Contractor and Carpenter

Besides giving you the best material we know how to make, we want to freely help you to the best possible use of it.

Good workmanship follows observance of a few simple instructions. Our Carpenters' and Decorators' Co-operative Department gladly goes into all details of construction on request.

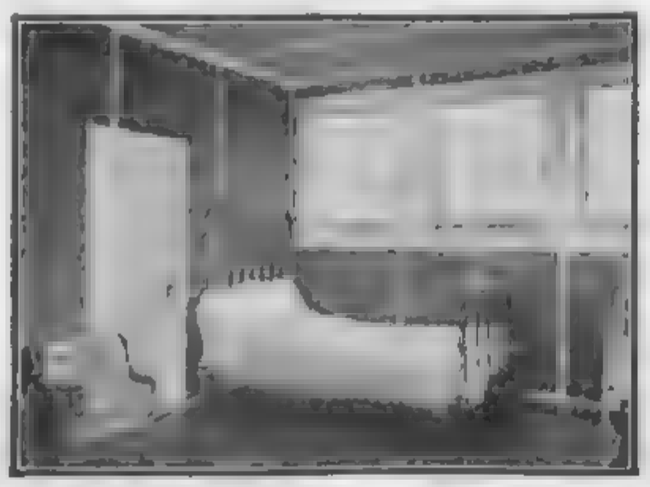
The Department of Design and Decoration goes even farther, and gives effective help by suggesting panel arrangements and color schemes, with estimates and actual photographs.

BEAVER BOARD *is sold by* eight thousand builders' supply, lumber and hardware dealers in sizes to meet your needs. Be sure to get the GENUINE PATENTED BEAVER BOARD with trade-mark on back and cream color all the way through.

Write today for free, painted sample and booklet "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses." Full information regarding the Co-operative Departments will be included.

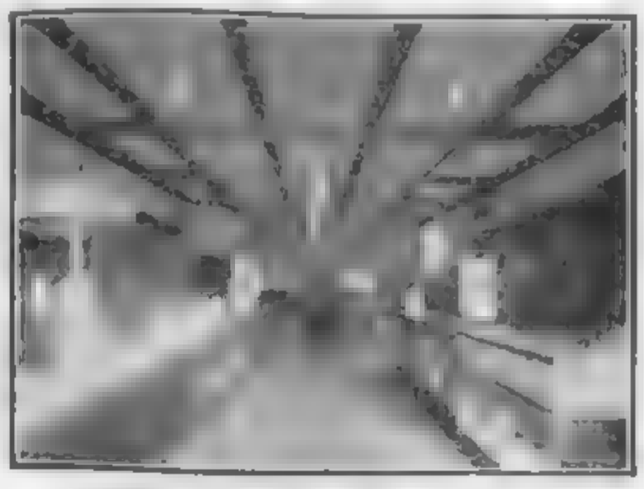
THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES

United States: 227 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada: [illegible]
Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row London, W. C.
Australia: 369 Queen Street, Melbourne, Victoria



BEAVER BOARD transformed this sleeping porch into a very attractive bed-room in the home of Mr. Frank M Guthrie, Memphis, Tenn.

BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE
TRADE MARK



Mr William Ryan of Derby, Conn., is one of many who have solved the problem of store ceilings and walls with BEAVER BOARD.

The most advanced development in jacks for every lifting purpose is represented in the new Duff

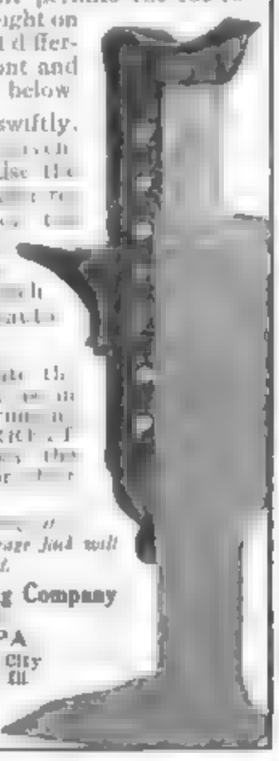
Highspeed Jacks

For railroads, locomotive works, street and suburban railways, bridge construction and other engineering operations, automobiles and motor trucks—jack requirements the world over are measured by the Duff standard. For automobile service, the most notable jack feature of 1914 is the Adjustable Footlift of Nos. 066, 077 and 088

GENUINE DUFF-BUILT

BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACKS

The adjustable Footlift permits the toe to be set at any desired height on the saddle rack, to suit differences in heights of front and rear axles. Illustrated below



BARRETT Jacks lift swiftly. Twenty strokes of the convenient long lever will raise the end [illegible] inches. [illegible] quarter 120 strokes of the short [illegible] Time [illegible] as this are invaluable [illegible] mobile emergencies.

[illegible] who [illegible] the [illegible] essential part of their [illegible] BARRETT Jacks [illegible] slow [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible] on any type of lifting or leverage [illegible] be promptly and fully answered.

The Duff Manufacturing Company

PITTSBURGH, PA

60 Church Street New York City
People's Gas Bldg Chicago Ill
Candler Bldg Atlanta Ga
Monadnock Bldg San Francisco

WHITE TAR BAGS

For storing motor coats, furs, carpets, rugs and draperies. The modern method of caring for garments, furs, carpets, rugs and draperies is to hang them in air tight White Tar Bags or wrap them in White Tar Paper. Free from moths and dust. Always ready for [illegible]

Size	Tar	Cedar	Odorless
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

White Tar Paper, [illegible] sheets [illegible]

[illegible] your dealer cannot supply [illegible] us we will send any style of White Tar Bag and roll of Tar or Cedar Paper all charges prepaid on receipt of price

WHITE TAR CO., 103 John St., New York

NOTASEME

Perfect-Process

Pure Silk Hosiery 50c

Made of strictly pure silk yarns—not artificially weighted with chemicals that injure the yarns. As neat after washing as before. Long wear in every pair. For men and women.

Dealers or Notaseme Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 19

the hotel in which were his headquarters. The night he was stricken Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, and the Cook County Democratic Marching Club had appeared at Tammany Hall and also marched through Broadway. Their arrival had attracted much attention. The next day they were to be tendered a reception and lunch at the hall. Croker had made great preparations, and many speeches were to be made.

The tragic death of Henry George cast a gloom over everything. Croker was urged to call the reception off; but, instead, he turned it to his advantage. He summoned James A. O'Gorman, then a municipal judge, who had been George's lieutenant in the campaign of eleven years previous, and had him prepare a speech deploring the untimely death. Croker decided to repeat the speech. It was the first time the Tammany chieftain had ever attempted a speech and he performed the task well. He seemed to feel the words as he uttered them and every one was impressed with their sincerity. The first two sentences were:

"Henry George is dead. He was an honest man and a great one!"

Croker ordered that no Tammany meetings be held until after the funeral. On the other hand, the managers of the Fusion party made an unfortunate move, which Tammany made the most of. They lost no time, on hearing the news of George's death, in visiting the headquarters, where the Single Taxer lay dead, and attempted to negotiate the taking over of the George following. Henry George, Jr., was substituted for his father; but he received only about twenty thousand votes, the great bulk of the old George following going to Van Wyck, who was conceded to be in the lead. Though the newspapers urged him, Van Wyck made no speech. He continued his duties as judge, visiting his headquarters in the evening. The whole Democratic ticket in the five boroughs was elected and Van Wyck received a plurality of eighty-six thousand.

Holidays at Lakewood

On the night of the election Van Wyck made his first false step. He had agreed to accompany former Mayor Grant, the manager of his campaign, to police headquarters, where the returns were sent. As the police department was in the hands of the Republicans, Grant felt that Van Wyck should be there.

Grant was much chagrined when Van Wyck did not appear. Instead he was the guest of Croker at his hotel. This left no question as to where Van Wyck stood. He was under Croker's domination.

The day after the election the mayor-elect called at my hotel and we went downtown together. We lunched together at a restaurant. I remember one of the first of the rush that came to our table was Chief of Police McCullough. I introduced him.

"I know all about you," said Van Wyck. "Years ago the same barber shaved us."

The chief, though a Republican, retired, feeling sure of four years more. A few months later Van Wyck gave him the bounce and William Devery became chief of police.

I had made Mr. Van Wyck's acquaintance years before at Saratoga. He was seated on a hotel veranda talking to two men from the South.

"No president possessed greater integrity than Grover Cleveland," he said.

The remark attracted me to him and I inquired who he was. The same day I was introduced to him and we at once became friends. He proved to be the best friend I ever had or ever expect to have.

Some time after the election of Mr. Van Wyck I read that Mr. Croker and the district leaders were to go to Lakewood for a vacation. I told Van Wyck I hoped he would not go and he seemed to be hesitating. The next day he decided to go and invited me to go along. He explained that Nathan Straus owned a hotel at Lakewood and that Croker wanted to help the hotel. Everybody respected Mr. Straus, who even then had a national reputation for his charities.

We were there for several weeks. Everybody who desired a place under the incoming city government or any favor—such as contracts—soon followed; and Lakewood

Anastigmat Advantage

At No Sacrifice of

Kodak Simplicity

Superior speed is the real advantage offered by the modern anastigmat to the hand camerist. While high speed is necessary in arresting extremely rapid motion (as shown in Graflex focal plane shutter work), the appeal to the average amateur lies in the fact that it enables him to make slow snap shots on days that are too dark for such work with the ordinary lens; to shorten his indoor exposures, and to make snap shots on bright days, with a simple shutter, in from 1-200 to 1-250 of a second.

There is also an improvement in sharpness that becomes especially apparent when enlargements are to be made. In the very small sizes—such, for instance, as the Vest Pocket Kodak—it is not so much for a gain in speed, as for increased sharpness that such lenses are used, because the pictures are so often enlarged.

Kodaks in nearly all sizes are now furnished with the finest anastigmat lenses, at prices no higher than prevailed but a few years ago, for cameras for the same size pictures, when fitted with ordinary lenses.

The Kodak advantages lie, not only in their simplicity, superior workmanship and absolute reliability, but in the fact that *Kodak films that fit* are on sale the world over.

Kodaks with Anastigmat Equipments.

Vest Pocket Kodak, pictures 1⅝ x 2½, with Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.8, ... $12.00

Do., with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.9, ... 22.50

No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures 2½ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed 1/25 second, with Cooke Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, 37.00

No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak *Special*, pictures 2½ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed 1/25 second, with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3, 46.00

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed 1/25 second, with Cooke Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, 39.00

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak *Special*, pictures 3¼ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed 1/25 second, with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, ... 48.00

No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 5½, Compound Shutter, speed 1/25 second, with Cooke Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, 48.00

No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak *Special*, pictures 3¼ x 5½, Compound Shutter, speed 1/25 second, with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, ... 60.00

Prices on other anastigmat equipments on application.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

"Judge Them All by Their Merits, But Not by Their Ages"

Lord Chesterfield's injunction to his son holds as true today as it did nearly two centuries ago.

Let the choice of your watch be governed, not by its tradition, but by its inherent mechanical perfection; by its unerring time-telling qualities, by its dependable accuracy. If thus be your standard you will find your sound judgment reflected in the sterling character of the

South Bend Chesterfield
a gentleman's watch

You will find it a watch made with master-skill, a watch in advance of its time. Through unique principles applied by expert American workmen, *accuracy* has not been sacrificed to *appearance*. The Chesterfield with all its grace is more than a thin-model watch; it's an *accurate, time-telling* thin-model watch. It is made efficiently for efficient men.

The Mark of Everlasting Accuracy

See it at the nearest South Bend jeweler's store. You can get the Chesterfield in various models, from 15 to 21 jewels, $25 to $100. Ask especially to see the new double-roller movement. Our little complimentary volume on watches will be gladly mailed if you write us.

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH CO., 3 State Street, South Bend, Ind

was doing the greatest business in its history. The New York papers had their best writers there and they soon learned that Croker was in Lakewood to make a slate for Van Wyck.

The first astonishment was the extent of Croker's English wardrobe. Few of the braves were aware of the new habit of life Croker had acquired during his sojourn in England. Croker appeared in evening clothes at dinner; but this was nothing to the shock that such leaders as Big Tim Sullivan received when it became known that the chief kept a valet. Croker had a table in the most conspicuous part of the large dining room, at which only Van Wyck was permitted to sit regularly. The company otherwise varied, usually including the most distinguished guests.

This reminds me of a trying moment I had. James B. Eustis, formerly senator from Louisiana, had just completed his term as our first ambassador to France and had settled in New York to practice law. He had come to Lakewood at my suggestion, arriving just before the dinner hour. Croker was in the hands of his valet and, I learned, had not arranged to have the former ambassador at his table. I held Croker up just as he was entering the dining room.

"Do you know that the greatest friend Irish-Americans ever had," I said, "is dining here?"

"Who is he?"

"Ex-Ambassador Eustis."

"I'll talk with him after dinner."

"First, let me tell you that Roscoe Conkling told me that Senator Eustis made the greatest speech he ever heard made in the Senate—when they defeated the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain."

Meantime Mr. Eustis had been shown to a table well down the room. I pointed him out. Without waiting for another word Croker went to the table where the former ambassador was seated. Greeting him most cordially Croker escorted Mr. Eustis, a most distinguished-looking man, to his own table.

After dinner Croker asked for further details of the proposed British treaty. I repeated what Mr. Conkling had said. A clause of the treaty provided for the return of political prisoners, and had it been ratified all the Irish who came to this country to escape trial for political offenses would have been returned. This was during the Administration of President Hayes.

Trying to Please Croker

There was known to be a majority for the treaty when Senator Eustis began his speech in opposition. His speech lasted for hours and when he finished the proposed treaty was defeated by a large majority.

Croker was busy all the evening repeating the story of the incident and Mr. Eustis soon found himself very popular.

Croker was playing practical jokes and giving no evidence of the seriousness of the task before him, while Van Wyck plainly showed that he felt the responsibility. The story also went the rounds that it was Mr. Croker who prompted Mr. Eustis to defeat the treaty.

There were three officeseekers who were victims of a cruel joke. They were told that every morning at sunup Croker walked on the hotel lawn in his bare feet, and if they wanted to make themselves solid with the boss they should follow his example. The misguided fellows adopted the suggestion the next morning, notwithstanding the fact that a light snow had fallen during the night. Croker saw them through his window.

"Come in out of there!" he called to them. "Do you want to catch pneumonia?"

"I shall insist," Van Wyck said to me, just before his inauguration, "on appointing my own commissioners of account. They must be entirely responsible to me, as they have the power to investigate any department."

He did so—and, I believe, without consulting Croker. Besides, he made several personal appointments outside the organization.

It was just before Christmas that the Tammany pilgrimage to Lakewood ended. No one now doubted that New York was to have an out-and-out Tammany administration. On January 1, 1898, Van Wyck was sworn in as the first mayor of Greater New York.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four articles by Harry Wilson Walker. The third will appear in an early number.

The daily wear of silk hose becomes doubly attractive when one not only enjoys its luxury and style, but knows that it is durable as well. This is invariably the case with

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

Made of absolutely pure-dye thread silk.

WOMEN'S 40 shades 75c to $2 Pair
Can be had in out-sizes

MEN'S 50c to $1 Pair

"Made in Milwaukee"
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway Milwaukee

At all Good Dealers

The Tardy Boy

Prepares his lessons "any old time." He seldom does today what he can put off until tomorrow. He doesn't realize the importance of promptness. He has not learned that the performance of a duty is twice as easy NOW as it will be LATER.

Your advice is discounted by the tardy boy. He doesn't connect the theory of your lesson with his everyday life. Precept and practice are unrelated in his mind.

Somehow the boy must convince himself that promptness is essential. Thousands of parents have recently adopted a plan by which their boys are teaching themselves this lesson. The exact method is fully explained in a booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" A copy will be sent you, free, upon request. Write today to

The Sales Division, Box 245
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Grow Your Own Vegetables

Cut down your living expenses. You'll be astonished how health ful it is to cultivate a garden and how easy if you use

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No. 12 has pair plows, hoes, four cultivator teeth, leaf lifters, etc. Just what gardeners use most

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Sharpen Your Own RAZOR Blades

Money-back Guarantee $1.00

to a better edge than when new. The "Victor Automatic" gives a keen, velvety edge, makes shaving a delight. Fitted with [illegible]

AGENTS [illegible]

Victor Specialty Co., 80 Victor Bldg., Canton, O.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

FINE PANAMAS

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Exp. prepaid anywhere.

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PLANT THE SEED TAPE!

IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC WAY

Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

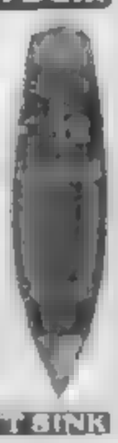
Just unwind American Seed Tape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced inside paper tape and fastened with glue fertilizer insures a quick, sturdy growth, because the paper attracts moisture to the already fertilized seed. Sprouts week earlier than seeds planted in soil. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. [illegible]

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. *each of White and Red Radish, Boston and Curly Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beet, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Seeds.* 300 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. *NO AGENTS.*

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.
1604 Walnut Avenue CLEVELAND, OHIO

$130 The Greatest Motor Boat For The Money Ever Built

MULLINS 16 foot Special Steel Launch, of graceful lines and beautiful finish, is safe as a life boat, with air chambers concealed beneath decks in bow and stern [illegible] dependable—Can't warp, split, [illegible] Absolutely Guaranteed Against Puncture. MULLINS $130 Special Launch [illegible] MULLINS [illegible] gift. Positively the greatest launch value ever offered. Write today for beautifully illustrated motor boat catalog containing full particulars.



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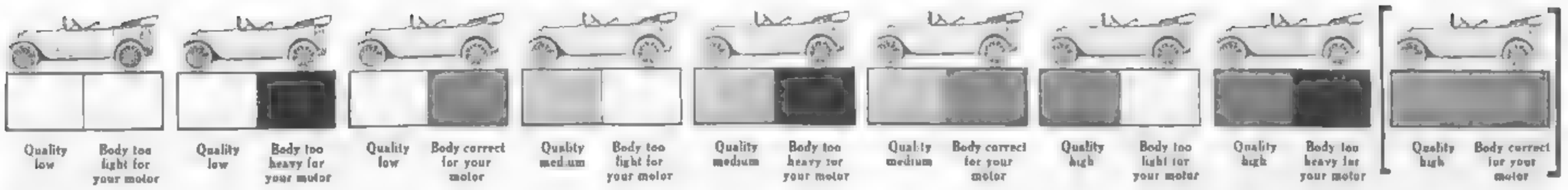
120 Franklin St. Salem, Ohio, U. S. A.
The World's Largest Boat Builders

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK



Only 1 oil in 9 is correct for *your* car

That is conservative.

There are two vital factors in automobile motor lubrication. One is the oil's *quality*. The other is the fitness of the oil's *body* for your type of motor.

There are many variations in the *body* of oils.

Only one is correct for *your* motor.

There are also many variations in *quality*. But, under the heat of service in your motor, only one *quality* will show maximum lubricating efficiency.

What if your oil is below the highest *quality* or incorrect in *body?*

Loss of power or undue friction, or both, must result. Repair bills follow.

Consumption of gasoline and oil mounts up.

Two motor demands

You may "want" correct lubrication. But you will seldom get it by chance.

It is of the utmost importance that you find the oil whose *body* suits your motor and whose *quality* offers the highest protection after the oil has been distributed.

It is now generally known that oil of correct body for your car can be determined only by detailed motor analysis—backed by scientific lubricating experience.

How friction hides

We are sometimes asked why incorrect lubrication does not always show up quickly in a motor.

That is an interesting question.

Some years ago motor parts were more exposed. Cars were often under-powered. Noise, overheating and loss of power gave the motorist timely warnings to investigate his lubrication.

But today most motors are amply powered and are largely closed in. Loss of power may not be noticed. Sound is deadened beneath metal jackets. Parts are frequently out of sight and hearing.

It is much like smothering an alarm-clock gong under a pillow.

The *noises* of friction are now partly smothered. But the *friction* still exists.

There is only one safeguard against undue friction—*correct lubrication.*

The solution

As a fundamental step in producing the oils specified in the Chart below we analyzed the motors of every make of automobile. We found widely varying conditions.

Correct lubrication for every type of motor demanded several grades of oil.

Keeping before us the special requirements of gasoline engine lubrication, we manufactured these grades from selected crude stocks.

In our Lubricating Chart we then specified the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each car. Every year by fresh analyses and demonstration, this Chart is brought up to date to cover the models for that year.

This Chart, printed in *part* below, for a number of years has been a standard guide to correct lubrication. Our *complete* Chart will be mailed you on request.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car. Make sure that you secure it—buying preferably in the original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five-gallon and one-gallon cans, marked with the red Gargoyle.

Then there can be no doubt that your oil will be scientifically correct for your car in both *body* and *quality*. You will use the "one" oil essential to the longest life of your car and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL CO.
Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

BRANCHES: DETROIT, 1130 Woodward Ave. BOSTON, 49 Lincoln St. NEW YORK, 2 Rector St.
CHICAGO, Fisher Bldg. PITTSBURGH, Farmers Bank Bldg. PHILADELPHIA, 4th & Chestnut Sts.
INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana Pythian Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS, Plymouth Bldg.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
American	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar				
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A				
[illegible]	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar		
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	
Chalmers	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	A
[illegible]	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc
Detroit-Belleville	[illegible]	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E M F	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar				
[illegible]	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	I	I	I	I	Ar	Arc				
Ford	A	Ar	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Franklin	B	A	B	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A
G M C			A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A
Havers 6-44									Arc	Arc
Havers 6-60							A	Ar	A	Ar
Hudson	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
Hupmobile	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
Hupmobile [illegible]	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
[illegible]							A	Ar	A	Ar
I H C Gasoline							B	A	B	A
[illegible]							A	A	A	A
Interstate	B	A	B	I	I	A				
Interstate	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar		
Jackson 2 cyl	A	A								
[illegible] 4 cyl	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A
[illegible] 6 cyl									A	A
LeMoon										
Kissel			Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A

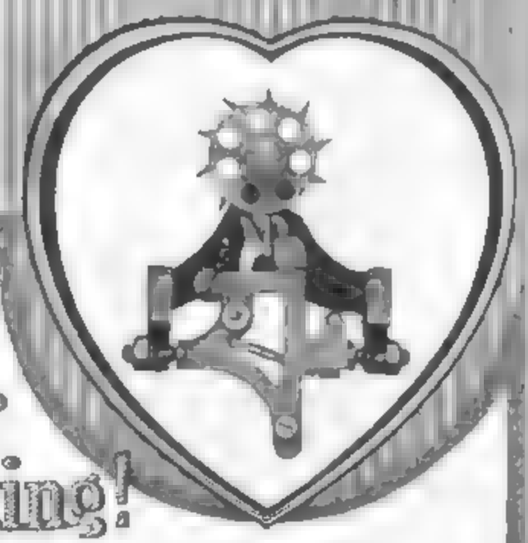
GARGOYLE
Mobiloils
A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Knox			A	I	A	I	A	I	A	A
Knox Kar	Ar	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Kline	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
Mack	A	I	A	I	E	E	I	E	A	A
Mack, Jr									A	A
[illegible]	A	I	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	...	
[illegible]	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A
Maxwell [illegible] cyl	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	...	
4 cyl	I	I	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
6 cyl							Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc
Mercer	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Matheson	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
Moline	A	I	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
Moline Knight									A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	I	Arc	A	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	A	A
Moon (6 cyl									A	Ar
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar
Oldsmobile	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar
Overland	A	I	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
[illegible]	A	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A
[illegible] Detroit	I	I	A	A	A	I	A	I	A	A
[illegible]							A	Ar	A	A
[illegible]	I	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A	Ar	Ar	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible] Comet			Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	I	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	I	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	I	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
S G V			B	I	B	I	B	I	A	A
Schacht	A	I	A	I	A	A	A	A	A	A
Scripps	Arc	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Speedwell	Arc	Ar	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible] Model							A	Ar	B	A
Stearns	Ar	Ar	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible] Knight							A	A	A	A
[illegible]	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Stoddard Dayton	Ar		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]							A	A	A	A
[illegible]	I	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
[illegible]							A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	I	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
[illegible]							A	A	A	A
Velie							A	A	A	A
Velie 6-60									A	A
Warren	A	I	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Ar	I	I	I	I
Waverley	A	Ar	A	A	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	Ar
White	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Announcing the NEW MODEL ROYAL No. 10

FEATURE No. 5
All-day Speed!



SPEED UP!
to 60 minutes an hour
by taking the "grind" out of typewriting!

The New Adjustable Touch:

"Just turn the Knob" and regulate the touch of the Royal!

And Smile!

For here at last is the master machine built to turn out *MORE* letters in the same working day!

The ***new Royal Master-Model 10*** speeds up the day's work and sets the pace in your "Letter Factory" to the quickstep of efficiency.

The Royal's Roller-trip Escapement:

"The Heart of the Typewriter Runs Without Effort."

BECAUSE the new Royal's rapid-fire action and tremendous advantage of superior convenience—with its marvelously elastic touch—*takes the "grind" out of typewriting.* You cannot tire yourself with this perfectly running machine, during any ordinary working day.

For it adds to the sensitive fingers of the typist the one vital thing which the old-style typewriter subtracts—***speed!***

The speed with brains behind it—the *real-life speed* of the expert typist, setting the pace that pays. *Errorless* speed is the kind of speed that counts. Commonsense has punctured the illusion of the other kind. ***All-day speed,*** throbbing evenly with the big, steady pulse of modern business—that's the speed of the ***new Royal 10.***

And combined with 100% speed, a machine with 100% accuracy—100% visibility—100% durability—making 100% EFFICIENCY. A typewriter with the many-keyed personality of its *regulated* touch: always adjustable at the "turn of the knob!"

The Royal is the only hundred-dollar typewriter of Triple-Service—it writes, types cards, and bills! So it helps the business pendulum to *swing* on time. And it improves strikingly the QUALITY of typewriter "presswork."

Price **$100**
(In Canada $125)

Built for "Big Business" and its Great Army of Expert Operators

Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal Man" and ask for a DEMONSTRATION. Read our advertisements in *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Everybody's, System, Cosmopolitan, Hearst's, Metropolitan, McClure's, Business,* and many more!

Write Direct

for our new Brochure, *"Better Service,"* and a beautiful Color Photograph of the new ***ROYAL MASTER-MODEL 10—"THE MACHINE WITH A PERSONALITY.*** Write now—right *now!*"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 360 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

THE COMING ATLANTIC OCEAN AIRFLIGHT

(Concluded from Page 7)

over the Atlantic Ocean and planned his start accordingly. When it is taken into consideration that the airman will be but a matter of twenty to thirty hours in crossing the ocean—if he does it at all—and that previous to his start he can receive communications from England, Iceland, America—and even from mid-ocean—regarding weather conditions, he may be reasonably sure of no change in the conditions during the short period consumed by his flight. And he should not make his start if he has previously been informed that foggy weather prevails.

Another problem of considerable importance, but one which involves a mental rather than a mechanical solution, is that of operating the machine through the night. Assisted by the moonlight or, in any event, by the rays of a powerful gas searchlight, the operator can observe the water beneath him from a distance of many feet in the air. The searchlight will not aid him in his flight through the air, but it will safeguard his course in case it is necessary to make a landing on the surface of the water while darkness prevails.

Judging Vertical Distances

The operator, however, will experience a horribly giddy and possibly sickening sensation, produced by the loneliness and the uncanniness of the situation; but if he overcomes this mental effect he will have absolutely no trouble in overcoming the mechanical problems. The man who first attempts the ocean flight should have no difficulty in withstanding the unusual sensation of being alone in the dark.

There is, however, a very curious and serious problem connected with the flight across the ocean which undoubtedly has not occurred to the mind of the average layman—or probably to any aviator unless he has previously engaged in ocean flying—that is, the condition of a glassy and dead-calm sea.

While flying above a region of inactive water it is absolutely impossible to gauge or even to approximate one's altitude above it unless there are objects floating on the surface. It is even impossible to estimate whether one is flying one foot or one thousand feet above the water. The sky and the water, in such a case, seem to combine and blend, completely obliterating horizon and zenith. In other words the operator of an air machine suddenly finds himself precipitated into illimitable space—so far as his powers of observation are concerned—the moment he enters a zone of calm air and water combined.

In this connection a very peculiar accident occurred to me while I was maneuvering in my machine over Maumee Bay, Lake Erie, last summer during a period of inactive weather. At that particular time I was flying approximately two hundred feet high and was headed directly lakeward, so that no assistance could be derived from the shore to continue approximating altitude as my flight progressed.

Just then the motor ceased firing and I was at once placed in the awkward position of having to descend on the surface of invisible water. It was impracticable to level out the machine in midair at an altitude of two hundred feet, because it would have then precipitated itself into the water in one of many awkward positions. It was likewise impracticable to maintain a downward glide unless there could be some way of distinguishing or approximating the position of the water's surface.

In vain I endeavored to find a bit of driftwood, some seaweed, or any other floating object; there was none to be found. It therefore remained for me to commence my downward glide and to make a wild guess at the distance to the water beneath. For a second or two I maintained the glide, and then I was under the impression that I could perceive a little ripple on the water's surface. This indicated that there was still a distance of fifty feet between the water and the machine; so I kept on gliding.

Instantly there was a blinding whirl of spray, a cracking of broken woodwork, a hissing as of escaping steam round the hot engine—then a muffled silence. The next moment my head bobbed above the surface of the water and I climbed on the wreckage of the overturned craft. I had had my first lesson in flying over calm waters.

The airman who first attempts to fly across the ocean is unquestionably going to try to select the most ideal weather possible. It will probably be his decision that calm air is preferable to active air—at least for the start of the trip—and it will be, provided he has foreseen the difficulties of flying over a calm sea.

To safeguard his flight over such a condition there should be installed on his machine a quick-acting altitude indicator, so that the distance above the water may be always closely estimated. Such an instrument will in itself be of very little value in assisting the aviator to land on the surface of the water. To meet this latter possibility, the ocean airliner should be equipped with a long adjustable rod projecting at least twenty feet in front of the machine, so that the rod may strike the water an appreciable length of time before the machine itself is in danger of doing so.

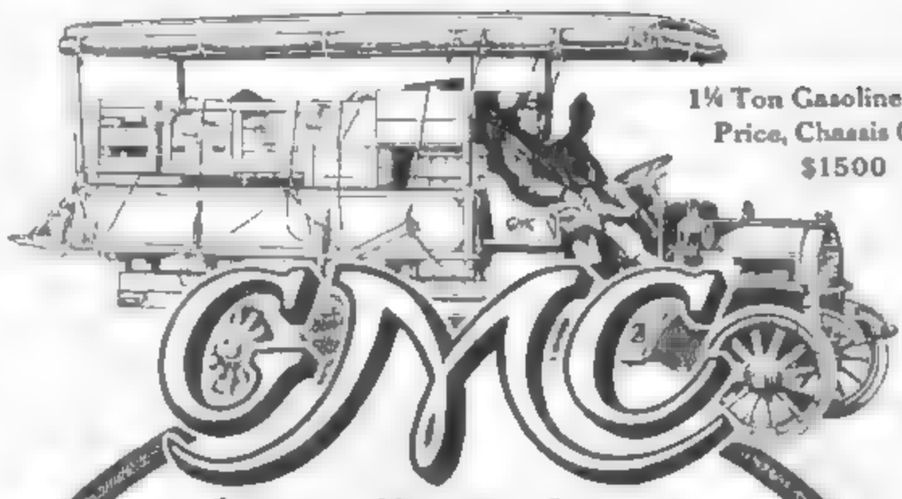
There may occur to the mind of some ingenious engineer a better means of contending with the surprising condition of a dead-calm sea. In any case some reasonable precaution must be taken to guard against the situation or else the trip of the first airman is likely to end in one sudden, solemn, lonely splash in the midst of a watery wilderness.

The Chances of Success

So there are many difficulties that will arise during the flight of the man who makes the first attempt to cross the ocean. He may dream of a glorious flight through the tropical climes of the Atlantic Ocean between South America and Africa; he may plan a trip from Newfoundland to Greenland, to Iceland or to Norway—such a trip has already been proposed—prepared for the icy conditions of the arctic climes; he may choose to fly in the path of the trans-Atlantic liners between America and Europe. In any case, whether he flies through tropical, temperate or arctic climates, he must be prepared to meet the peculiar difficulties described above, or his plans will never reach materialization.

If by enumerating these difficulties and relating unfortunate experiences, which seem to me to have some bearing on the coming event, I am discouraging any one from engaging in the wonderful sport of aviation, or am deterring any aspirant from the effort of making a long ocean flight, I am indeed sorry. There is no question that the trip is possible at the present day and with the facilities we have at hand. There is very little question that the man who goes into every detail connected with such a trip, who uses, so far as possible, apparatus of known and tried merits, and who scientifically prepares for all conceivable emergencies, will come out of the enterprise at least with his life—and in all probability with complete success.

The ocean is known; the air is known; even the changes that are going to take place in the air and on the ocean can be predicted with marvelous accuracy for long periods in advance. It remains, therefore, for some man to prepare himself and to make the attempt. And I believe he will succeed—if he is prepared!



1¼ Ton Gasoline Model
Price, Chassis Only,
$1500

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General Motors Truck Company is one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world. It was the first big manufacturer of commercial motor vehicles to build both gasoline and electric trucks in capacities from 1000 pounds to 5 tons.

To-day big production permits us to sell the best trucks we have ever built at prices astonishingly low.

Gasoline Chassis — From 1¼ Tons, at $1500; To 5 Tons, at $3000

Electric Chassis Without Batteries — From 1000 lbs. at $1200; To 12000 lbs. at $2500

GMC trucks have SERVICE BUILT INTO THEM. Our plan of co-operation with owners insures their satisfaction. Our policy means quality trucks, quantity production, quick sales and small profits—this is one big reason why shrewd buyers are choosing *GMC* trucks.

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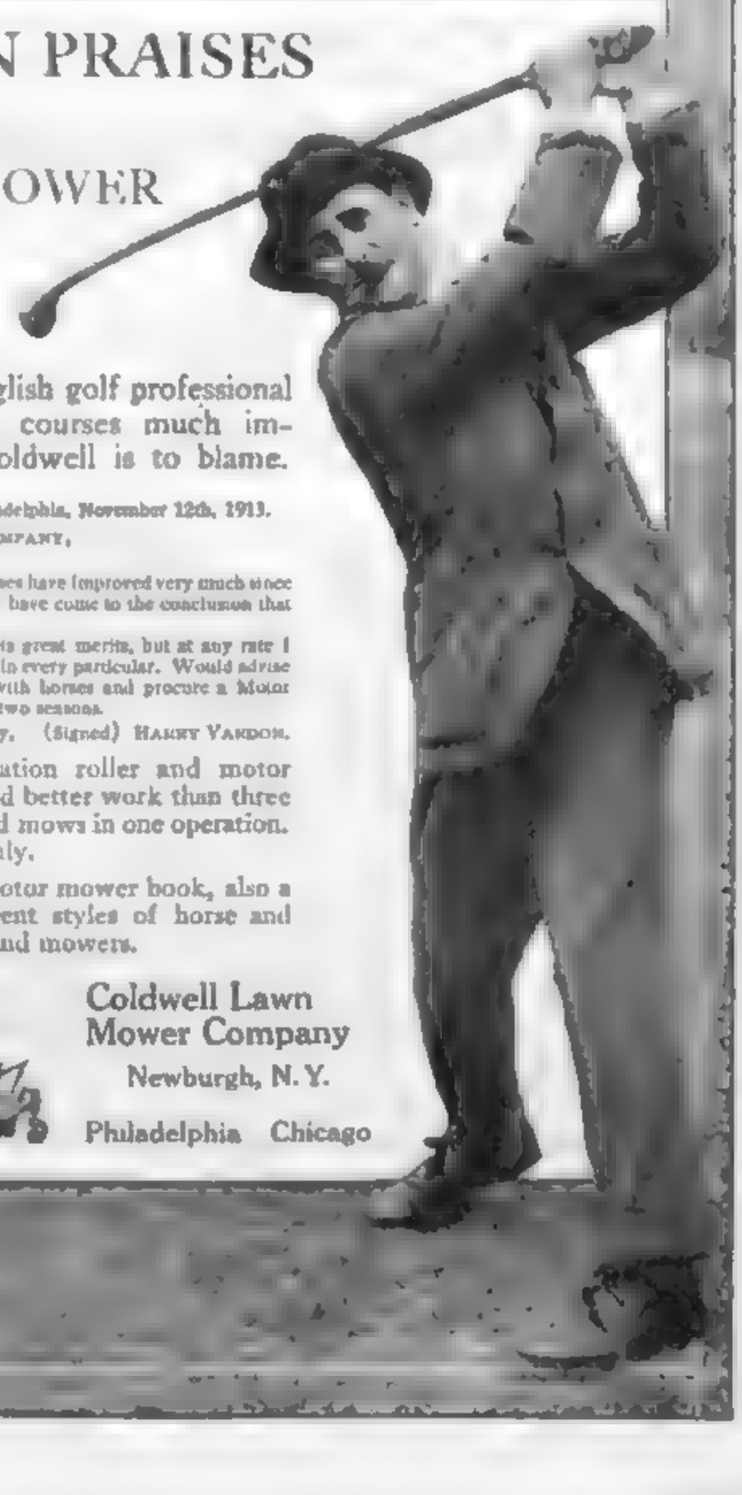
VARDON PRAISES THE MOTOR MOWER



THE famous English golf professional finds American courses much improved and says Coldwell is to blame. Read his letter:

Philadelphia, November 12th, 1913.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY,
Newburgh, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—The American courses have improved very much since last I played here in 1900, and I have come to the conclusion that your Motor Mower is to blame.
I cannot find words to express its great merits, but at any rate I can truthfully say that it is O. K. in every particular. Would advise Green Committees to do away with horses and procure a Motor Mower which pays for itself in two seasons.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) HARRY VARDON.

The Coldwell combination roller and motor mower will do more and better work than three horse mowers. Rolls and mows in one operation. Climbs 25% grades easily.

Let us send you our motor mower book, also a catalogue of 150 different styles of horse and hand mowers.

Coldwell Lawn Mower Company
Newburgh, N. Y.

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To the man about to paint a house we say one word:

Zinc

To all paint from which the best results are desired Zinc should be added because it enhances everything that is expected of paint. It makes the paint whiter or makes it take the color better; it greatly increases the durability of the paint; it forms a stronger protection for the painted surface than paint without Zinc can.

Hence do not make a brush move until you have sent for the booklet, "Your Move."

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Would $40.00 a Week Interest You?

WOULD you like to be "outside" in the fresh, invigorating air during these coming months of Spring? Free to do your own bidding and earning $40.00 a week or more, as you choose? Your own boss? We seek a representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your locality. We do not wish a "canvasser." We seek the clear-eyed, energetic type of man or woman, the aggressive person, who will represent our publications with credit not only to themselves but to us. Acting as the representative of this Company you are assured a business training that will broaden and develop you, besides paying you handsomely. We allow a stated commission on every subscription, whether new or a renewal, and also we send you a liberal salary each month, depending upon the time you can devote to the work. You can find no work that is more remunerative than acting as our representative all or part of your time. You will agree with us after you have learned of our plan. We will explain this when you assure us of your interest. It will not obligate you in any way.

Agency Division, Box 246

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THE HARDY NERVES OF WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 13)

in the classic feat of trying to match samples or ribbons is that he really gets them right, but his wife does not know it and consequently cannot see it.

This is probably one of the reasons why, in spite of the fact that almost every girl above the poverty line has been given a wishy-washy course in watercolors or in hand-painting on china—while scarcely one boy in five ever gets that privilege—at least ninety-nine per cent of the great artists, both portrait and landscape, are men.

The hearing of men and women is more nearly equal, though in both range and discrimination man is slightly in advance again.

In the last and possibly the most fundamental sense of all, however—that of touch—are found, strange to relate, the most striking differences between the sexes. This is, of course, totally contrary to the popular impression, for the delicate, tapering fingers, the thin, translucent skin and the graceful lines and gestures of women would certainly lead us to expect that they would have a greater delicacy and sensitiveness of touch to correspond.

The facts, as ascertained by careful tests, are exactly the reverse—particularly in that form of so-called touch sometimes known as the muscular sense or pressure sense, which gives us information as to the size, shape and weight of bodies handled. Here woman's perceptions and discriminations are little better than infantile; and it is to this peculiarity that she probably owes her well-known difficulty in learning the use of tools, the control of machinery and the mechanical arts generally, and not because she has not a mechanical brain or an inventive genius.

Women Not Illogical

It is probable that in some of these respects—notably the last—training and education will do much to wipe out the difference between the sexes.

So far as the criteria at our disposal or tests hitherto applied go, woman's intellect is just as good as man's; but she does differ from masculine standards in both the range and the discrimination of her sense perceptions. Putting it crudely, it is not that she does not reason accurately and generalize ably, but that her material is faulty, because it has not been adequately reported to her by her sense receptors—not that she is illogical, but that her premises are imperfect.

It is in the lower rather than in the higher part of her nervous system that she appears to differ most from man; but, of course, the training of the senses is the true field of education, as the schools of today are just beginning to find out. And, when boys and girls are both given mental training that will fit them for this life, instead of for the next, there can be little doubt that many of these differences in sense perception will greatly diminish if not completely disappear.

The most discouraging feature of the attempts to educate women, even so far as they have gone, is that we have taken the old, traditional, classic idea of what was a proper education for boys, lifted it over bodily and imposed it on girls.

It is not in the least logical or fair to taunt woman—as is often done—with her failure to score an adequate proportion of the great successes in public life and other fields of the world's work, because the methods of activity, the rules of the game, have been laid down exclusively by men and for men.

As is nearly always the case in action based on too narrow a point of view, the resulting methods—if they deserve the name of methods at all rather than that of customs—have not by any means been those best adapted to bring out the highest powers of men themselves; while they have been almost prohibitive for women. Yet, in spite of them, she has held her own, won her own way, and made the hand that rocks the cradle rule the world.

Ends Millions of Corns

Do you know that millions of corns are now ended in one way?

Blue-jay takes out about one million corns a month; it frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. Generally in 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no trouble.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it and it brings only brief relief.

Don't be discouraged because inefficient methods have failed.

Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay**. It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

Blue-jay
For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

$1.00 DOWN

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You play on it while paying. No special room is needed. Sizes of tables up to 4½x9 ft. (standard)

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The moment you smell it you will want it

"My freshening-up soap"

"Its real violet fragrance, its translucent color of fresh violet leaves, and its soft, generous lather are so delightfully refreshing I call it my 'freshening-up' soap."

What this enthusiastic user expresses *you will feel* the first time you use Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

This toilet delight that thousands of dainty women now enjoy you will become enthusiastic over too.

The moment you see it, and smell it, you will want it!

The delicate perfume of fresh, sweet violets, the beautiful green of the violet leaf, caught in a soap so clear you can *see through it*—this is Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap. Smell it—hold it to the light! Then we know you will want it.

And when you use it! Its lather is so plentiful, so delicately perfumed, so soft and smooth in any water, you will find a new enjoyment in the simple bathing of your face and hands.

Try Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap at freshening-up time this evening. See what a sense of dainty cleanliness it brings you, what an exquisitely fresh fragrance it imparts to your skin.

Send 2c for sample cake

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Mail the coupon below with a 2c stamp and we will send you a guest-size cake by return mail. Mail coupon now. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 308, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Canada Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap is now on sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast. For sample cake send 2c stamp to THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Ltd., Dept. 123-E, Perth, Ontario.

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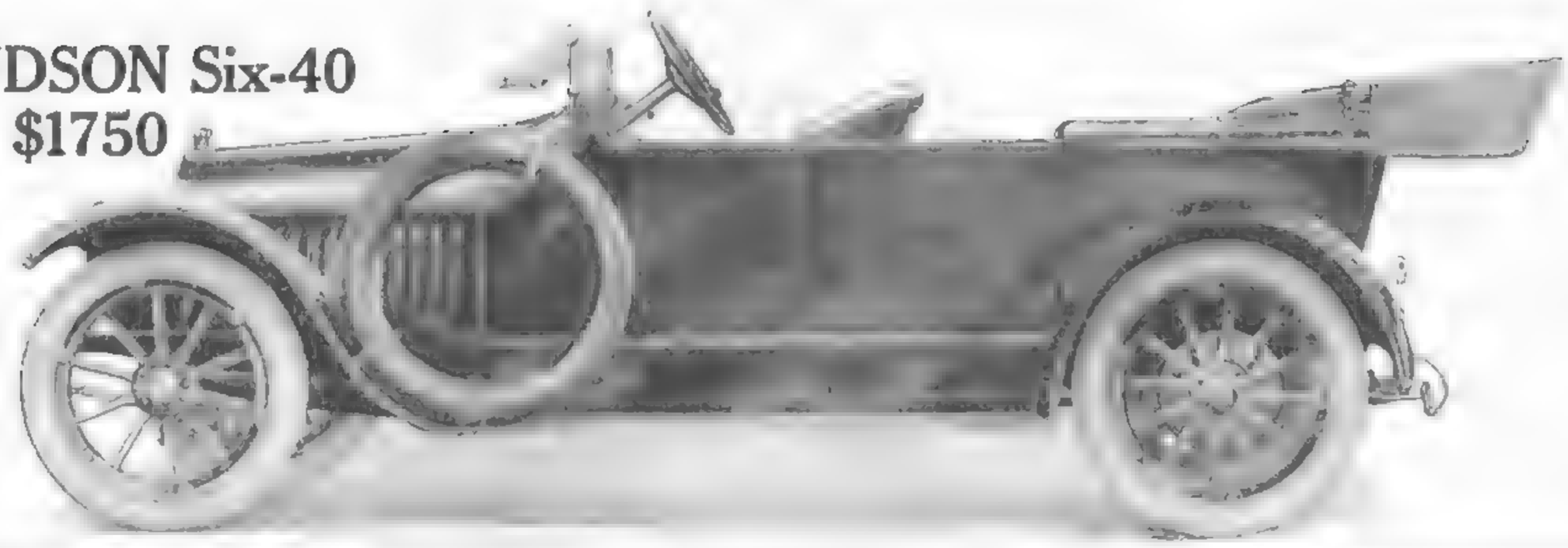
Lathers freely in any water

Get it at your dealers. Be sure you see the name Jergens. For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the U. S. and Canada. 10c a cake; 3 cakes for 25c. Get a quarter's worth.

10c a cake
3 cakes for 25c

HUDSON Six-40
$1750



Rides Like Constant Coasting

Just Drive this Six Ten Miles. No Question then About Sixes!

Go to your local HUDSON dealer. Take a ride, at the wheel, in this new Six-40. Then you will become forever a Six enthusiast. Note this price, this weight, these flowing lines, these superb appointments. Note that Howard E. Coffin builds the HUDSON Six-40. And then you will have the answer to the question of "which Six."

THIS new HUDSON Six-40 can best speak for itself. You know your likes and wishes. See if this car meets them.

It needs no salesmanship. The facts are all apparent. Just get the car's own story and judge it for yourself.

Decide These Things

First, do you want a Six? If any doubt lingers, this ride will dispel it. The smoothness, the flexibility, the lack of vibration will make a resistless appeal. If you like luxury of motion you are coming to a Six.

Then the weight question. The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds, due to skillful designing and properly chosen materials. Do you wish to carry, in an equal-powered car, from 450 to 1,250 extra pounds? It would mean the same, in tire cost and fuel, as to carry at all times three to eight extra passengers.

Then operative cost. The HUDSON Six-40 has a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—which has made amazing miles-per-gallon records. Your HUDSON dealer has many actual comparisons. Figure out what this one feature will save in the years to come.

The Quality Question

THEN let this SIX-40, designed by Howard E. Coffin, show you the meaning of a high-grade car. Judge what it means in staunchness, in freedom from trouble, in long life and low upkeep. Now that $1750 buys all these things, isn't quality worth getting?

THEN see if this car meets your ideals of beauty. Note the streamline body with the lines unbroken and without a hinge in sight. Mark the perfect finish, the deep, rich, hand-buffed upholstery. Will a car so distinguished add to the pleasure of ownership?

See the new equipment—the two disappearing tonneau seats, the "One-Man" top, the quick-adjusting side curtains, the dimming searchlights, the concealed speedometer gear. Note how extra tires are carried—ahead of the front door. Note the gasoline tank with its gauge in the cowl. Note the convenience of every control. All these are this year's improvements.

The Price Question

THEN judge if anything in comparable cars justifies a higher price. What more can any maker offer in a car of like capacity? And what lower price, in any type, offers so much per dollar?

Count depreciation too. Since the Six is the type of the future, and since these lines and equipment are the coming vogue, think how this car will hold its value as compared with other types.

LET the HUDSON Six-40—the car itself—answer these questions for you. Let it make its own appeal. And don't delay. We are at this writing weeks behind on our orders. We have no hope of meeting all the next two months' demand.

Phaeton, with extra tonneau seats—or Roadster—$1750 f. o. b. Detroit. Convertible Roadster, with leather top, lined, windows that drop out of sight into the doors—a car as beautiful and comfortable in rough weather as a limousine, and that can be quickly changed to an open roadster, $1950.

The HUDSON Six-54

The new HUDSON Six-54 is almost identical with the HUDSON Six-40 in design and equipment. But it is larger and more powerful. It is for men who want a more impressive car. Its price is $2250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7849 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

OTTO

(Continued from Page 22)

"Your wife is satisfied only to be married, Otto. She is willing even on her wedding day that her husband should be away from her flirting with some one else and trying to make another girl believe that he will marry her too. Do not get angry, Otto," Papa Reichert warned. "It is not against your wife I am saying something yet. Go and bring your wife."

Otto looked steadily at his father; then he went out.

"Now is the time, mamma, we should be glad of having so much money," Papa Reichert sobbed as the rustle of Otto's automobile wheels was heard on the drive. "Beyond doubt that is what this girl wants. Until now, too, it is only a marriage by the law—and what the law has done the law can be made by money to undo again."

He went to the phone.

"Paul?" he demanded when he had got his number. "Is it you? . . . Come to my house at once. Something terrible has happened here—dreadful!" His voice broke. "Yes; it concerns the family. Bring Hortense. I will tell you when you get here. Do you know where Emil is tonight? . . . That is right; I had forgotten he had a speech at the Commerce Association dinner; but no matter—he must come."

After a longer wait he got his second brother. "This is Rudolph, Emil. You must come to my house. . . . I cannot help if the *Kaufmannschaft* have not yet heard your speech. It is you that have made trouble enough here, Emil! . . . Very well: I will send the limousine for Meta."

He went out to see about sending the car for Emil's wife and did not return to them. He paced up and down the dining room. His face had grown older to look at in the last few minutes—waxen-looking, more deeply lined; a white spot marked each cheekbone. He could see through the hangings between the rooms his awed and frightened family; but on Grandma Reichert's face there was a look of exaltation. Had his mother gone crazy then? Papa Reichert could not understand.

Presently, to the buzzing of motors in the street outside, the others began to arrive. Paul and his wife came first; Emil's wife almost on their heels. Papa Reichert saw the women go to Mamma Reichert direct, giving comfort before they knew the cause.

Uncle Paul sat down on the edge of a chair, looking gravely and inquiringly about him. Now the portières again were pushed aside and Uncle Emil appeared, brushed, waxed, in evening dress, as he had come from the banquet. He stood twirling his pointed mustache and counting heads.

Papa Reichert involuntarily started forward.

"Emil," he cried from the dining-room door, "Otto has married your stenographer."

"*Du Liebe!* Where is he? Have you congratulated him?" Uncle Emil exclaimed joyously.

Papa Reichert stopped short in amazement.

"You do not seem to understand, Emil," Uncle Paul said sternly. "This is a great misfortune—unless, indeed, you know something important about the girl that is not known to the rest of us."

"I? No; I know nothing. I did not inquire about her."

"You did not inquire about her? So that is how you select wives for your nephews, Emil!" Uncle Paul shouted.

"It was a stenographer I was picking out, Paul. I only telephoned to the typewriter company. They sent one who was no good—so I sent her back; then they sent this one, and she was the prettiest and smartest girl we had had yet—so I kept her. I did not ask her anything."

Uncle Emil looked round to find his wife and went and sat down beside her.

"This is fine, Meta! Fine!" he exclaimed delightedly. "We will give a great dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Otto Reichert. To think Otto should have fallen in love with her! Begin to decide whom we shall invite."

Papa Reichert angrily gestured to him to keep still; he had heard some one coming. The hangings opened and Otto stood before them, looking round at them inquiringly.

"Where is your wife?" Papa Reichert demanded.

"She's outside," Otto answered firmly and respectfully. "I'm going to bring her in here. But you're—you're all gathered here as if you were going to judge a criminal, and we're not coming in here if you're going to treat Charlotte as if she'd done something wicked."

Papa Reichert swallowed hard. Unhappiness and disappointment were breaking him fast.

"Otto," he said plaintively, "has this girl so changed you that you cannot any longer trust your papa and mamma?"

Otto set a chair meaningly among them and went out. Then the hangings parted once more and Otto brought in his wife.

The room was perfectly still as the girl crossed to the empty chair and sat down. She wore a dark skirt and a plain white waist with a coat over it, and a simple black hat.

Papa Reichert knew at once that she owned no furs, for she was chilled from riding in the open automobile. Mamma Reichert and Aunt Hortense exchanged understanding looks. The girl was trembling violently; and her blue eyes, which she fixed apprehensively on Papa Reichert, had the frightened look of an employee at fault before her employer.

Papa Reichert exchanged looks with Uncle Paul and cleared his throat. He was not finding it so easy to accuse this frightened girl as he had expected.

"We do not set ourselves up above other people," he said impressively, "or think somebody else is not so good as we are; but it is true that when somebody marries into our family we think they ought not to do it without letting us know anything about it beforehand. Otto perhaps has told you that already."

"Yes, Mr. Reichert," the girl answered tremulously.

"We think here, too, that before she is married a girl ought not to be away from her own people and living nobody knows how and doing nobody knows what. When it appears that a person living like that has married our Otto we think we have still more right to ask questions."

"I am quite willing, Mr. Reichert, to answer any questions you may ask."

Again Papa Reichert cleared his throat. It was going to be terribly difficult to offer this girl money, but he knew that it had to be done.

"Well, then," he demanded, "why did you marry Otto? You did not think we would be pleased with such a marriage? You did not think it was the right thing for Otto to marry some one who had nothing—not even a family?"

"I have an aunt."

"Here?"

"No; in Pennsylvania."

"What is your aunt?"

"She keeps a rooming house, I think."

Papa Reichert winced.

"Well, why were you not with that aunt?" Uncle Paul exclaimed bitterly. "That would have saved all the trouble."

"It would be better, Paul, if you kept still," Papa Reichert admonished. "Your parents, Miss—Mrs.—were of Pennsylvania?"

"Yes, Mr. Reichert. If I do not tell you frankly all the particulars about myself it is because I do not know them," the girl faltered nervously. "I was brought here from Pennsylvania by my father after my mother died. I know I have relatives there, but there is only one of them—this aunt—with whom I ever have corresponded. My father was a clerk in an insurance office. I could not visit my aunt while he was alive because I would not leave him; and after he died——"

"You do not need to tell us why you did not visit her afterward," Uncle Paul put in dryly. "Clerks in insurance offices do not leave their children a penny."

"I cannot remember that Hortense was any kind of an heiress when you married her, Paul," Uncle Emil said mildly.

Uncle Paul stared at him angrily; he twirled his mustache as he stood trying to think of a retort. Then suddenly he reddened, turned and looked at his wife in a startled way, and he sat down beside her and took her hand.

"At least," Aunt Hortense bristled, "we did not do anything to be ashamed of in getting married. We did not do it without telling anybody."

"That is true," said Uncle Emil. "Who was at your wedding, Otto?"

"Nobody, Uncle Emil. A judge married us."

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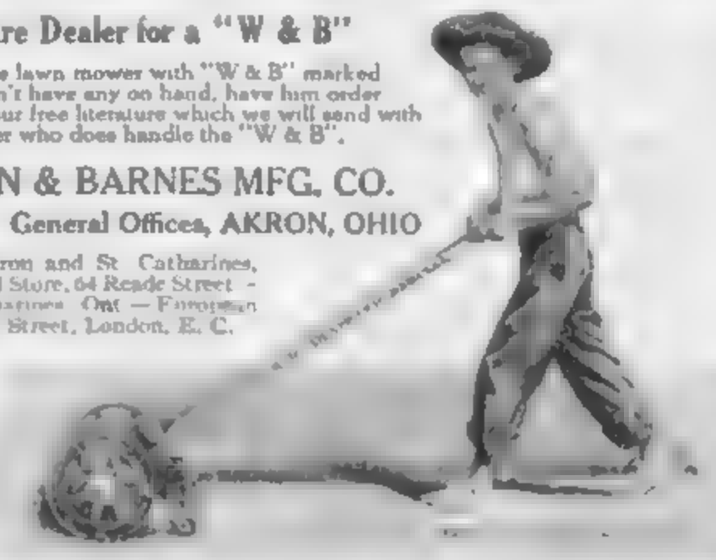

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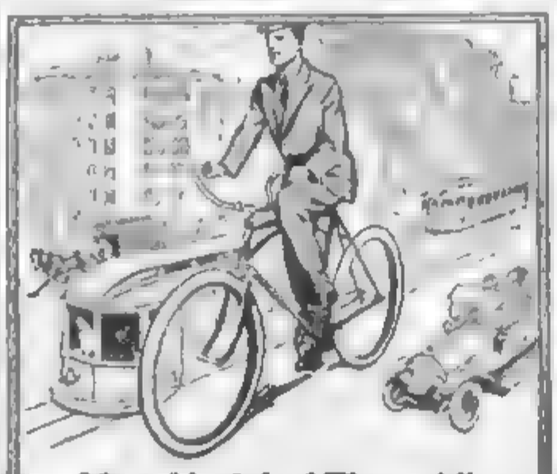

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"Right next to yours is my office, but you did not even put your head in at my door and say: 'Come along, Uncle Emil! I am going to get married!'"

"You would have told papa."

"No; I would not have told papa. I do not want to make anybody angry here, but I know all about papa. Papa is like a man who has been trying to get married twice. First he married mamma because he loved her and wanted to be happy; and now he would have liked, through you, to marry Lucia, so as to give proof what great people he and mamma have become. No—do not scowl at me, Rudolph. If it is only Otto's happiness you are thinking of why do you not let Otto look for it in the same way you found yours?"

Matters were getting out of Papa Reichert's control. He reddened as he stared at Uncle Emil.

"At my wedding," said Aunt Hortense suddenly, "it was Meta that caught the bouquet, and that showed truly that she was going to be the next one married."

"How afraid I was that some one would get her before I did!" Uncle Emil observed.

"Rudolph had the smallest wedding," Grandma Reichert said, "because it was the first one. What a small place we had then—one room for selling and the bakery in the basement! There were not any flowers at all at Rudolph's wedding except the sugar flowers on the bridecake. We had those because we could make them ourselves. Do you remember how we all walked through the street to the church, with mamma in her white dress?"

"Almost I put out my eyes making that dress at night after working hours," Mamma Reichert recalled abruptly. Her diamonds rose and fell at the remembrance.

"We are not getting forward by this conversation," said Uncle Emil. "The only way to get forward is to kiss the bride—and even Meta cannot object to my doing that now. I am glad it is not Lucia, for I would be afraid to kiss Lucia. I would think every time I went near Lucia I had to put on my dress suit."

"Yes; this is more comfortable. But Rudolph is the oldest brother and you have no right to kiss her before he has kissed her," Aunt Meta objected.

Papa Reichert did not hear what was being said. Ever since she had spoken of her white dress he had been gazing at Mamma Reichert as though she were some one he had not seen in a long while. He sat down beside her now and sought her hand with his. He could remember plainly when first he had touched that hand and all that it had meant to him. He knew that Mamma Reichert was thinking the same things as he, for she caressed his fingers and he could hear her softly sobbing.

All Papa Reichert's life seemed adjusting itself to a new measure just because he was remembering how he had felt toward Mamma Reichert when he first had seen her in that white dress. He looked round at them in a daze and his eyes met those of Mrs. Otto Reichert. How sweet she was—and gentle! How lucky it was he had not offered her money, because even a fool could see how much she was in love with Otto! How pleasant it would be to see Otto happy, and how comfortable to have such a simple, sweet daughter-in-law!

He could hear in the street the chauffeurs calling to one another, and in the big dining room the servants clearing away the dinner dishes. How unimportant for happiness chauffeurs and servants seemed! There never had been such happiness as he and Mamma Reichert had known in the little bakery. Tears rose in Papa Reichert's eyes and he felt their wetness on his cheeks.

"We have been great fools, mamma," he said suddenly. "I—I think we are waking out of a bad dream."

He got up abruptly and went to Charlotte and kissed her.

"Congratulations!" he said heartily. "Congratulations!"

Too Many Minutes

THE negro coachman of a Southern senator who attends the Episcopal Church, after many invitations from the senator's wife, went into the church one Sunday morning instead of staying outside.

"How did you like the service, Jim?" she asked afterward.

"Not much, mistis," Jim replied. "That ain' no church foh me. Dey wastes too much time readin' th' minutes ob th' previous meetin'."

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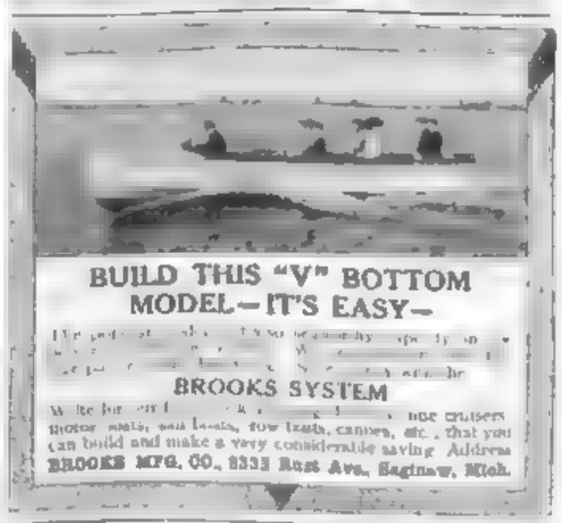

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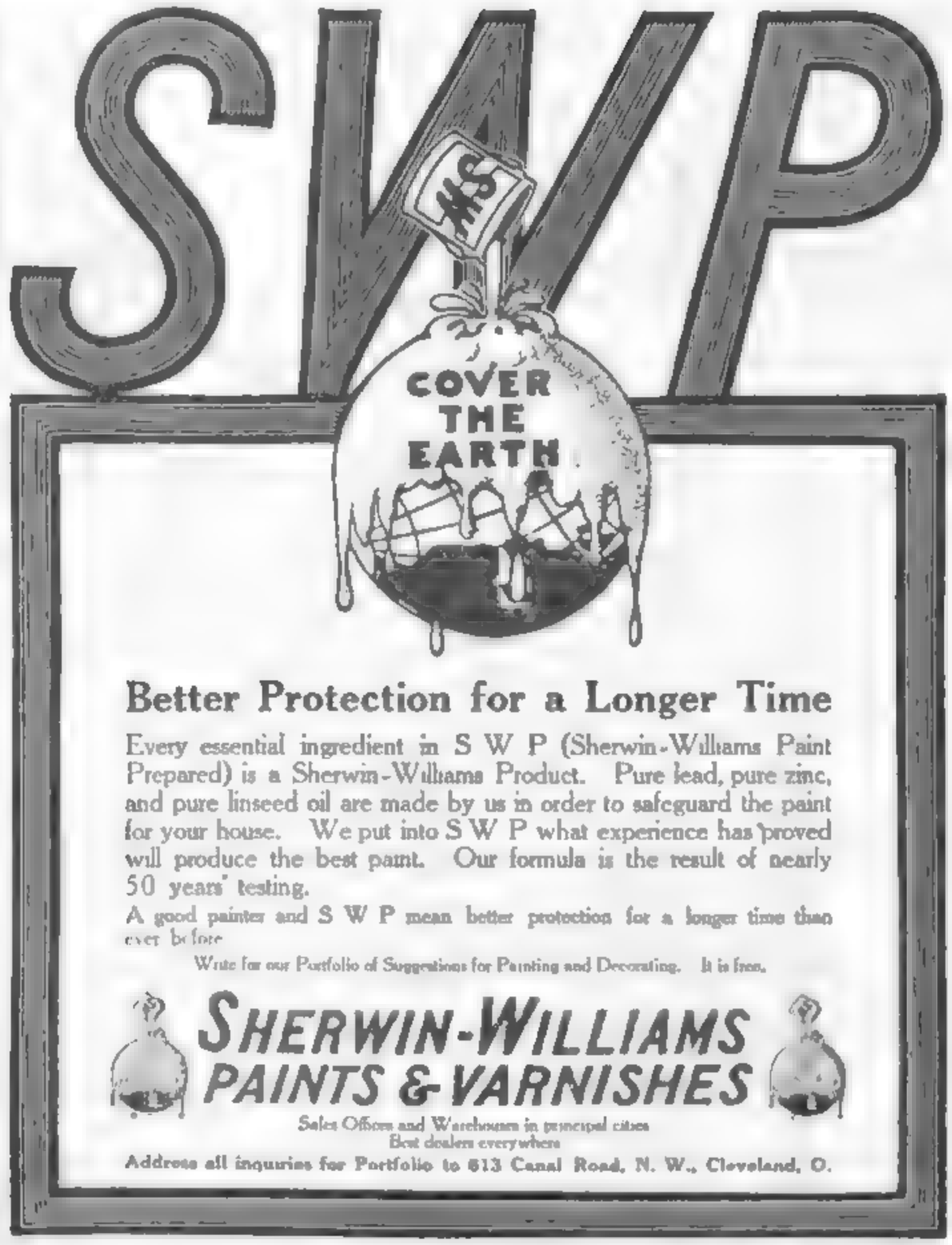

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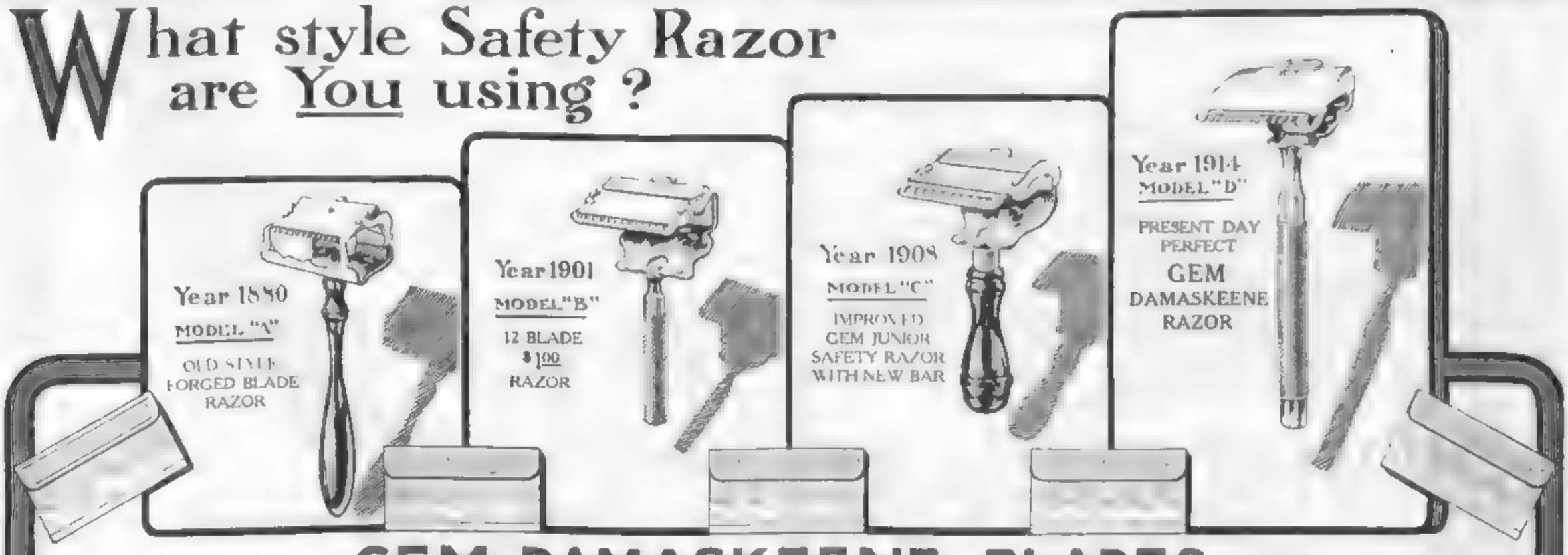

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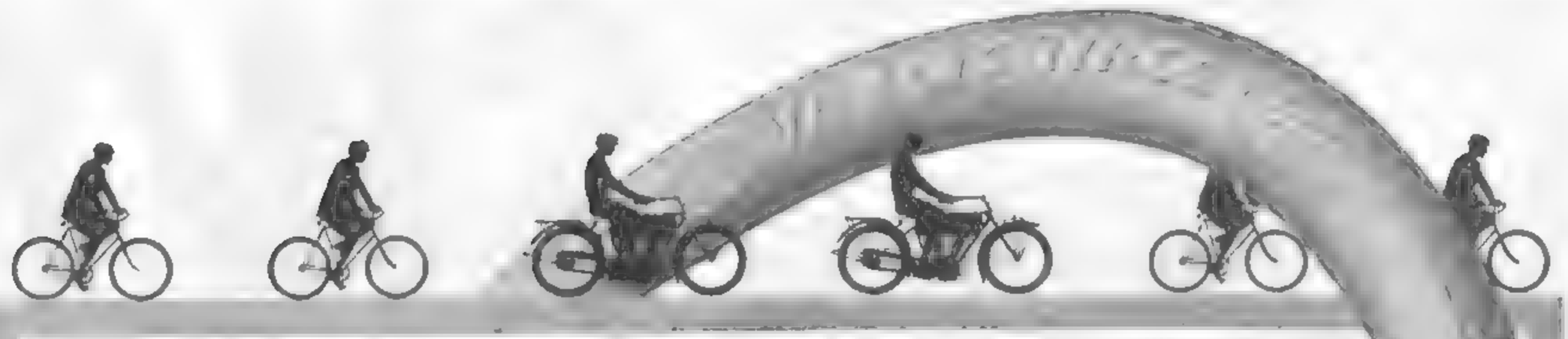

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Finally, each tire is subjected to three drastic, merciless tests—sight test, water test, and service test. No imperfect tire can escape.

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TRIPPIT AND DAILEY GO RACING

(Continued from Page 17)

"Was any one bettin' on Goldie Dailey?"

"Not that I noticed," he answered, unaware that he was stabbing her.

"She stayed at fifteen to one? An' they bet on all the others?"

"The favorite's getting the big money. He'll win in a canter, I guess. Do you want me to bet something for you?"

"I did bet—on Goldie Dailey."

"That sure is too bad, miss," he said with sympathy. "She's got a bad leg, my brother says. You'd best hedge and play Parthenia a place. She'll be second, all right."

"Oh, won't mom lay it on to pop when he loses all that wad?" whispered Minnie. "Say, Goldie, it was Lord William that bought the house, wasn't it?"

"Minnie," said Goldie, "I bought it! An' I got seven hundred on that Goldie—an' about six bits left in the bank!"

"Suffering Moses!" breathed the Child Tanguay, and the shock kept her silent for five minutes.

The chauffeur kindly showed them his brother's machine; and Goldie and Minnie remained in the concealment afforded by the rows of automobiles until they heard the bugle. Then they moved forward, standing near the open end of the betting ring. The lawn was packed with men and each stairway leading to the stand was full.

With the glasses Lord William had given her Goldie watched the entrants canter by and return to the post. It was her initial glimpse of the other Goldie—a beautiful chestnut, whose jockey wore the black-and-white bars and cherry cap that were Lord William's colors. There was spirited clapping from unseen admirers on the stand for Brain Fever and Parthenia, but not a handclap for Goldie Dailey. Goldie applauded and Little Minnie screeched:

"H'ray for Goldie Dailey! H'ray!"

The start was from the judges' stand for this race, and a silence fell on lawn and grandstand. Bettors were appraising the horses that would carry their wagers. Everything had been said, the last tip eagerly given and as hastily followed, and it would soon be over. Those who were unduly wrought up tried to seem perfectly controlled. The regular attendants were already deciding what to bet on in the fifth.

A friendly program vender procured a box for Goldie and Minnie to stand on, enabling them to gaze over the ranked heads in front. A black colt was holding the field back. The assistant starter, with politer cries than he employed when the start was from the backstretch, cracked his long whip about the black's legs, and the jockey strained to help; but the colt plunged into the row that had been nicely aligned, scattering them, so that the starter and his aids had their work to repeat. This made all of them restless, and the flaring colors of the riders changed places continually.

"This delay's killin' for that favorite, packin' the weight he's got on him," said a man near Goldie. "Anybody's liable to win now."

"What do you think will?" she inquired with a flash of hope, which ended when he said that Parthenia was lightly weighted.

Men commenced to streak into the ring; and the amiable program boy told Goldie they were now betting on the long shots, having backed Brain Fever. Still the black colt darted up and down; and a sound as of waters crashing in the distance arose as the grandstand spoke its mind.

"Why don't he leave that crazy colt?" shouted the man near Goldie; and round her others said the black was a rank outsider in the betting anyway.

"He wants to make a pretty start in front of the stand, an' we're the ones to get the worst of it," came a complaint.

The black was for an instant turned the right way; whereat the angry starter gave the signal, the barrier of webbing flew up, and with mighty springs the horses got into their strides, swinging past the first eighth pole in a compact bunch.

"Something goin' up mighty fast," said the program boy. "Orange an' white. Can't you make it out?" But Goldie was panting and distraught, and he borrowed her glasses by drawing them from her limp hand. "Why, I was wrong—it's Parthenia. Comin' like a rabbit too; but she can't keep up that pace. Them other jocks 'll let her pace 'em an' then pass her! What's black-an'-white stripes an' red cap—red sleeves as well?"

"Goldie Dailey!" shrieked Little Minnie, and more voices cried the name.

"Halfpence is layin' third, boys!" barked a jubilant soul.

"Favorite's fallin' 'way back!" said the program boy. "An' Parthenia's tirin'—her tail's wavin'. Say! Goldie Dailey's comin' strong, though!"

"Oh, you Goldie Dailey! Come on, you Goldie!" yelled Little Minnie. "Listen to 'em rootin' her in, Goldie! We're goin' to win!"

Stentorian voices from the stand bellowing her name affected Goldie like a needle bath. She snatched her glasses from the boy; and, looking over them instead of through them, because her shaking hands could not change the focus, she descried the black-and-white bars and cherry sleeves overhauling Parthenia. But Halfpence was creeping up and at the half pole Starlight was hanging to Halfpence's withers, the jockeys on both whipping; and the balance of the field was too far in the rear to catch up with them.

Halfpence was gaining on Lord William's filly; Starlight now ran nose-and-nose with Halfpence; and Parthenia, outraced, desperately strove to prevent Goldie Dailey from taking the position on the rail. Then the four were together and a great shout ascended from the crowd:

"He fouled her! Here comes Halfpence!"

The sky blue of Halfpence shot ahead; but Goldie Dailey was running as though she could keep it up all day. No silence now! Women screeched like gulls; men were as noisy in a deeper key. There was a tremendous racket of overturning chairs, in which the feeble exhortations of gray-uniformed Pinkertons to get down off the chairs were wholly lost. Into the stretch Halfpence speeded and Goldie Dailey was a scant length behind.

"She'll win yet! She's catchin' him! Come on, you Goldie Dailey!"

"Goldie! Goldie Dailey! Come on, you Goldie!" was Little Minnie's echo.

The filly's nose was reaching out toward Halfpence's. Nostrils steaming, big eyes straining, the filly nobly responded to her rider's efforts.

Useless to draw the lash on one racing with all her heart and legs; so the jockey lay far out on her neck, distributing his weight expertly, talking in her ear, begging her to beat the brown colt—to go four lengths more—no, two lengths—one!

"Halfpence by a whisker! But she run one swell race, an' there won't be any long price on her next time out!" said the program boy.

"Find the car, Minnie! That's all I ask—just to get in it an' out of sight." And Goldie, holding to her small guide, stumbled through the betting ring, that retreat to which no female was permitted entrance.

Unconscious that several outraged guards were rushing to eject her, she flew out at the opposite side, welcoming the sight of her new chauffeur cranking his machine. Little Minnie opened the door and Goldie burrowed in a corner—not weeping, but near it.

They were swiftly backing out, while round them the racetrack's habitués were going about the business of betting on the fifth race. Goldie sat up to take a final look at the place. Little Minnie, with an arm affectionately ringing her neck, was looking also.

"My grief! Here's mom!" said Minnie in manifest alarm.

There she was, indeed; and arriving at a rate seemingly impossible for a lady shackled by a draped and slit skirt, with no give to its material. After Mrs. Mangle hurried Gus and the press agent; and toiling through impeding gentlemen en route to the ring were Daisy and the Mertons.

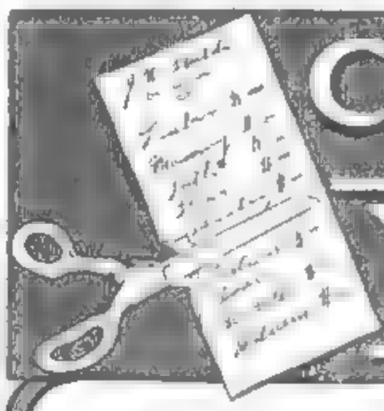
"Stop—I command you! At least I want my own dear child!" cried Mrs. Mangle. "Do you hear me, Goldie? Come back!"

As she told the chauffeur to go faster, Goldie thought she heard Gus' voice saying:

"Goldie! It's all right! Come back! Come back!"

"All right, is it? An' me with my payment to make—an' I got to sell my pin to do it!" she said miserably.

"Mom's only hollerin' that so's to git her fins on me," said Little Minnie as they left the pursuing artists; "only I wisht we could 'a' brought pop with us. He'll git to drinkin' again if she begins bawlin' him out for losin'."



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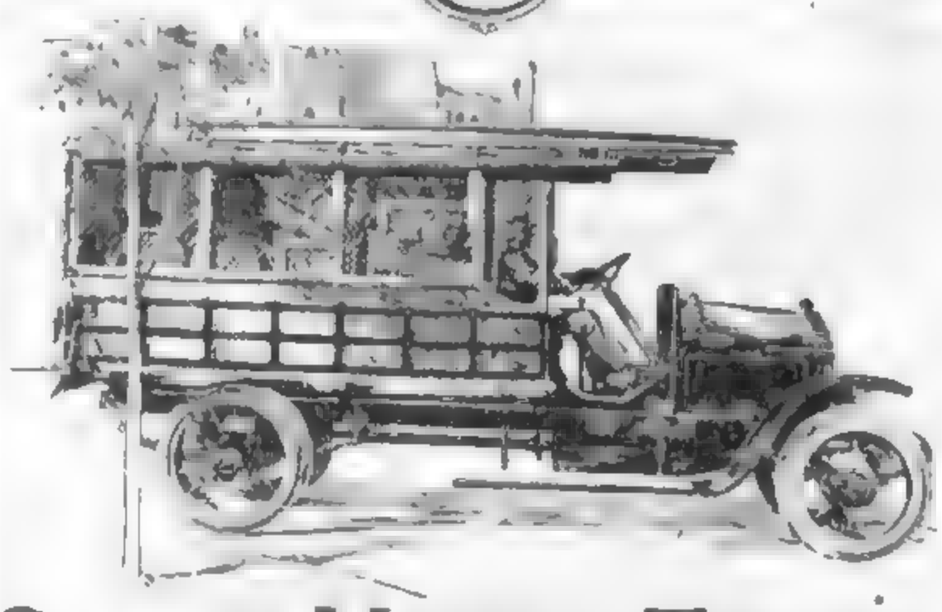

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FOR Hard Buyers pay no attention to the "opinions" of men *who don't own* motor trucks.

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1500 lb. delivery cars at $1000 up to 3-ton trucks at $4000. The three ton truck is worm-driven—English made—Davis Brown type worm. Unit Power Plant—Continental Motor and Brown-Lipe Transmission.

In construction and mechanical parts these models give the motor truck market a new standard to measure by both for light and heavy hauling.

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in the *Quick Stops!*

Safety *must* go deeper than the tread. It has to be *made* into the tire itself. It has to be *quality*. Goodrich Tires are quality through and through. Goodrich Unit Molding—the original Safety First idea in tire-making—produces a tire which wears as a unit—every part helping every other part to render the service demanded of it.

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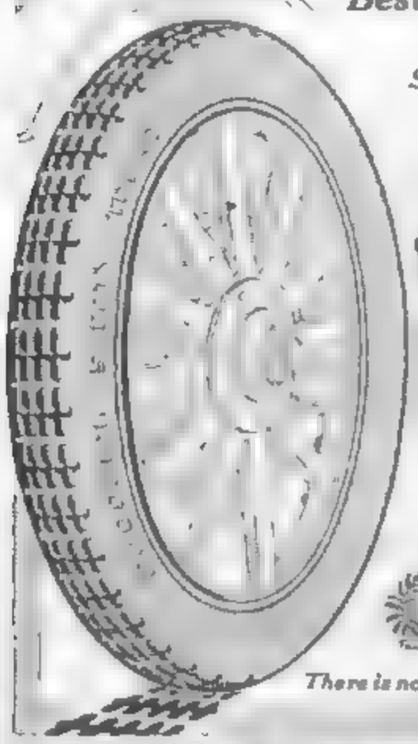

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The extra thickness of Goodrich rubber in the tread at the point of contact gives you longer wear, longer service and lower cost mileage.

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Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices
30x3	$11 70	$12 65	34x4½	$33 00	$35 00
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32x3½	16 75	18 10	36x4½	35 00	37 10
33x4	23 55	25 25	37x5	41 95	44 45
34x4	24 35	26 05	38x5½	54 00	57 30

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Two James J. Hills—

One the financier of Wall Street, shrewd, calculating, and relentless when following a purpose.

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Both speak to you—whether you are farmer or banker—in next week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Goldie could not talk. Occasionally Minnie snuggled up to her; and the action comforted Goldie. It was dusk when the car bore them off the ferry and into West Thirty-fourth Street. The driver requested orders.

"I won't go home—where everybody in the boardin' house'll be givin' me the ha-ha! An' I won't go to the theater until time to make up. How'd you like to eat dinner in Murchill's, dear?" asked Goldie; and Minnie thought that would be fine.

After a brief struggle with his commercial instincts the chauffeur accepted a fee.

"I might's well be flat broke as have what I got," said Goldie as she freshened her toilet in the ladies' coatroom. "When you grow up, dear, cut all the men out! If I hadn't fooled round with Lord William I'd have my money this minute—not that he made me bet; but if he hadn't bought that filly there wouldn't 'a' been any reason for me not playin' my show today. Twenty-seven hundred dollars! Ain't that terrible?"

"Then don't order celery—it's sixty cents," advised Minnie.

"But I will! An' chicken casserole, an' grapefruit salad, an' a lot of coffee, waiter! I need sumpin' to put life into me. You take whatever you feel like, dear—bisque of lobster, I guess, an' stuffed olives." She could order for the Child Tanguay, but could eat none of the tasty food herself.

By this time Johnny knew that it was not Lord William's rentroll which had saved him from dancing at Samuels' that afternoon. He would mull it over with the hateful Sisters Merton on the way to town, and taunt Goldie with her stupendous folly when they met at the theater. But how wise he was! And how he had urged her to give him her wealth to keep, so that she could not bet it!

Suppose the filly was fast enough to almost win, what help was that—except to one's pride? It did not put her seven hundred into her pocket or her two thousand into the bank again. No advertising was worth that sum to her. Through Murchill's heavy écru curtains she could see people stopping to buy papers from the boys who were droning:

"Seven o'clock extry! All the Jamaica results! Got the last race, too, mister."

Others might read of that momentous fourth race—she would not! While Minnie ate her gratified way through the meal, Goldie wondered whether she could postpone the impending payment! And if she pawned her lovely pin would Johnny notice its absence? Here she was, a headliner on big time, with worries that belonged to the past, when she was getting forty dollars a week as a feature with Sammy Sanger's Sassy Sunbeams. She was worse off, in fact, because of a much-improved social position.

Formerly if she needed some money there were a dozen friends in the profession to whom she could apply for a loan—and no one would think that queer. Now she was considered financially sound. She would not ask Johnny, even if the real-estate firm refused to give the required time; nor would she request an advance at the box office, because Johnny would discover it. Dear, good, sensible Johnny! She saw herself sinking into the theater later, avoiding his accusing looks.

"Oh, why can't a person have sense before instead of after!" she said, gulping a bite of roll.

"Pop says girls in the profession's all borned without none," said Little Minnie, eager to console. "That was when mom bought the three-stone ring off a guy who said he was sacrificin' it for four hundred 'cause he needed the dough—an' mom never knowed they was rhinestones till we'd jumped to Milwaukee!"

"That'd be about my luck," said Goldie heavily.

The orchestra began to play a medley of Southern airs, among them Turkey in the Straw, to which Goldie and Johnny always danced their hand-and-foot buck. Goldie bowed her head over a melting *plombière*. How could she work with Johnny two shows a day indefinitely—feeling his contempt? No artiste could do her best when mentally harrowed.

The Child Tanguay was fond of her hostess, but she liked entertainment with meals. Goldie furnished none; there were only a few persons in the restaurant and Minnie found herself excessively bored. A searching stare revealed Goldie sunk in despair; so the small guest first deftly garnered the forgotten *plombière*, then bade the waiter fetch an evening paper. On this Minnie

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[illegible] Ranger" Our Wholesale Boat Bicycle [illegible] first purchasers of 1914 models in each town. Write us for [illegible]

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL is allowed on every "Ranger" bicycle. *Not a cent cost* to you if you do not wish to keep it after riding it for 10 days and [illegible] to every test. Our "Ranger" bicycles are [illegible] and are [illegible] and [illegible]

LOWEST PRICES [illegible] a pair of tires or [illegible] or parts, until you get our direct factory [illegible]

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken [illegible] Chicago retail stores will be closed out at [illegible] $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list free.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED [illegible] 1914 Ranger" [illegible] Write at once for [illegible] we will make [illegible]

TIRES, [illegible] at lowest prices. Do not wait—[illegible] catalog containing a great fund of [illegible] information. It only costs a [illegible] Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO

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FOOT SCRAPER AND CLEANER—[illegible]

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browsed, thoughtfully perusing the front-page murders, wrecks and divorce scandals; next the home page; then the pink section reserved for sports.

"Results of today's races," she muttered, spelling slowly past the first and second races, and pausing to gravely consider a baffling name in the third. "'Fourth race: Winner dis-dis-q-u-alified for foul, an' race given to second hoss.' Goldie! Oh, Goldie, listen! Look at it! Halfpence throwed out an' Goldie Dailey won!" shrieked Minnie; but Goldie was slipping from her chair—and it was not a stage faint either.

A waiter grabbed her—another flicked water on her pale face; while Minnie, remembering maternal teachings, bethought herself that here was publicity of a meritorious sort, and instantly fell writhing to the floor, smoothing her frock neatly over silk-clad legs and tightly shutting both eyes. When a chuckling, elderly diner raised her, Minnie consented to wake up and tell him that the pretty girl who was coming to life under the waiters' ministrations was Goldie Dailey.

"An' my act's the Mangles Four. Critics who've saw 'em all say my imitations of Tanguay an' Cohan's the best yet; an' I'm puttin' Caruso an' Lauder on next week," said Minnie. "Are you better, Goldie? I fainted my ownself!"

"Lemme see the paper! It can't be true!" gasped Goldie.

But there it was! Goldie Dailey first; Starlight second; Gleaner third; Halfpence disqualified and set back for a foul committed by his rider against the winner. And a news-story, continued from page two, related the romantic incident that had induced a wealthy British nobleman, owner of the winning filly, to bestow the name of a vaudeville dancer on his property. Thousands had been bet on the result by his lordship and the beautiful Miss Dailey! And she was going to buy a seagoing yacht.

Faithful Joe Collins! Dear, good William! Goldie's blue eyes were agleam—the pink was spreading to its accustomed habitat on her smooth cheeks; she felt a delicious quickening of her pulses and a sudden desire for the food she had sent away.

The waiters had informed curious persons at other tables of the pleasant shock that had caused her indisposition, and the warm smiles and interested looks she received were delightful. All New York would hear of Goldie Dailey! With a little managing, the story could be got into the London papers. She would have international fame—and she would owe it to William!

"I guess pop's tickled he told John Trippit to quit tellin' him what to bet his money on!" said Little Minnie jubilantly. "Golly! You'll have a roll a houn' dog can't jump over—won't you?"

"Yes," said Goldie, dreaming.

International fame! William's money and high position had accomplished this. Lady Goldie Dailey Rainforth, of vaudeville and Grosvenor Square! What a story that would make! William was ready if she was. With a hiss of the exhaust and a determined honking of its horn, an automobile had stopped before Murchull's.

A moment afterward, following a gust of chilly air, several people marched in and stood about a large table consulting each other and a slavish head waiter. A tall young man in a light overcoat told a red-haired young man in a lighter overcoat that he would do the telephoning.

"If she's not at her house we'll have to give up, for we've tried every other place," he said loudly; and Goldie, glowing, cried from her corner:

"William! Oh, Lord William! Here I am!"

All the party turned. Mr. Mangle, who wished no secrets from his public, waved a portly wad of yellow banknotes. Mrs. Mangle kissed her ringed fingers to Goldie, waving them impassionedly. Gus Pango and Daisy Duffy waved. Joe Collins gestured with the paper that carried the story he was responsible for. Then both Lord William and Johnny Trippit started for Goldie's table—and Goldie's heart began to thump.

William took a short cut, but was delayed because six persons unexpectedly got up, impeding him. Johnny pushed aside a waiter with a loaded tray and rudely knocked over a chair without halting to apologize. Goldie rose, awaiting them; and she met Johnny's fiery eyes above the heads of the diners between them. Then he had passed all the tables, while William was still telling those he irritated that he was sorry to disturb them.

"Goldie," said Johnny tempestuously, "he can't understand your nature like I can! I know the filly won, an' I know I tried to tout you off; but that ain't the question!"

"Wh-what is the question, then?" she said, and found her hand in his.

"Pretend I'm congratulatin' you," he whispered. "Are you goin' to marry me, kiddo?"

She nodded as hard as she could as Lord William, beaming, strode to a place beside Johnny.

"Gee! Are we goin' to eat some more?" demanded Little Minnie; and she capered ahead of Goldie, who was escorted by John and William to where their party sat.

Outside Broadway's electric signs were flinging their messages across the darkness. Uptown, in front of Samuels', the emblazoned names of Trippit and Dailey were attracting the notice of countless readers of Joe Collins' story. Goldie smiled on William so gratefully that he raised his wineglass and wildly cried:

"A toast! A toast to our Goldie!"

Then Johnny clutched her arm brutally; and, though she winced, Goldie exulted, for he whispered:

"Listen here! Did you mean it? I don't want no foolin'!"

They were drinking William's toast with much acclaim. Goldie drank also, before she said softly:

"I said I would, once—didn't I?"

Young Sportsmen

MANY and many a time every one of us, when out shooting in the country, has found himself one of a chance, medley party of all sorts of persons, with all sorts of guns, who "ring in" on the shoot in a perfectly friendly but often perfectly horrible way. At the risk of being thought rude, select your own company—and only those whom you know to be careful and gentlemanly. Especially select this sort of company for your boy; and let him start right, with some careful older companion who will see that he has a chance.

The oldtime prairie chicken used to be a splendid thing for the young marksman—the next thing after the cottontail rabbit. Our quail is a little more difficult, but is apt to be pretty much the only game the average boy is likely to see nowadays. Perhaps the first bird the boy kills on the wing may be a snipe, a plover, some shore bird, a prairie grouse, or even a quail. He is a made boy from that time on and the love of the art is thenceforward fixed for him; but teach him to temper his enthusiasm, and do not allow his excitement to render him careless with his gun.

When you come to the wagon see that he takes out his shells. If you shoot in the same duckblind teach him that he must never shoot over the head of a companion or close to the ear of a companion. Teach him, also, the courtesy of the field—to shoot the birds that come on his own side, and never to be eager to claim a bird on which perhaps two men have doubled. It is hard for a boy to give up a bird if he sees it fall ahead of his gun; but he has gone a step toward being a gentleman when he can toss the bird to the other fellow and say: "Your bird, sir." If it is your purpose to teach your son to be a gentleman and a sportsman you will teach him that shooting birds on the water or on the ground requires no skill and is not good form. Teach him to pick out his bird in a covey rise and not merely to shoot at the flock.

In all this you will be teaching him the great laws of conservation and of fair play. To that extent you are grounding him in good citizenship and starting him in as a man who is apt to be just, careful and fair in business and social relations. The world likes that sort of man in business or society; and there are few places where a boy can learn better principles of life than in the field, with a companion who in himself represents good traditions in the matter of skill and etiquette afield. Time was when the terms gentleman and sportsman meant much the same. They have not yet wholly lost their flavor. The first use of a gun by a boy is a time justly held in some dread by the boy's parents. Careful tuition in this part of a boy's education, however, removes the danger and puts him in the way of a knowledge that may prove of very lasting value in character making. Self-reliance and dignity are only two of the new things you will find your boy taking on when he becomes a real sportsman.

The story of every child is a story of growth and change—

A change too gradual and subtle for even the watchful eye of a mother to detect, or for memory to recall.

Only in pictures can the story be told, and a record of the childish features and expressions kept for all time.

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A very artistic and deservedly popular style—"Winona" (notch) in the satin laundry finish—"Granton" (buttonhole) in white striped madras
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This latest Adding Machine—full-size, rapid and competent—will be sent to your office for a ten-day test. No cost, no obligation. If it fails to make good, refuse it.

If it earns its way, let it stay and do all your computing. Pay cash, if you wish, or pay ten cents a day—$3 per month—and when you have paid $37.50 in rental the machine is yours.

It will do the same work as $150 machines. It will add, subtract and multiply. It easily computes a hundred figures a minute, and it never errs. Let it do that in your office for ten days free, then at ten cents a day if you wish it.

$35
Cash Price

To Workers Who Buy Their Own Adders

This rental offer is made to workers—men who buy Adders to save their own time, their own hard work and their errors.

To Accountants—
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Big offices supply their own helpers with Adders, and they buy these machines by the thousands. But legions of workers must go without Adders unless they buy their own. And this 10-cents-a-day plan will open the way to them.

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Here is an Adder, rapid and competent, which a child can operate. Seven keys do the work of the dozens heretofore employed. Anyone, with little practice, can make it compute a hundred figures a minute.

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It makes play of addition.

It totals long columns quickly, and the totals are always correct. It points out the errors in other men's totals—checks invoices, statements and records.

It does all this work for you in a faultless way. For one year the cost will be ten cents a day. All after years are free.

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Now comes this simple, ideal machine—easy to operate, easy to buy. It brings this time-saver, this error-saver within reach of all who figure.

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Over 17,000 offices, in less than nine months, have adopted this American Adder. Among them are some of the largest users of Adding Machines in the country—concerns like these:

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Bradstreets Mercantile Agency.
Carter White Lead Co.
Detroit and Mackinac Railway Co.
DuPont Powder Co.
Eastman Kodak Co.
Fleischman Yeast Co.
Glidden Varnish Co.
General Film Co.
International Harvester Co.
M. K. & T. Railway
Moneyweight Scale Co.
Michigan Central Railway Co.
Postal Telegraph Co.
Standard Oil Co.
Singer Manufacturing Co.
Texas Pacific Railroad.
Union Switch & Signal Co.
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Westinghouse Lamp Co.
F. W. Woolworth Co.

Such offices use them as individual desk Adders, so each worker has his own machine. But the greatest welcome has come from men in small offices, in stores and shops, who never before had the help of an Adder.

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We ask every man who figures to mail this coupon, in justice to himself. If this Adder can't help you as much as we say, this 10-day test will show it. If it can, you need it. You are wronging yourself in going without it. And our rental plan brings this Adder within reach of all.

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1240 Monroe Bldg., Chicago

You may send me, express prepaid, one American Adder for ten days' trial. I will then either reject it, pay your cash price of $35.00, or pay $3.00 down and $3.00 monthly until I pay you $37.50, then the machine becomes mine.

Unless you are rated, kindly give references.

The $2.50 extra charge on the rental plan barely covers interest and the cost of twelve collections.

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY (Adding Machine Division) 1240 Monroe Bldg., Chicago
Eastern Sales Department, 470 West 14th Street, New York

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 5)

She herself said that she was but a mere shell; and for the first few meals she ate like one—like a large, empty shell with plenty of curves inside it.

However, when, after a subsequent period of seclusion, she emerged from her stateroom bearing the same disheveled look that Jonah must have worn when he and the whale parted company, do you think she would confess she had been seasick? Not by any means! She said she had had a raging headache. But she could not fool me. She had the stateroom next to mine and I had heard what I had heard. She was from near Boston and she had the near-Boston accent; and she was the only person I ever met who was seasick with a broad A.

Personally I abhor those evasions, which deceive no one. If I had been seasick I should not deny it here or elsewhere. For a time I thought I was seasick. I know now I was wrong—but I thought so. There was something about the sardels served at lunch—their look or their smell or something—which seemed to make them distasteful to me; and I excused myself from the company at the table and went up and out into the open air; but the deck was unpleasantly congested with great burly brutes—beefy, carnivorous, overfed creatures, gorged with victuals and smoking disgustingly strong black cigars, and grinning in an annoying and meaning sort of way every time they passed a body who preferred to lie quiet.

The rail was also moving up and down in a manner that was annoying and wearisome for the eye to watch—first tipping up and up and up until half the sky was hidden, then dipping down and down and down until the gray and heaving sea seemed ready to leap over the side and engulf us. So I decided to go below and jot down a few notes. On arriving at my quarters I changed my mind again. I decided to let the notes wait a while and turn in.

It is my usual custom when turning in to remove the left shoe as well as the right one and to put on my pajamas; but the pajamas were hanging on a hook away over on the opposite side of the stateroom, which had suddenly grown large and roomy and full of great distances—the stateroom I mean—and besides, I thought it was just as well to have the left shoe where I could put my hand on it when I needed it again. So I retired practically just as I was and endeavored, as per the admonitions of certain friends, to lie perfectly flat. No doubt this thing of lying flat is all very well for some people—but suppose a fellow has not that kind of a figure?

The Frightful Dénouement

Nevertheless, I tried. I lay as flat as I could, but the indisposition persisted; in fact, it increased materially. The manner in which my pajamas, limp and pendent from that hook, swayed and swung back and forth became extremely distasteful to me, and if by mental treatment I could have removed them from there I should assuredly have done so. But that was impossible.

Along toward evening I began to think of food. I thought of it not from its gastronomic aspect, but rather in the capacity of ballast. I did not so much desire the taste of it as the feel of it. So I summoned Lubly—he, at least, did not smile at me in that patronizing, significant way—and ordered a dinner that included nearly everything on the dinner card except Lubly's thumb. The dinner was brought to me in relays and I ate it—ate it all! This step I know now was ill-advised. It is true that for a short time I felt as I imagine a python in a zoo feels when he is full of guinea-pigs—sort of gorged, you know, and sluggish, and only tolerably uncomfortable.

Then ensued the frightful dénouement. It came almost without warning. At the time I felt absolutely positive that I was seasick. I would have sworn to it. If somebody had put a Bible on my chest and held it there I would cheerfully have laid my right hand on it and taken a solemn oath that I was seasick. Indeed, I believed I was so seasick that I feared—hoped, rather—I might never recover from it. All I desired at the moment was to get it over with as quickly and as neatly as possible.

As in the case of drowning persons, there passed in review before my eyes several of the more recent events of my past life—meals mostly. I will, however, pass hastily over these distressing details, merely stating in parentheses, so to speak, that I did not remember those string-beans at all. I was positive then, and am yet, that I had not eaten string-beans for nearly a week. But enough of this!

I was sure I was seasick; and I am convinced any inexperienced bystander, had there been one there, would have been misled by my demeanor into regarding me as a seasick person—but it was a wrong diagnosis. The steward told me so himself when he called the next morning. He came and found me stretched prone on the bed of affliction; and he asked me how I felt, to which I replied with a low and hollow groan—tolerably low and exceedingly hollow. It could not have been any hollower if I had been a megaphone.

So he looked me over and told me that I had climate fever. We were passing through the Gulf Stream, where the water was warmer than elsewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, and I had a touch of climate fever. It was a very common complaint in that latitude; many persons suffered from it. The symptoms were akin to seasickness, it was true; yet the two maladies were in no way to be confused. As soon as we passed out of the Gulf Stream he felt sure I would be perfectly well. Meantime he would recommend that I get Lubly to take the rest of my things off and then remain perfectly quiet. He was right about it too.

A Case of Climate Fever

Regardless of what one may think oneself, one is bound to accept the statement of an authority on this subject; and if a steward on a big liner, who has traveled back and forth across the ocean for years, is not an authority on climate fever, who is? I looked at it in that light. And sure enough, when we had passed out of the Gulf Stream and the sea had smoothed itself out, I made a speedy and satisfactory recovery; but if it had been seasickness I should have confessed it in a minute. I have no patience with those who will quibble and equivocate in regard to their having been seasick.

I had one relapse—a short one, but painful. In an incautious moment, when I wist not wot I wotted, I accepted an invitation from the chief engineer to go below. We went below—miles and miles, I think—to where, standing on metal runways that were hot to the foot, overalled Scots ministered to the heart and the lungs and the bowels of that ship. Electricity spat cracklingly in our faces, and at our sides steel shafts as big as the pillars of a temple spun in coatings of spumy grease; and through the double skin of her we could hear, over our heads, a mighty Niagaralike churning as the slew-footed screws kicked us forward at twenty-odd knots an hour. Someone raised the cover of a vat, and peering down into the opening we saw a small, vicious engine hard at work, entirely enveloped in twisty, coily, stewy depths of black oil, like a devilfish writhing in sea-ooze and cuttle-juice.

So then we descended another mile or two to an inferno, full of naked, sooty devils, forever feeding sulphurous pitfires in the nethermost parlors of the damned; but they said this was the stokehole; and I was in no condition to argue with them, for I had suddenly begun to realize that I was far from being a well person. As one peering through a glass darkly, I saw one of the attendant demons sluice his blistered bare breast with cold water, so that the sweat and grime ran from him in streams like ink; and peering in at a furnace door I saw a great angry sore of coals all scabbed and crusted over.

Then another demon, wielding a nine-foot bar daintily as a surgeon wields a scalpel, reached in and stabbed it in the center, so that the fire burst through and gushed up red and rich, like blood from a wound newly lanced.

I had seen enough and to spare; but my guide brought me back by way of the steerage, in order that I might know how the other half lives. There was nothing here, either of smell or sight, to upset the human stomach—third class is better fed and better quartered now on those big ships than first class was in those good old early days—but I had held in as long as I could and now I relapsed. I relapsed in a vigorous manner—a whole-souled, vigorous manner. People halfway up the deck heard me

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Thousands of motorists call **Lee Puncture-Proof Pneumatics** "the tires that put the *sure* in pleas*ure*"—there are 3,200 puncture-proof reasons why. Every reason a specially treated armor-steel disc, imbedded in rubber, in overlapping layers, with heavy fabric between—which makes friction and heating impossible.

Made, like all Lee tires, of the live, extra-dense, doubly tough "Vanadium" Rubber

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Furnished with regular tread, or the **Lee "Zig-Zag" Non-Skid**, "Master of Slippery Situations." Sold under an absolute

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relapsing, and I will warrant some of them were fooled too—they thought I was seasick.

It was due to my attack of climate fever that I missed the most exciting thing which happened on the voyage. I refer to the incident of the professional gamblers and the youth from Jersey City. From the very first there was one passenger who had been picked out by all the knowing passengers as a professional gambler; for he was the very spit-and-image of a professional gambler as we have learned to know him in story books. Did he not dress in plain black, without any jewelry? He certainly did. Did he not have those long, slender, flexible fingers? Such was, indeed, the correct description of those fingers. Was not his eye a keen steely-blue eye that seemed to have the power of looking right through you? Steely-blue was the right word, all right. Well, then, what more could you ask?

Behind his back sinister yet fascinating rumors circulated. He was the brilliant but unscrupulous scion of a haughty house in England. He had taken a first degree at Oxford, over there, and the third one at police headquarters, over here. Women simply could not resist him. Let him make up his mind to win a woman and she was a gone gosling. His picture was to be found in rogues' galleries and ladies' lockets. And sh-h-h! Listen! Everybody knew he was the identical crook who, disguised in woman's clothes, escaped in the last lifeboat that left the sinking Titanic. Who said so? Why—er—everybody said so!

Landing a Sucker at Sea

It came as a grievous disappointment to all when we found out the truth, which was that he was the booking agent for a lyceum bureau, going abroad to sign up some foreign talent for next season's Chautauquas; and the only gambling he had ever done was on the chance of whether the Tyrolian Yodelers would draw better than our esteemed secretary of state—or vice versa.

Meantime the real professionals had established themselves cozily and comfortably aboard, had rigged the trap and cheese-baited it, and were waiting for the coming of one of the class that is born so numerously in this country. If you should be traveling this year on one of the large trans-Atlantic ships, and there should come aboard two young well-dressed men and shortly afterward a middle-aged well-dressed man with a flat nose, who was apparently a stranger to the first two; and if on the second night out in the smoking room, while the pool on the next day's run was being auctioned, one of the younger men, whom we will call Mr. Y, should appear to be slightly under the influence of malt, vinous or spirituous liquor—or all three of them at once—and should, without seeming provocation, insist on picking a quarrel with the middle-aged stranger, whom we will call Mr. Z; and if further along in the voyage Mr. Z should introduce himself to you and suggest a little game of auction bridge for small stakes in order to while away the tedium of travel; and if it should so fall out that Mr. Y and his friend Mr. X chanced to be the only available candidates for a foursome at this fascinating pursuit; and if Mr. Z, being still hostile toward the sobered and repentant Mr. Y, should decline to take on either Mr. Y or his friend X as a partner, but chose you instead; and if on the second or third deal you picked up your cards and found you had an apparently unbeatable hand and should bid accordingly; and Mr. X should double you; and Mr. Z, sitting across from you, should come gallantly right back and redouble it; and Mr. Y, catching the spirit of the moment, should double again—and so on and so forth until each point, instead of being worth only a paltry cent or two, had accumulated a value of a good many cents—if all these things or most of them should befall in the order enumerated—why, then, if I were you, gentle reader, I would have a care. And I should leave that game and go somewhere else to have it too—lest a worse thing befall you as it befell the guileless young Jerseyman on our ship.

After he had paid out a considerable sum on being beaten—by just one card—in the playing of his seemingly unbeatable hand, he began, as the saying goes, to smell a rat himself, and straightway declined to make good his remaining losses, amounting to quite a tidy amount.

Following this there were high words—meaning by that low ones—and accusations and recriminations; and at eventide, when the sunset was a welter of purple and gold, there was a sudden smashing of glassware in the smoking room, a flurry of arms and legs in a far corner, and a couple of pained stewards scurrying about saying: "Ow, now don't do that, sir—thank you, sir!"

One of the belligerents came forth from the mêlée wearing a lavender eye with saffron trimmings, as though to match the sunset; and the other had a set of skinned knuckles, emblematic of the skinning operations previously undertaken. And through all the ship ran the hissing tongues of scandal and gossip. It seemed that the engaging Messrs. X, Y and Z had been induced—practically under false pretenses—to book passage, they having read in the public prints that the prodigal and card-foolish son of a cheeseparing millionaire father meant to take the ship too; but he had grievously disappointed them by not coming aboard at all. Then, when in an effort to make their traveling expenses back they uncorked their newest trick and device for inspiring confidence in gudgeons, the particular gudgeon of their choosing had refused to pay up. Naturally they were fretful and peevish in the extreme. It as good as spoiled the whole trip for them.

Except for this one small affair it was, on the whole, a pleasant voyage. We had only one storm and one ship's concert, and at the finish most of us were strong enough to have stood another storm. And the trip had been worth a lot to us—at least it had been worth a lot to me, for I had crossed the ocean on one of the biggest hotels afloat. I had picked up a lot of nautical terms that would come in very handy for stunning the folks at home when I got back. I had had my first thrill at the sight of foreign shores.

Just by casual contact with members of the British aristocracy, I had acquired such a heavy load of true British hauteur that in parting on the landing dock I merely bowed haughtily toward those of my fellow Americans to whom I had not been introduced; and they, having contracted the same disease, bowed back in the same haughty and distant manner.

When Americans Meet Abroad

When some of us met again, however, in Vienna, the insulation had been entirely rubbed off and we all rushed madly into one another's arms and exchanged names and addresses; and, babbling feverishly the while, we told one another what our favorite flower was, and our birthstone and our grandmother's maiden name, and what we thought of a race of people who regarded a cup of ostensible coffee and a dab of honey as constituting a man's-size breakfast. And, being pretty terribly homesick by that time, we leaned in toward a common center and gave three loud, vehement cheers for the land of the country sausage and the home of the buckwheat cake—and, as giants refreshed, went on our way rejoicing.

That, though, was to come later. At present we are concerned with the trip over and what we had severally learned from it. I personally had learned, among other things, that the Atlantic Ocean, considered as such, is a considerably overrated body. Having been across it, even on as big and as fine and as well-ordered a ship as this ship was, the ocean, it seemed to me, was not at all what it had been cracked up to be.

During the first day out it is a novelty and after that a monotony—except when it is rough; and then it is a doggoned nuisance! Poets without end have written of the sea, but I take it they stayed at home to do their writing. They were not on the bounding billow when they praised it; if they had been they might have decorated the billow, but they would never have praised it.

As the old song so happily put it: My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean! And a lot of others have lied over it too; but I will not—at least not just yet. Perhaps later on I may feel moved to do so; but at this moment I am but newly landed from it and my heart is full of rankling resentment toward the ocean and all its works.

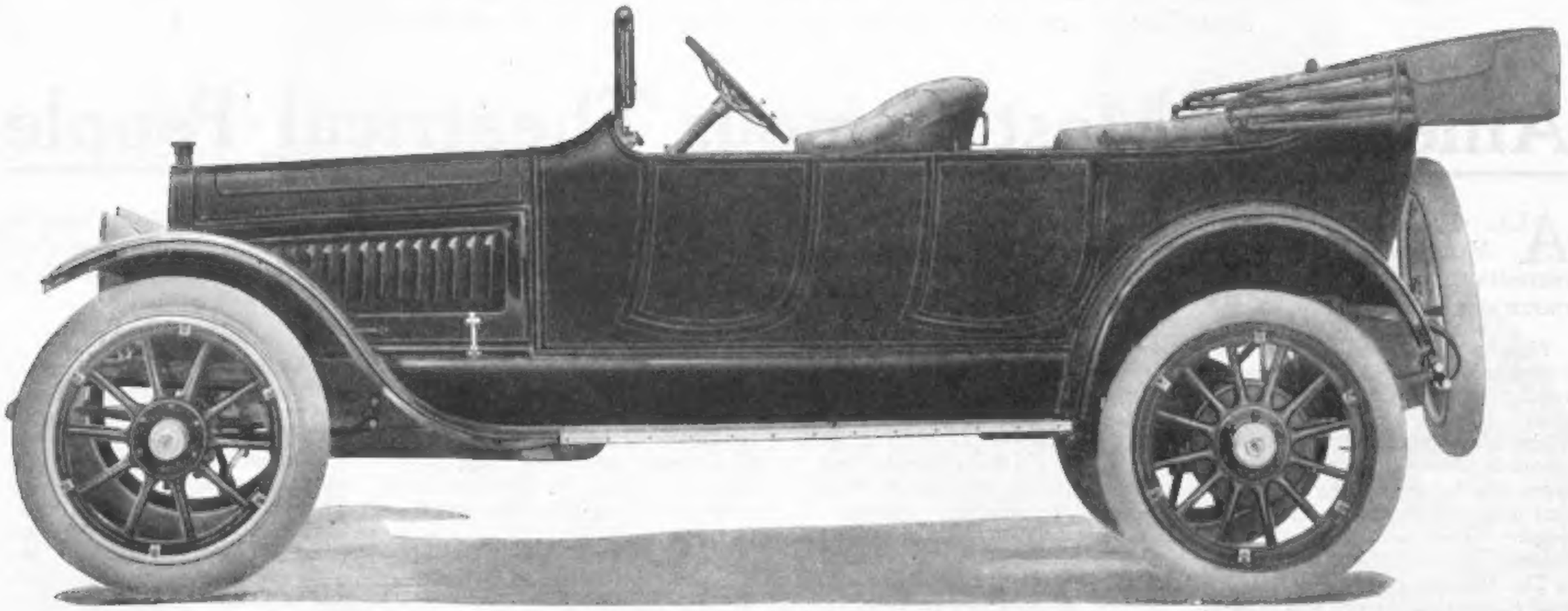
I speak but a sober conviction when I say that the chief advantage to be derived from taking an ocean voyage is not that you took it, but that you have it to talk about afterward. And, to my mind, the most inspiring sight to be witnessed on a trip across the Atlantic is the Battery—viewed from the ocean side, coming back. Do I hear many seconds to that motion?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The second will appear in an early number.

Light Weight Six

CHANDLER $1785

Built by Men Who Know



Weighs 2885 lbs., fully equipped—Runs 16 miles per gallon of gasoline—Owners average 7000 miles per set of tires

THE Chandler proves what is possible in six-cylinder economy,—coupled with six-cylinder power and comfort.

The Chandler motor runs with all the *precision* of the finest watch. This perfect, continuous flow of silent power comes from the *six-cylinder experience* that is built into its long-stroke motor.

The men who build the Chandler had been building the highest grade high-priced sixes in America for six years before they designed the Chandler.

Power—that is, power actually delivered to the rear wheels—is not a matter of dimensions. It's a matter of *performance*.

Chandler power is enhanced by Chandler light weight.

Don't buy any car till you know what it weighs,—on the *scales*.

If you want economy keep the weight below the 3000 pound mark.

Heavy weight means power wasted. Heavy weight is a raid on your pocket book.

And a *heavy* six cannot give you greater service than a light six that's equally well built.

By modern engineering methods, pressed steel and cast aluminum take the place of heavy forgings in the Chandler. This gives greatest strength with lightest weight.

Chandler power is enhanced, too, by imported annular ball bearings throughout the car. Every possible degree of friction is eliminated.

Chandler owners average sixteen miles, or more, per gallon of gasoline, seven hundred miles or more per gallon of oil, seven thousand miles per set of tires. That's *genuine economy*.

Hundreds of owners all over America who have put the Chandler through thousands of miles of hard service declare it is *mechanically perfect*.

Which Light Weight Six Are You Going to Buy?

IF you pay more than fifteen hundred dollars for an automobile you are surely going to buy a six. And it must be a *light* six. Your only problem is *which one* to choose.

Which One?

Will you buy a light weight six that is an *after-thought*, a *modification* or *abbreviation* of some larger model, or will you buy the light weight six that is just what its designers *started out to build*,—the best car they know how to build, *regardless of cost?*

Will you choose a light six that has been rushed out to *meet competition*, when you can just as well get one that was *carefully designed*, by men who know, to meet a *market* and fulfill its requirements?

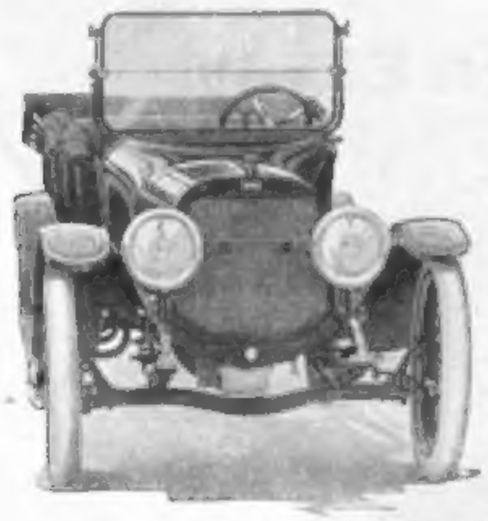
If you study *all* the light weight sixes carefully, if you see *how* they are *designed*, if you consider their *equipment*, if you *examine* their *workmanship*, if you measure the six-cylinder *experience* of the *builders* back of them, you will choose the Chandler.

The Chandler

There *isn't a single thing cut out of the Chandler* to make its price possible.

High-grade, high-priced features make the exclusive Chandler long-stroke motor distinctive. Cast aluminum base extending from frame to frame contains integral cast pedestals for magneto, generator and starting motor. Imported silent chains drive the cam shaft, pump and generator. Westinghouse Separate Unit Starting and Lighting System. Simple single wire system for lighting. Wiring run through armored conduit. Bosch high-tension magneto, the most expensive form of ignition, which many builders of sixes are *leaving out*. Unit power plant *completely* enclosed. Self-contained oiling system. Multiple disc steel and raybestos ball-bearing clutch. F. & S. Annular Ball Bearings. Left-side drive, center control.

Equipment includes Jiffy Curtains, 8 day clock, Speedometer, Rain-vision, clear-vision, ventilating windshield, motor driven horn, etc., etc.



The pure stream-line body design of the Chandler is the ultimate in gracefulness. Crowned fenders and absolutely clean running boards. Four beautiful types of body—touring, roadster, coupe and limousine.

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CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO. 503-533 East 131st Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Before you buy a car look at the speedometer. If it's a Warner Auto-Meter you can depend on that car being a quality car throughout—down to the smallest detail.

America's Most Famous Theatrical People

ALL of your favorite stars are great motorists.

Motoring acts as a nerve silencer. So their greatest recreation, rest and enjoyment is a good, stiff spin in their motor car.

Nearly all of America's most prominent theatrical people, time, regulate and control the speed of their motor car with the famous Warner Auto-Meter. They will use no other. A few of these well known faces, which have made you laugh and cry, appear on the opposite page. There are hundreds of others.

The Warner Auto-Meter is a really high grade speed and mileage indicator.

It has always been associated with the highest priced cars.

It is the costliest speedometer on the market. It costs considerably more than any other and is worth more than the difference.

95% of all the manufacturers of high priced cars very willingly pay the extra cost. It will pay you to see that you get one on the next car you buy.

It is built on the famous magnetic principle—a speed indicating principle that is accurate for all time; the principle that lends itself to low speed. The speed of the magnetic speedometer is only 680 r.p.m. as against 2560 r.p.m. of the centrifugal type. Low speed means less wear, no lost motion; consequently no inaccuracies.

It is the simplest instrument built—has but one moving part—the magnet. No cams, heavy governors, gears or links to wear and cause inaccuracies.

The workmen, employed at the Warner Auto-Meter works, are the most expensive and skilled that can be found. No detail is overlooked in the exacting manufacture of these beautiful instruments. After every operation the most careful tests are made. Each instrument is tested, inspected, and re-inspected to a point that is not even considered nor can be afforded by most other speedometer manufacturers.

The odometer used in the Warner Auto-Meter is undoubtedly the costliest and most accurate supplied with any speed indicating device. It is driven direct without troublesome pawls or springs, and is governed by the famous Geneva Stop movement. It cannot register inaccurately.

The Warner Auto-Meter is backed by the largest speedometer factory and greatest chain of service stations in the world.

Also they like to go as fast as the law will allow, because it is invigorating and stimulating—it clears their overworked brains—refreshing them for the next performance. Ask Willie Collier or Billie Burke, both are great motorists.

People who are accustomed to the best will take none but the Warner. Every one demands it.

Automobile manufacturers know this. They know also that a speedometer is always in plain sight. That it cannot be hidden. Therefore if a cheap instrument is used, it makes the whole car appear cheap throughout. But if a Warner—the high grade Speedometer—is used it marks the car as high grade throughout.

See that the car you buy is equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter. Any dealer will gladly supply one if you ask for it. It will cost you no more than inferior speedometers. Insist on the type—magnetic—also on the name—Warner.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

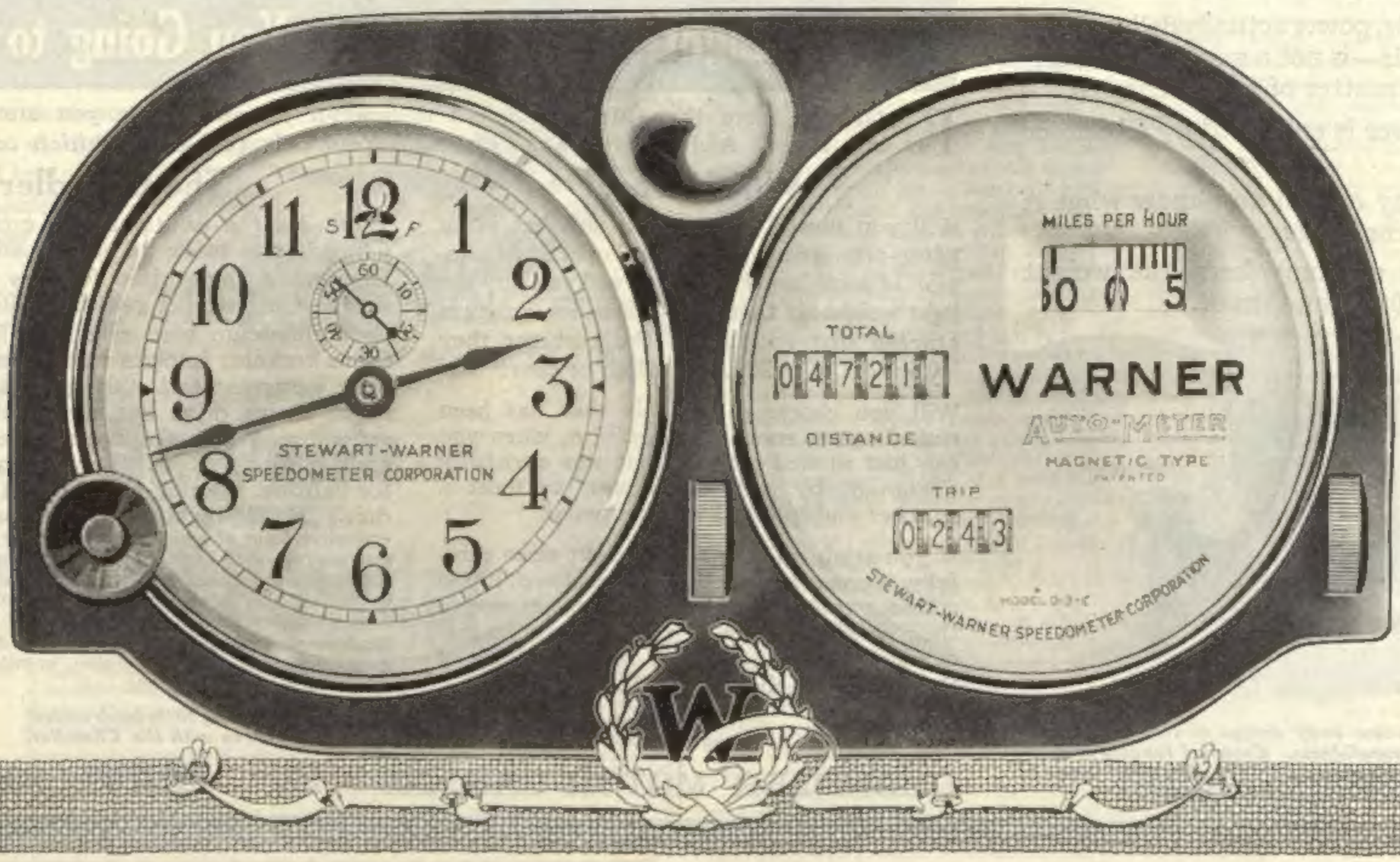
Factories: Beloit, Wis., and Chicago, Ill.

17 Factory Branches and 75 Service Stations located in all principal cities

See that you get the Warner Auto-Meter on your car. It is the best made speedometer in the world. Take no other.

WARNER AUTO-METER

Any dealer handling a really high grade car will always recommend the famous Warner Auto-Meter.



Model O-3-C
Price $145

A Warner Auto-Meter on a car is plain evidence that the car manufacturer is endeavoring to give you the best the world affords—regardless of cost.

Always Use The Warner Auto-Meter

Harry Lauder, the world's highest priced comedian. He uses only the Warner Auto-Meter.

Billie Burke, said to be the daintiest actress in the world. She uses only the Warner Auto-Meter.

Sothern and Marlowe, the world's greatest Shakespearian artists. They use only the Warner Auto-Meter.

John Drew, the world's greatest gentleman actor. He uses only the Warner Auto-Meter.

Willie Collier, who has made more people laugh than any other comedian in the world. He uses only the Warner Auto-Meter.

Williams'

Shaving Soaps

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

The name *"Holder Top"* suggests its use. It is a holder for the soap when applying it to the face, and forms the top of the nickeled box to which it is returned after using. The shorter the stick becomes the more you appreciate this Holder-Top device.

Shaving Cream

You cannot expect a perfect shave without a perfect shaving soap. If you but knew how much better *Williams' Shaving Cream* is than other shaving creams, you would never want to use other kinds.

Shaving Powder

A little quicker lather perhaps than shaving soaps in other forms, therefore a quicker shave, without sacrificing the cream-like, softening, soothing qualities that make Williams' Shaving Soaps the choice of the most discriminating men.

Hinged Cover Shaving Stick

There is a reason for the perfection found in Williams' Shaving Soap. That reason is the 75 years devoted to studying the requirements of a perfect shaving soap. *Williams' Shaving Stick* in its hinged-cover, nickeled box is this perfection in another form.

A trial sample of any one of the above for 4 cents in stamps

For the Wife of the Man Who Shaves-and Others

A trial sample can of either odor for 4 cents in stamps.

Williams' Talc Powder

It's a real little gem.

Silver-plated Vanity Box with mirror and powder puff.

For many years this has been one of the leading Talc Powders and, because of its superior qualities, has constantly grown in popularity.

In order that the woman who uses Williams' Talc Powder may always have it with her, we have had expressly made for us a very handsome and useful little Vanity Box to be carried in the pocket or chatelaine bag. This Vanity Box is heavily silver plated and contains a French powder puff and concentrating mirror, useful in many ways many times a day. You would cheerfully pay a liberal price for this Vanity Box at your jeweler's.

Indispensable to the Modern Woman

We shall be glad to mail this Vanity Box postpaid to any one who will send us the name of their druggist and enclose **six two-cent stamps (12 cents).** Or we will send the Vanity Box and a trial sample can of Talc for **eight two-cent stamps (16 cents).**

Address The J. B. Williams Co.
Talc Dept., Glastonbury, Conn.